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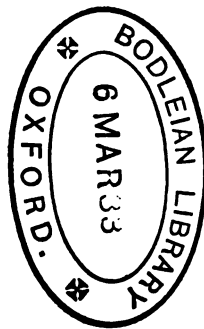
A HISTORY
OF
LATIN LITERATURE

FROM ENNIUS TO BOETHIUS

BY
GEORGE AUGUSTUS SIMCOX, M.A.

FELLOW OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. I.



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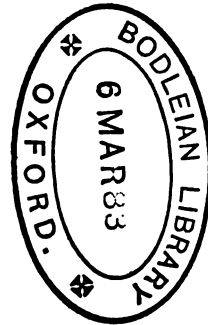
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of the lyric poetry of Lesbos outweighs the loss of all the dramatic poetry of the age of Augustus, of almost all the tragic poetry of the age of Nero and Vespasian ; the New Comedy is better worth regretting than the *comædia togata* and the mimes of Sophron than the mimes of Laberius. We can spare the predecessors of Livy better than Philistus, Ephorus, and Timæus, or even Theopompus, and the gaps in Polybius may be set against the gaps in Tacitus.

Still we can follow the movement of Greek literature as a whole more easily than that of Latin.

Hardly any period of Greek literature except that between the death of Cimon and the death of Demosthenes is so well known as the periods of Latin literature from the death of Sulla to the death of Augustus, from the death of Nero to the death of Trajan ; but at Rome all is darkness before and between and beyond till one comes to the days of Diocletian. Even the days of Augustus are full of insoluble problems. What were the tragedies of Varius or the comedies of Melissus, the freedman of Mæcenas, like ? We are just told that Melissus tried to reproduce the tone of a better society than his predecessors ; we cannot tell, if he was ever acted, how his plays were received, whether they had more literary value than ' Caste ' or ' Ours.' Did Horace in his satire on legacy-hunters imitate the ' Necyomantia ' of Laberius, as we happen to know that Theocritus imitated Sophron ? What was Augustan oratory like ? Even Antiphon is an intelligible personality while Cassius, Messalla, and Pollio are names and nothing more. Before Ennius we hardly know whether there was a vernacular literature at all, whether the Fauni

science for its own sake, accommodated its matter to the movement of society and the needs of the day ; but the monuments are hopelessly defective. Almost all the positive law of the great writers of the second and third centuries is lost ; we have only two elementary treatises, both mutilated, and the miserable fragments of the Digest selected, not because they were representative, but because they could be clipped to fit into the motley mosaic. The laws of the Republic have perished from the twelve tables downward. The great lawyers of the Republic hardly wrote at all ; the great lawyers of the early empire were superseded. Once more a history of Roman grammar ought to include a history of Roman schools and schoolmasters from the Decemvirs to Cassiodorus, which would be equally interesting to the student of literature, of manners, and of institutions, for the teaching of grammar up to a point which often varied was endowed in various ways. But here, too, the greater part of the evidence has disappeared. Most of what we know of the Latin grammarians is in the shape of glossarial notes reduced to the curtest shape by the laziness of successive copyists ; the rest is partly a few minor treatises of good times preserved quite at haphazard and rather more extensive treatises of worse times preserved because they were written last, partly meagre biographical notices due to writers increasingly inclined to abbreviate. We ask almost in vain what books the grammarians of a given day read, how much of their reading they communicated to their pupils, or indeed to anybody but their notebooks.

True, matters might be worse ; there are no such deplorable gaps in Latin literature as in Greek. The loss

of the lyric poetry of Lesbos outweighs the loss of all the dramatic poetry of the age of Augustus, of almost all the tragic poetry of the age of Nero and Vespasian; the New Comedy is better worth regretting than the *comœdia togata* and the mimes of Sophron than the mimes of Laberius. We can spare the predecessors of Livy better than Philistus, Ephorus, and Timæus, or even Theopompus, and the gaps in Polybius may be set against the gaps in Tacitus.

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and Carmentes were, as Professor Nettleship has suggested, its official guardians, or whether they were supernatural beings who inspired it.

There are other difficulties less directly due to our ignorance. How shall we separate what belongs to biography, what belongs to philosophy, what belongs to history in the narrower sense from what belongs to literature? The history of the talent of Tacitus is complete without the history of his career even if we guess that his enforced compliances under Domitian embittered him. Can we say the same of the talent of Horace? Can one judge fairly of the intention, the good faith, the effectiveness of speeches like Cicero's and apologetical memoirs like Cæsar's without some appreciation of the political situation? If political historians have done something less than justice to Cicero, something else than justice to Cæsar, can one take the political history for granted? Can one even take for granted the convenient classification of orators as adherents of assumed aristocratical and democratical parties? Can one discuss the method of Lucretius' philosophical poem, or even Cicero's philosophical tracts, without trenching a little upon their matter? We need a further knowledge of early Roman history to form an adequate opinion of the unconscious hypocrisy of Livy, who neglects, to an extent we do not know, the real springs of affairs—of which we generally know just as much as he allows us to guess—in favour of all sorts of imaginary motives coined sometimes in the interests of edification, sometimes in the interests of family or national vainglory.

When we come to the fourth century and to a

literature mainly Christian, it is far more puzzling to draw the line between the history of literature and the history of theology than it was before to draw the line between the history of literature and the history of philosophy. Professor Ebert, in his history of Christian Latin literature, cuts the knot by excluding dogmatic theology and admitting everything else. Such a rule excludes a book as well worth reading as the 'De Trinitate' of St. Augustin, and includes the dreary chronicle of Prosper, and other chronicles more dreary still. It tells us much more of St. Jerome as a continuator of Suetonius and Eusebius than of his quaint and passionate controversies, which never had the misfortune to become text-books in Carlovingian or mediæval schools.

Of course it is a confession of defeat to despair of organic unity and fall back upon a sort of comparative portrait-gallery, or rather perhaps one should say a series of sketches, now slighter and now fuller, contrasted ill or well, with more or less of background to throw them up. Even then it is not easy to settle the question of scale. Some of my readers may think that overmuch space has been given to a writer like Horace, because the historian found him sympathetic, to a writer like Ovid for an opposite reason, because it seemed necessary to sample a large assortment of wares repeatedly if it was too difficult to analyse them; while a writer like Quintilian may have received less than his due because the form of his work is hardly separable in any degree from the matter, and it seems as if any space reserved for him would be absorbed by a colourless, unprofitable *précis*.

My original aim in writing was to do something towards making Latin literature intelligible and interesting as a whole to the cultivated laity who might like to realise its literary worth, whether they read Latin or no. It seemed impossible to do this in any adequate measure within the limits of a handbook for beginners. Handbooks for advanced students exist already, but their necessary severity of method reduces every author to a skeleton, and almost excludes literary criticism. Perhaps one may hope that even scholars familiar with the masterly outline of Bernhardt and the rich storehouse which we owe to the self-denying diligence of Professor Teuffel may find these volumes serviceable in their way. My own obligations are greatest to Professor Teuffel, from whom (and in a less degree from Professor Ebert) I have borrowed largely for details in the chronological tables which have been prefixed to each volume in order to compensate in some measure for any want of precision in the text.

My best thanks are due to the Rev. R. L. Clarke, of Queen's College, Oxford, and to my brother, the Rev. W. H. Simcox, of Weyhill, who have read the proof sheets and enabled me to correct many inaccuracies, also to the Rev. Sir G. W. Cox for much valuable advice. I am also indebted to a very suggestive paper by Professor Nettleship upon Roman satire, and to the author of an article in the 'Cornhill Magazine' who convicted Aulus Gellius of boasting that he had picked up on a second-hand bookstall the erudition he really owed to Pliny.

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¹ Plays where the Greek original is extant are marked with an obelus.² Plays possibly repeated by later writers are marked with an asterisk.³ Plays possibly based on an earlier Latin work are printed in italics.

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		man had dust thrown in his eyes), Gymnasticus, Lampadio, Leo, Ludus (perhaps rather Lupus), Nagido, Nantæ, * Nervolaria (in which some one was bound), Pælex (the concubine), Personata (which turned on a mask), Pro- jectus (an abandoned child), Quadri- gemini, Stalagmonissa (either on an earring or a slave named Stalagmus), Stigmatias (on a slave who was branded), Tarentilla (the scene or the heroine came from Tarentum), Techni- cus, Testicularia, Tribacchus, Tri- phallus, Tunicularia. The text of the authors who quote these plays is un- certain, as often to leave it doubtful whether a play belongs to Livius or Nævius or Novius. Editions—all the fragments by E. Klussman, Jena, 1843. Punic War, H. Vahlen (Leipzig, 1853). Plays—O. Ribbeck
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	B.C.	<p>War; VIII. IX. war with Hannibal; X. XI. war with Philip; XII. uncertain; XIII. XIV. war with Antiochus; XV. the war of Fulvius in Ætolia, and the death of the elder Africanus; XVI. in honour of the Denter brothers, who distinguished themselves in the Istrian wars; XVII. XVIII., a continuation to 174 B.C. with an autobiography. The last three books seem to form an appendix, the death of Scipio being the original conclusion. Of the tragedies of Ennius, Alexander, Andromeda (? Athamas), * Hecuba, † Iphigenia, † Medea Exul, Melanippa, Telephus, † <i>Andromacha Echmalotis</i> are taken from Euripides, so probably Nemea, Alcumeo, Athamas, Thyestes (greatly simplified), Cresphontes, Erechtheus, Medea Atheniensis, and † Phœnissæ. Achilles was from Homer, and another from Aristarchus (an Alexandrine poet), the † Eumenides from Æschylus, the † <i>Ajax</i> from Sophocles. The <i>Ambra-cia</i>, an historical play probably on the capture of the town by Fulvius, possibly on the war with Pyrrhus, whose capital was there. The <i>Cupuncula</i> and the <i>Pancratiastes</i> are the only known titles of comedies. All the fragments, including the <i>Satires</i> and <i>Hedyphagetica</i>, have been edited by Vahlen (Leipzig, 1856), the dramatic fragments by Ribbeck, <i>Scenice Poesis Romanorum Reliquiæ</i></p>
Battle of Pydna; down-fall of Macedonian monarchy	168	<p>Cato's speech in defence of the Rhodians. Death of Cæcilius Statius. Of his known comedies, <i>Andria</i>, <i>Androgynos</i>, <i>Chalcia</i>, <i>Chryseon</i>, <i>Dardanus</i>, <i>Ephesio</i>, <i>Hymnis</i>, <i>Hypobolimæus</i> (there seem to have been at least three plays under this title), <i>Rastraria</i>, <i>Imbrii</i>, <i>Karine</i>, <i>Nauclerus</i>, <i>Obolostates</i>, <i>Pausimachos</i>, <i>Philumena</i>, <i>Plocium</i>, <i>Polumeni</i> (on the same plot as the <i>Persa</i> of Plautus?), <i>Progamus</i>, <i>Synaristosæ</i>, <i>Synephebi</i>, <i>Syracusin</i>, <i>Titthe</i>, are taken from Menander, <i>Chrysis</i> and <i>Epiclesos</i>? from Antiphanes, <i>Epistolographus</i> from Posidippus, <i>Epistula</i> from Alexis</p>
	? 165	Aquilius author of the <i>Bœotia</i> ascribed to Plautus
	164	Birth of Papirius Carbo, the orator
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PREFACE.

AN ideal history of anything would tend to be a history of everything; whether the primary subject were letters, institutions, manners, wars, or arts, the same figures, the same facts would present themselves over and over again in slightly different lights. In illustrating a truism one period or one subject is as good as another. Take the days of Domitian. His colossal equestrian statue, the Hercules which held the dessert of Vindex, the sculpture gallery of Vopiscus, which were celebrated by Martial and Statius, all ought to find their place in a perfect history of arts, of manners, or of letters. Was Domitian's effigy less ridiculous than the Duke of Wellington's? Was Vindex the happy possessor of an original of Lysippus inherited from Sulla, and Hannibal and Alexander the Great? Was Statius enthusiastic over a collection of skilful reductions from ancient masterpieces or a collection of audacious forgeries that professed to be original models? It is hardly his fault that we have to guess; contemporaries knew. Again, take Roman law; it would find a place in a history of Roman style, of Roman science, of Roman society, for jurists developed a style of their own. elaborated their

science for its own sake, accommodated its matter to the movement of society and the needs of the day ; but the monuments are hopelessly defective. Almost all the positive law of the great writers of the second and third centuries is lost ; we have only two elementary treatises, both mutilated, and the miserable fragments of the Digest selected, not because they were representative, but because they could be clipped to fit into the motley mosaic. The laws of the Republic have perished from the twelve tables downward. The great lawyers of the Republic hardly wrote at all ; the great lawyers of the early empire were superseded. Once more a history of Roman grammar ought to include a history of Roman schools and schoolmasters from the Decemvirs to Cassiodorus, which would be equally interesting to the student of literature, of manners, and of institutions, for the teaching of grammar up to a point which often varied was endowed in various ways. But here, too, the greater part of the evidence has disappeared. Most of what we know of the Latin grammarians is in the shape of glossarial notes reduced to the curtest shape by the laziness of successive copyists ; the rest is partly a few minor treatises of good times preserved quite at haphazard and rather more extensive treatises of worse times preserved because they were written last, partly meagre biographical notices due to writers increasingly inclined to abbreviate. We ask almost in vain what books the grammarians of a given day read, how much of their reading they communicated to their pupils, or indeed to anybody but their notebooks.

True, matters might be worse ; there are no such deplorable gaps in Latin literature as in Greek. The loss

of the lyric poetry of Lesbos outweighs the loss of all the dramatic poetry of the age of Augustus, of almost all the tragic poetry of the age of Nero and Vespasian ; the New Comedy is better worth regretting than the *comœdia togata* and the mimes of Sophron than the mimes of Laberius. We can spare the predecessors of Livy better than Philistus, Ephorus, and Timæus, or even Theopompus, and the gaps in Polybius may be set against the gaps in Tacitus.

Still we can follow the movement of Greek literature as a whole more easily than that of Latin.

Hardly any period of Greek literature except that between the death of Cimon and the death of Demosthenes is so well known as the periods of Latin literature from the death of Sulla to the death of Augustus, from the death of Nero to the death of Trajan ; but at Rome all is darkness before and between and beyond till one comes to the days of Diocletian. Even the days of Augustus are full of insoluble problems. What were the tragedies of Varius or the comedies of Melissus, the freedman of Mæcenas, like ? We are just told that Melissus tried to reproduce the tone of a better society than his predecessors ; we cannot tell, if he was ever acted, how his plays were received, whether they had more literary value than 'Caste' or 'Ours.' Did Horace in his satire on legacy-hunters imitate the 'Necyomantia' of Laberius, as we happen to know that Theocritus imitated Sophron ? What was Augustan oratory like ? Even Antiphon is an intelligible personality while Cassius, Messalla, and Pollio are names and nothing more. Before Ennius we hardly know whether there was a vernacular literature at all, whether the Fauni

literature mainly Christian, it is far more puzzling to draw the line between the history of literature and the history of theology than it was before to draw the line between the history of literature and the history of philosophy. Professor Ebert, in his history of Christian Latin literature, cuts the knot by excluding dogmatic theology and admitting everything else. Such a rule excludes a book as well worth reading as the 'De Trinitate' of St. Augustin, and includes the dreary chronicle of Prosper, and other chronicles more dreary still. It tells us much more of St. Jerome as a continuator of Suetonius and Eusebius than of his quaint and passionate controversies, which never had the misfortune to become text-books in Carlovingian or mediæval schools.

Of course it is a confession of defeat to despair of organic unity and fall back upon a sort of comparative portrait-gallery, or rather perhaps one should say a series of sketches, now slighter and now fuller, contrasted ill or well, with more or less of background to throw them up. Even then it is not easy to settle the question of scale. Some of my readers may think that overmuch space has been given to a writer like Horace, because the historian found him sympathetic, to a writer like Ovid for an opposite reason, because it seemed necessary to sample a large assortment of wares repeatedly if it was too difficult to analyse them; while a writer like Quintilian may have received less than his due because the form of his work is hardly separable in any degree from the matter, and it seems as if any space reserved for him would be absorbed by a colourless, unprofitable *précis*.

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AND PARLIAMENT STREET

A HISTORY
OF
LATIN LITERATURE

FROM ENNIUS TO BOETHIUS

BY
GEORGE AUGUSTUS SIMCOX, M.A.

FELLOW OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.



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PREFACE.

AN ideal history of anything would tend to be a history of everything; whether the primary subject were letters, institutions, manners, wars, or arts, the same figures, the same facts would present themselves over and over again in slightly different lights. In illustrating a truism one period or one subject is as good as another. Take the days of Domitian. His colossal equestrian statue, the Hercules which held the dessert of Vindex, the sculpture gallery of Vopiscus, which were celebrated by Martial and Statius, all ought to find their place in a perfect history of arts, of manners, or of letters. Was Domitian's effigy less ridiculous than the Duke of Wellington's? Was Vindex the happy possessor of an original of Lysippus inherited from Sulla, and Hannibal and Alexander the Great? Was Statius enthusiastic over a collection of skilful reductions from ancient masterpieces or a collection of audacious forgeries that professed to be original models? It is hardly his fault that we have to guess; contemporaries knew. Again, take Roman law; it would find a place in a history of Roman style, of Roman science, of Roman society, for jurists developed a style of their own. elaborated their

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and Carmentes were, as Professor Nettleship has suggested, its official guardians, or whether they were supernatural beings who inspired it.

There are other difficulties less directly due to our ignorance. How shall we separate what belongs to biography, what belongs to philosophy, what belongs to history in the narrower sense from what belongs to literature? The history of the talent of Tacitus is complete without the history of his career even if we guess that his enforced compliances under Domitian embittered him. Can we say the same of the talent of Horace? Can one judge fairly of the intention, the good faith, the effectiveness of speeches like Cicero's and apologetical memoirs like Cæsar's without some appreciation of the political situation? If political historians have done something less than justice to Cicero, something else than justice to Cæsar, can one take the political history for granted? Can one even take for granted the convenient classification of orators as adherents of assumed aristocratical and democratical parties? Can one discuss the method of Lucretius' philosophical poem, or even Cicero's philosophical tracts, without trenching a little upon their matter? We need a further knowledge of early Roman history to form an adequate opinion of the unconscious hypocrisy of Livy, who neglects, to an extent we do not know, the real springs of affairs—of which we generally know just as much as he allows us to guess—in favour of all sorts of imaginary motives coined sometimes in the interests of edification, sometimes in the interests of family or national vainglory.

When we come to the fourth century and to a

literature mainly Christian, it is far more puzzling to draw the line between the history of literature and the history of theology than it was before to draw the line between the history of literature and the history of philosophy. Professor Ebert, in his history of Christian Latin literature, cuts the knot by excluding dogmatic theology and admitting everything else. Such a rule excludes a book as well worth reading as the 'De Trinitate' of St. Augustin, and includes the dreary chronicle of Prosper, and other chronicles more dreary still. It tells us much more of St. Jerome as a continuator of Suetonius and Eusebius than of his quaint and passionate controversies, which never had the misfortune to become text-books in Carlovingian or mediæval schools.

Of course it is a confession of defeat to despair of organic unity and fall back upon a sort of comparative portrait-gallery, or rather perhaps one should say a series of sketches, now slighter and now fuller, contrasted ill or well, with more or less of background to throw them up. Even then it is not easy to settle the question of scale. Some of my readers may think that overmuch space has been given to a writer like Horace, because the historian found him sympathetic, to a writer like Ovid for an opposite reason, because it seemed necessary to sample a large assortment of wares repeatedly if it was too difficult to analyse them; while a writer like Quintilian may have received less than his due because the form of his work is hardly separable in any degree from the matter, and it seems as if any space reserved for him would be absorbed by a colourless, unprofitable *précis*.

My original aim in writing was to do something towards making Latin literature intelligible and interesting as a whole to the cultivated laity who might like to realise its literary worth, whether they read Latin or no. It seemed impossible to do this in any adequate measure within the limits of a handbook for beginners. Handbooks for advanced students exist already, but their necessary severity of method reduces every author to a skeleton, and almost excludes literary criticism. Perhaps one may hope that even scholars familiar with the masterly outline of Bernhardt and the rich storehouse which we owe to the self-denying diligence of Professor Teuffel may find these volumes serviceable in their way. My own obligations are greatest to Professor Teuffel, from whom (and in a less degree from Professor Ebert) I have borrowed largely for details in the chronological tables which have been prefixed to each volume in order to compensate in some measure for any want of precision in the text.

My best thanks are due to the Rev. R. L. Clarke, of Queen's College, Oxford, and to my brother, the Rev. W. H. Simcox, of Weyhill, who have read the proof sheets and enabled me to correct many inaccuracies, also to the Rev. Sir G. W. Cox for much valuable advice. I am also indebted to a very suggestive paper by Professor Nettleship upon Roman satire, and to the author of an article in the 'Cornhill Magazine' who convicted Aulus Gellius of boasting that he had picked up on a second-hand bookstall the erudition he really owed to Pliny.

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phurous vapours rise through the ground were reckoned oracular. The Italians were not long in reaching the stage at which women are more idealist than men; the Sibylline books appear in Italy earlier in proportion than the prophecies of Bacis and other male prophets in Greece. So, too, the wailing woman keeps her place at Roman funerals, while in historical Greece the haughty smiles of Sparta and the decorous silence of Athens take the place of the loud laments of Helen and Andromache. Such traits are a sign rather that Italian men were lacking in ideality than that Italian women abounded in it.

Italian indigenous literature was of the very scantiest; its oldest element was to be found in hymns, barely metrical, and so full of repetitions as to dispense with metre. The hymns were more like spells than psalms, the singer had an object to gain rather than feelings to express. The public hymns were prayers for blessing: there were private chants to charm crops out of a neighbour's field, and bring other mischief to pass against him. Such 'evil songs' were a capital offence, though there was little, perhaps, in their form to suggest a distinction whether the victim was being bewitched or satirised. The deliberate articulate expression of spite seemed a guilt and power of itself. Besides these there were dirges at funerals, ranging between commemoration of the deceased and his ancestors, propitiation of the departed spirit, and simple lamentation. There were songs at banquets in praise of ancient worthies. Cato had heard them, Cicero regretted them with a fervour that imposed upon Niebuhr. The songs themselves can hardly have been better than the epitaphs of the Scipios. The elegance of the material monuments shows the influence of the new culture, so that it is likely the verses—some of them a survival from days when Rome had no literature—are a very favourable specimen of the oral compositions out of which they grew. We find no trace of any poet who composed what free-born youths recited at feasts; probably they extemporised without training and attained no mastery. If a nation has strong military instincts, we find legendary or historical heroes in its very oldest traditions; if a nation has strong poetical instincts, we find the names

Indigenous
elements of
Italian
literature.

historical or legendary poets. In Italy we only meet with nameless fauns and prophets, whose inspired verses were perhaps on the level of Mother Shipton. For it is not likely that the Italians had as much poetical talent as is now diffused among their descendants, whose literary poetry has always been exotic,¹ though their popular poetry is full of feeling and delicacy.

The traditional comic drama was indigenous in Italy. The tricks and jests of a limited number of strictly conventional characters cannot have had a wider range than that of an harlequinade, which is the lineal descendant of the native Italian drama. Such as it is, it has always been a very vigorous form of art. After the Renaissance it gradually spread over Europe; it is an interesting question whether it did not influence Greek literature through Epicharmus, who may very likely have found something like it at home in Sicily.

Besides these rudiments of literature, the Romans, and no doubt the other Italians, had some kind of annals, beginning perhaps with a bare record of prodigies. The Romans had from a comparatively early period a written code of laws and an elaborate system of legal pleading, full of needless technicalities, which were long the secret of the patricians, and even after their publication had to be observed with the most minute and wearisome exactness. This, of course, was a check upon judicial oratory, and political oratory was restrained by respect for authority, which forbade any speaker to address his peers in the senate, the assembly, or the public meeting² without the formal sanction of the convener.

The curious feature of Latin literature is that it is in its best days a Roman literature without being the work of Romans. From Ennius to Martial, a succession of writers who were not natives of Rome lived and worked there, and owed their fame to the Roman public. The great writers of Athens were Athenians; great Greek writers who were not Athenians did not owe their reputation to Athens, unless they were rhetoricians or philosophers. In the Middle

Latin literature in relation to the City Rome—'Urbanity.'

¹ The *Divine Comedy* is a weighty but a solitary exception.

² Summoned by tribunes and other magistrates to work up public opinion in favour of a particular measure.

Ages poets scarcely fixed themselves at a single centre: they and their reputation travelled together. Even then one notes that Florentine poetry was founded by natives of Florence who passed their lives there. When we come to the modern literatures of England and France we find, as might be expected, that the capital collects most literary men (though there are exceptions, like the Pleiad in France and the Lake Poets in England); but the capital itself is not barren. In Germany the same holds good of a number of local capitals.

One reason of this peculiarity may have been that Rome as a city had never much life of its own; it was the seat of an aristocracy who owed their importance to its value as a commercial and then as a military centre, and to the hereditary temper fostered by the actions which the possession of such a site made possible or desirable. It was never a town of sailors or of artisans: its rulers had dependants, but not workmen; and their own life was too difficult and absorbing to leave any surplus energy for literature, while at the same time their faculties were sufficiently stimulated to make them eager and intelligent critics. In the history of Latin literature, at any rate from the time of Lucilius, Urbanitas is more important than 'Atticism' ever became in Greek. A writer could not really succeed without the style of a well-bred man about town; the opposite to this was not as a rule 'provinciality,' but 'rusticity.' It does not seem as if 'urbanity' necessarily included any idea of culture or distinction or refinement; it was a quality which a buffoon might possess in perfection: what it excluded was clumsiness, obscurity, saying what need not be said; what it implied was being in complete possession of what one had to say, and completely appreciating the intelligence of one's public. At this point 'urbanity' comes nearest to 'Atticism'; but an Athenian public was much quicker witted, and more fastidious, than an Italian, and would certainly have been impatient of Cicero's prolonged 'urbanity,' which the Roman public of his day enjoyed till the end. Down to the days of the empire 'prolixity' was not a word of blame; on the contrary, we find phrases like *verbis prolixissimis gratias egit* (where *prolixissimis* might be exchanged for *amplissimis*),

the idea being that to develop a subject at the greatest length possible is an appropriate way of showing respect to the subject and to the person addressed—an idea which since the Renaissance has had a very considerable influence on Italian eloquence. Nor, indeed, has Italian literature ever aimed at terseness and brevity, except when its centre was the Florentine republic, and during the earlier period when it was the organ of the opposition of epigrams carried on by an indolent and fastidious aristocracy and their literary retainers under the Claudian and Flavian emperors.

After we have analysed the meagreness of its original elements, after we have recognised the complacent amplitude of its later development, we have still to remember that Latin literature is classical as Greek literature is classical. Latin literature as classical. The general level of finish, elegance, and richness is higher, though the masterpieces are less exquisite, less supreme, as well as less original. Where Greek literature fails, it is apt to become dull and empty; where Latin literature fails, it is apt to become heavy and florid. Even the greatest Greek writers are not free from incompletenesses and obscurities, which show that the writer's grasp not merely of his subject but of his own conception is imperfect. Even a great Latin writer is seldom in such close, direct, penetrating contact with his subject as a great Greek writer or a great modern writer, but he is in much more complete possession of what he has to communicate about it. A Latin historian, for instance, never makes us say, as modern historians make us say, that we cannot see the wood for the trees; he hardly ever makes us say, as a Greek historian makes us say, that he shows us a brick for a house. His representation may be superficial, but it has the completeness of view which results from standing far enough off to get things into focus. One effect of this is that, as compared with the literature of independent Greece, Latin literature is reflective and sentimental. It still deals with genuine perceptions and emotions, but there is an added sense of what it looks like to experience them; the representation is in only mediate relation to the experience, and in immediate relation to the writer's thought about it. This is a point of analogy with the English literature of the

first half of last century; another is that in both to think about experience and express one's thoughts has still the interest of novelty for the writers and their public. Consequently there is no need to go beyond what is common and general in experience. Both, even at their highest, are content with an exaltation in degree of what is familiar in kind; and this marks off both from modern literature, which tends to seek out what is rare and singular in experience, which being unfamiliar has to be thought out before it is intelligible. A cognate tendency of modern literature is to make a more or less imaginary experience serve as foundation for ideals. Classical literatures go back to an heroic age in search of something grander and simpler than the present age supplies; romantic literatures go back in search of the picturesque; in this, as in much else, Vergil is a precursor of the modern and romantic spirit.

But Vergil is an exception; and, in the sense in which 'classical' is opposed to 'romantic,' Latin literature as a whole is more classical than Greek. The revolt against 'classicism' is also a revolt from Latin literature to Greek, if the revolter be able to study both. And Latin literature is eminently classical in the primitive sense of the word: its representative writers fall into fixed 'classes,' each has his well-marked rank; it is a literature of fixed standards fit to become the foundation of an æsthetic tradition. Its generality, its clearness, its finish, and its dignity are all elements which give it a permanent educational value, and make it interesting to races and generations very different from those which originated it. English literature is hardly likely to fill the same place in the training of the communities which owe their civilisation to England as Latin literature has filled in the training of the communities which owe their civilisation to Rome. So far as this space is filled by English literature, it is mainly filled by 'classical' writings like those of Pope and Macaulay, which come in this way to have a greater relative importance than they have for the cultivated public at home.

A literature may be classical without being supremely excellent; a literature may come near to supreme excellence without being classical. The test of supreme excellence is the

admiration and delight of sane, well-trained minds of very high calibre. Tried by this test it would be impossible to set the 'Duchess of Malfy' or 'Vittoria Corombona' below 'Phèdre' or 'Britannicus,' or the 'Golden Ass' below the fables of Phædrus. Yet Racine and Phædrus are both classics in a sense that Webster and Apuleius are not. Phædrus, at any rate, is a classic simply in virtue of his generality, his rationality, his clearness.

This reflection explains the impatience with which many æsthetic critics are apt to approach Latin literature. Generality, clearness, rationality, are not attractive literary qualities to a cultivated class weary of old traditions, pining for fresh, strong, highly specialised emotions. The appetite for subtlety is at its height, the clearness of Latin literature readily passes for shallowness, while the simplicity of Greek literature is pardoned for its directness and intensity.

On another side Latin literature is classical, as opposed to romantic: it is an eminently social literature—the work of men who wrote under a strong regard for all that tends to promote fellow-feeling among mankind. Romantic literature is eminently personal—as personal in the expression of moods of passionate sympathy with the many or the miserable, which can seldom be permanently felt, and never generally felt, as in the expression of solitary rapture in the presence of inorganic nature. In both there is always a touch of revolt against the concrete claims which society as it is requires us to enforce and accept by turns.¹ Latin literature throughout assumes and enforces social rights and duties: even in the malcontent literature of the Claudian and Flavian period there is far less freedom of discussion than in the Greek literature of the Attic and Macedonian period, though that is less bitter. In fact, Greek literature is the expression of a social life never perfectly consolidated; while Latin literature is addressed to a society solidly constituted, though out of much less genial elements. For one reason or other, the Italian household discipline was much

¹ The proper effect of public spirit and generosity is not so much to lift a man above being occupied with either set of claims as to make him magnify the claims others have upon him and minimise the claims he has upon others; but, after all, both sets of claims are correlative.

phurous vapours rise through the ground were reckoned oracular. The Italians were not long in reaching the stage at which women are more idealist than men ; the Sibylline books appear in Italy earlier in proportion than the prophecies of Bacis and other male prophets in Greece. So, too, the wailing woman keeps her place at Roman funerals, while in historical Greece the haughty smiles of Sparta and the decorous silence of Athens take the place of the loud laments of Helen and Andromache. Such traits are a sign rather that Italian men were lacking in ideality than that Italian women abounded in it.

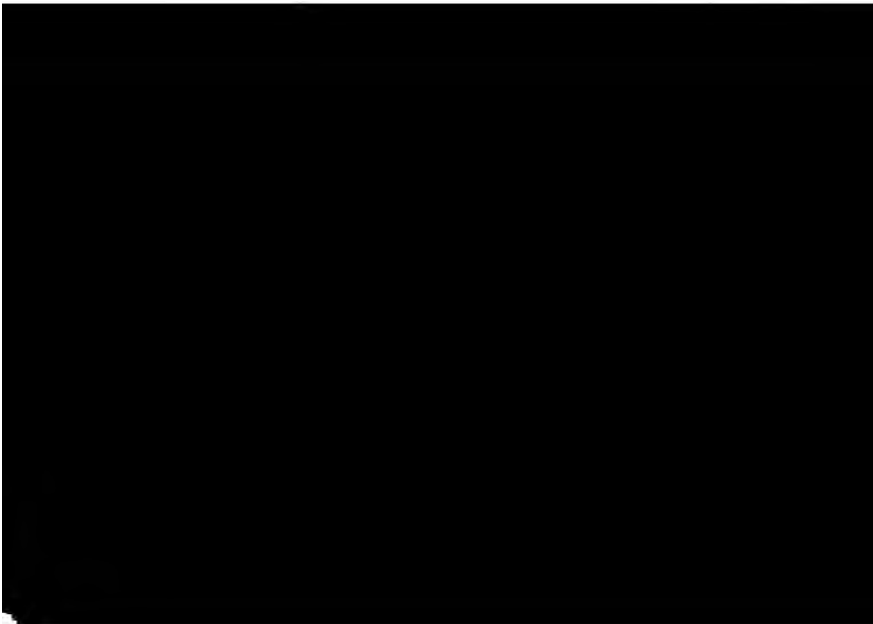
Italian indigenous literature was of the very scantiest; its oldest element was to be found in hymns, barely metrical, and so full of repetitions as to dispense with metre. The hymns were more like spells than psalms, the singers had an object to gain rather than feelings to express. The public hymns were prayers for blessing : there were private chants to charm crops out of a neighbour's field, and bring other mischief to pass against him. Such 'evil songs' were a capital offence, though there was little, perhaps, in their form to suggest a distinction whether the victim was being bewitched or satirised. The deliberate articulate expression of spite seemed a guilt and power of itself. Besides these there were dirges at funerals, ranging between commemoration

Indigenous
elements of
Italian
literature.

the conquest of Tarentum. Thenceforward Rome was full of Greek slaves and Greek refugees, anxious to avail themselves of their one superiority. For some time it was uncertain whether the process of Greeks learning Latin or Latins learning Greek would prove the more important. It was not impossible that educated Latins would be simply Hellenised, as Macedonians had been, and address their first literary efforts to the great Greek public, which was quite willing to be informed of the character of the State then rising into consequence in the West. As yet the Roman public made no demand for literature of a kind which Romans of position could think it worth while to satisfy. As late as Lucullus and Cicero Roman nobles still wrote historical works on their own life and times in Greek. As late as Horace Roman men of letters were still tempted to continue Greek literature in Greek, instead of trying to naturalise it in Latin. The two conditions which made Latin literature possible were, first, the stimulus to national life during the two great Punic wars, which carried many Italians beyond the bounds of Italy, and widened the national horizon without transferring the centre of national interests; and second (and this was even more important), the good will with which for about a century the public received the efforts made to amuse or educate it by Latin adaptations or imitations of Greek plays. This literature was carried on by men in a lower social position than most Greek writers. The social equals of the old Greek writers wrote nothing at Rome during this period, or else wrote Greek. But they were not indifferent to the vernacular literature: they patronised, criticised it, read it perhaps more easily than its Greek originals, which, if they knew them, they thought incomparably superior. Their disdain might have killed Latin literature; but vernacular text-books were needed for the literary and rhetorical education which came into vigour just as the dramatic poets (and the public) were getting tired of their poetry. All who profited by this education were familiar with the analysis of literary effects in their own language, and naturally turned to their own language if they wished to produce literary effects of their own. Soon, too, composition took the place in Latin education which music had held in Greek, and

Ages poets scarcely fixed themselves at a single centre: they and their reputation travelled together. Even then one notes that Florentine poetry was founded by natives of Florence who passed their lives there. When we come to the modern literatures of England and France we find, as might be expected, that the capital collects most literary men (though there are exceptions, like the Pleiad in France and the Lake Poets in England); but the capital itself is not barren. In Germany the same holds good of a number of local capitals.

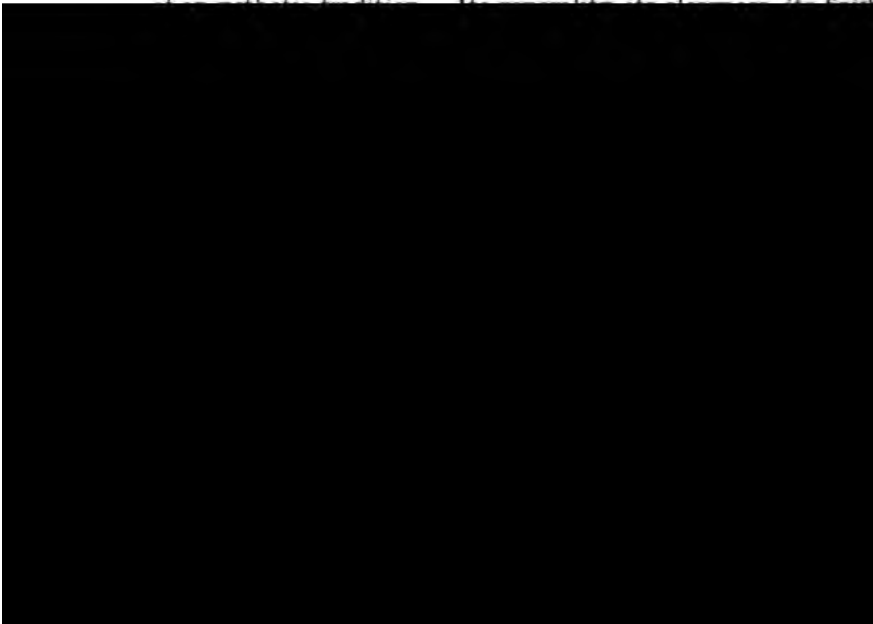
One reason of this peculiarity may have been that Rome as a city had never much life of its own; it was the seat of an aristocracy who owed their importance to its value as a commercial and then as a military centre, and to the hereditary temper fostered by the actions which the possession of such a site made possible or desirable. It was never a town of sailors or of artisans: its rulers had dependants, but not workmen; and their own life was too difficult and absorbing to leave any surplus energy for literature, while at the same time their faculties were sufficiently stimulated to make them eager and intelligent critics. In the history of Latin literature, at any rate from the time of Lucilius, Urbanitas is more important than 'Atticism' ever became in Greek. A writer could not really succeed without the style of a well-bred man about town;



a shallow but not insincere romanticism which turned fondly to the simplicity of the past. The contrast between past and present plays a larger part in Roman literature than in Greek, for in Greece there was never enough accumulated wealth to make the surroundings of life consistently elaborate. Even Theocritus does not dream of readers who all live in palaces, or of cities where there are more splendid buildings than the temples. Of course travelled *litterati* are apt to be denationalised, especially when the public has retained a prejudice in favour of homespun poetry, but the immense improvement in public affairs during the early part of Augustus' reign delayed any schism between the literary class and the community at large. When the impulse which Augustus had given was spent, and it was plain that any further improvement must come from a better adjustment of the machinery of administration, not from fresh moral efforts on the part of the population or their leaders, the literary class soon got to be as isolated from the rest of the population as the Accademie Della Crusca and Degli Arcadi during the Spanish domination in Italy. The tendency to literary stagnation was even stronger in the second century than in the sixteenth. There was less publicity, and, outside Italy, very little literary activity. The decline was retarded partly by the irritation with which the senatorial families and the provincials who recruited the order regarded the progress to a centralised monarchy and the objectionable incidents of an inevitable process; partly by the gradual spread of Latin civilisation in the western half of the empire, so that fresh races were continually coming forward to appropriate a culture which they had not created or exhausted. At first the new recruits paraded at Rome. Seneca, Lucan, Tacitus, Martial, represent almost all that is excellent in the literature of the Silver Age, and they are all Spaniards: and it is hardly fanciful to say that the epigrammatic grandiloquence and the elaborate courtesy anticipate something of the character of Spanish literature when Spain was a great power. After the middle of the second century, the supremacy passes to Africa; the great writers are Apuleius and Tertullian, perhaps St. Cyprian. Here we can hardly ascertain the influence of race: such modern African literature as

first half of last century ; another is that in both to think about experience and express one's thoughts has still the interest of novelty for the writers and their public. Consequently there is no need to go beyond what is common and general in experience. Both, even at their highest, are content with an exaltation in degree of what is familiar in kind ; and this marks off both from modern literature, which tends to seek out what is rare and singular in experience, which being unfamiliar has to be thought out before it is intelligible. A cognate tendency of modern literature is to make a more or less imaginary experience serve as foundation for ideals. Classical literatures go back to an heroic age in search of something grander and simpler than the present age supplies ; romantic literatures go back in search of the picturesque ; in this, as in much else, Vergil is a precursor of the modern and romantic spirit.

But Vergil is an exception ; and, in the sense in which 'classical' is opposed to 'romantic,' Latin literature as a whole is more classical than Greek. The revolt against 'classicism' is also a revolt from Latin literature to Greek, if the revolter be able to study both. And Latin literature is eminently classical in the primitive sense of the word : its representative writers fall into fixed 'classes,' each has his well-marked rank it is a literature of fixed standards fit to become the foundation



themselves with literature was not new ; it was new that literature should be left to them. Like the literary movement in Gaul, the literary movement in Rome came to a violent end. Theodoric's character broke down with his constitution, the Ostrogoth kingdom never recovered itself, and as its decline tempted the ambition of Constantinople, Italy was exposed to a series of devastating campaigns which did far more mischief than the raids of the fifth century. Even then a recovery was possible, but the ruin was completed by the mismanagement that permitted the invasion of the Lombards. St. Gregory, the only considerable writer after that calamity, manifested an intellectual activity worthy of his ecclesiastical energy. His voluminous works lie beyond our limits ; their chief literary merit is their style, which some think better because more consistent than that of the great fathers of the fifth century, who are never clear whether they are to imitate the classics or the translation of the Bible. For St. Gregory the question is practically decided ; his vocabulary and his syntax are still pure Latin ; there are Latin analogies for what is incorrect tried by the standard of Cicero or Livy ; but the structure of his sentences is no longer determined by Latin precedents. The logical arrangement has superseded the rhetorical : what has to be said is said simply and directly, without any of the laborious parade of demonstration and antithesis which we still find in St. Augustine. Such eloquence as remains is a matter of feeling rather than of skill ; in such an age a writer must be reckoned eloquent if he is copious, and St. Gregory is earnest and pathetic as well.

Latin literature does not begin with ballads ; the scanty legends of the prehistoric past were never, that we know of, worked up by primitive minstrels into anything the least like Lord Macaulay's superb lays. We do not even know that there was a time when they were told as continuous stories in unsuspecting good faith. The tradition seems to have been fragmentary and conjectural ; it attached itself to places and sites. The Sister's Beam seems to have kept the story of the battle between the Horatii and Curiatii alive ; every generation who passed under the Beam had

The actual
beginning of
Latin literature :
Livius Andronicus,
Nævius.

to hear the legend of how the surviving champion did penance there for slaying his sister, who reproached him with the death of her lover. So, too, the legend of the devotion of the hero who leapt with horse and arms into the gulf was only remembered because Curtius' Pool was shown in the forum. Much of the legend of the reigns of Tullus Hostilius and Ancus Martius is a collection of precedents, and this guarantees that the stories are in a way trustworthy. The tradition of the colleges of heralds and pontiffs, though sure to be much perverted by later practice, had more chance of retaining a hold upon facts than the rumours of the people, but it was even further from literature.

When literature comes to deal with the early traditions, it is impossible to say how much is due to Greek models. Is the story of Sextus Tarquinius at Gabii copied from the story of Zopyrus at Babylon? Do Brutus and his cousins journey to Delphi because the first literary historians were familiar with the name of no other oracle? The visit can hardly be a fact—it would have left some memorial at Delphi; and if the oldest legend knew of a visit to an oracle there were oracles at Cumæ and Præneste. The oldest legends of all do not seem homogeneous. Æneas and Anna Perenna seem at home in Italy as water deities; Æneas is transformed in or into the river Numicius; Anna is identified with a spring. One of the first reflections that the Greeks and Latins made on the renewal of their acquaintance was that Æneas of Latium must be the same as Æneas of Troy. Anna was easily understood to be a Carthaginian name, and then the tradition that Carthage was founded a little before Rome led to a tale of Æneas's visit to Carthage on his way to Italy. Afterwards, chronologists reflected that Alba was much older than Rome, and that Rome was not founded till some centuries after the fall of Troy; and interpolated a line of Alban kings (perhaps not wholly the coinage of their own brains) as well as they could between Æneas and Romulus. Here, at last, we come to a figure that may be said to live in popular tradition, though the death of Romulus is suspiciously like the death of Remulus, an earlier scion of the line of Æneas who died by the thunder which he had imitated. Even the

story of the twins nursed by the wolf is not so well attested as to exclude a growing suspicion that it is rather an imitation of the story Herodotus tells of Cyrus being nursed by a bitch than a genuine popular tradition. In general Roman legend seems to be the affair of antiquaries, men like Cato and Varro; it is only later that poets like Vergil and Ovid utilised the materials thus collected to their hands. There is no reason to suppose that Ennius possessed at first hand greater treasures of tradition than were within the reach of Vergil. His *Annals* were venerated as a great national monument, but they were not popular in the sense that the poems which have come to us under the names of Homer and Hesiod were in Greece; it is doubtful whether they were even so popular as the poems which the Alexandrian literati collected into a cycle.

The true cradle of Roman literature is the theatre and the school; and it is in connection with these that we must say the little that can be said here of the precursors of Father Ennius. There were two elements in the earliest Roman drama—the solemn mimic dance that came from Etruria, and the farcical scenes of daily life, already mentioned, which seem to have been most at home in the Oscan¹ speech and country. The latter dealt with stock persons and situations, like the Italian harlequinades, which still kept the stage against literary comedy in the eighteenth century. The characters were free to extemporise, for the story contained nothing that they could spoil. Incidentally this led at Rome to a special division of the art: according to Livy the Atellan farces (so called from a little town where the scene was always laid) were first imitated and then monopolised by youths of good family, who, having no poet over them, requiring no dresses but what they could provide for themselves, no scenery, and no music, were perfectly independent, and so maintained their self-respect. They kept that particular form of farce to themselves because they did not wish their persons or their performances to sink to the level of ordinary players, who were either slaves or hirelings, incapable of military service or civil rights. It is not unlikely that this form of art

¹ The Oscans seem to have been Sabellians who settled early and peaceably on the lower Garigliano, and the coast south of the Pomptine Marshes.

may have grown on another side into the 'Rhithonian tragedies,' which were a burlesque upon tragedies, and may for all we know have been acted by the same companies as the *Atellanae*. If so we should be able to understand why the *Rhithonicae* differed from the *Exodia*, which were also very often burlesques. The name implies that the *Exodia* were of the nature of an after-piece: the *Rhithonicae*, like the *Atellanae*, were an independent entertainment. Both have many points of analogy to the satyric drama of Athens, though neither can be shown to have been directly derived from it, and neither attached itself so closely as the satyric drama did in its origin to the comic side of the legend of Dionysus. If Livy is to be trusted, there was a closer relation between the satyric drama and Roman satire, which grew, as he says, out of the jests which revellers bandied about at festivals. Only, when these jests began to receive a literary polish, no company at Rome was bold enough to rehearse them in public, and so written satires were from the first written to be read, and naturally tended to drop the dramatic form which we shall see was not unfrequently employed at first.

The literary development of vernacular farces will occupy us later; it attained most importance after the literary imitation of Greek comedy had run its course. The serious drama which was developed out of the mimic dances of the Tuscan actors passed from the first under Greek influences. Most likely the stories which the dances illustrated were Greek from the time they were first introduced into Rome; at all events, the first written pieces were taken from the Greek; and even when the Romans took up national subjects, the treatment was still pretty closely conformed to Greek models, and it was not uncommon to appropriate large portions of Greek plays.

The first Latin playwright, the first schoolmaster who taught Greek literature, was Titus Livius Andronicus. He was a native of Tarentum: he came to Rome as a slave, and employed himself after his emancipation as a schoolmaster and an actor. In the latter capacity he originated the curious division of labour whereby one actor, commonly himself, danced and acted, while another, whom the audience were not supposed to see, sang the words which he would have sung himself if the exertion of


singing and dancing at once had not been too overwhelming. Such a device implies that the public came for the spectacle and held the pantomime more important than the song; so it is not strange that the plays of Livius Andronicus should have been very meagre, and that the dialogue should have been very little above the level of stage directions, just serving to explain to the audience what was going on. Besides plays of mythology, plays of Greek life, plays of contemporary Roman history, he wrote an official thanksgiving for a happy turn in the war with Hannibal. Perhaps his most considerable work was a schoolbook, an abridgment of the 'Odyssey' in the Saturnian metre, which served as a class-book and to give some notion of the story, though hardly any of the poetry. The fragments that we have of it are like the explanations that an impatient teacher might give to an impatient pupil. For instance, 'Homer' enumerates the provisions with which Circe furnishes Ulysses for his voyage, while Livius tells us that they (Circe's hand-maidens, whom 'Homer' names) brought good things to the ships, and ten thousand things else were put aboard the same. Perhaps his choice of metre may be taken to imply that the Saturnian was a hexameter pure and simple, neither dactylic nor trochaic, nor anapæstic nor iambic, though more nearly trochaic than anything. Still it is curious to find a very smooth quatrain ascribed to him by Terentianus Maurus, who gives a specimen of his own in the same very elaborate metre:¹ especially as Terentianus tells us that he quotes later writers by choice, because they were more accurate in their versification; and it is not easy to see why Terentianus or any one else should have been at the pains to modernise a quatrain of Livius.²

His successor, Nævius, wrote in Saturnian verse as a matter of national pride. Latin was his mother tongue: he was a native of Campania, then thoroughly Latinised, and he resented the progress of Greek at Rome with all the pride of a Campanian. One might almost gather from his remains that a

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exists is Arabic ; and few Arabic scholars know Latin literature well, while few Latin scholars know Arabic at all. It may be observed in passing that the Egyptians regard Barbary as the land of enchanter and enchantments, and that the founder of the Hanbalite, the straitest of the four orthodox schools of Islam, was a puritan countryman of Tertullian. In the fourth and fifth centuries there are two changes to note : most of the great writers are religious, and superior to their predecessors both in style and matter ; on the other hand, the language appears to have come to a complete standstill. Up to Apuleius both syntax and vocabulary are still in movement ; the natural way of turning a sentence or a paragraph varies. But the complete exhaustion of the capital as a literary centre, which was the natural result of the ascendancy of the army and of the administrative system introduced by Diocletian and perfected by Constantine, naturally threw the provincial teachers on the fundamental classics. Fourth century prose is in the main a more or less corrupt following of Cicero, though St. Jerome is a conspicuous if doubtful exception, and Martianus Capella an exception less doubtful, if less conspicuous. Fourth century verse is founded upon Virgil and Ovid, with slight traces of Horace and Martial. This is plainest in Claudian, the greatest poet of the century. He is a happy accident, an offshoot of the



PART I.

CHAPTER I.

ENNIUS: THE ANNALS.


THE position of Father Ennius in Latin literature seems at first sight decidedly in excess of his performance. Throughout the republican period he was recognised as the great Roman poet. Cicero appeals to him as *summus poeta*. Lucretius speaks of the doctrines of the world to come which he has enshrined in everlasting verse. Vargunteius lectured on him to large audiences; Vergil imitated him to commend his own poems to a *populus Ennianus*. Silius in all probability imitated him too, partly in honour of Vergil, partly because he found him a useful guide. The poets of the Augustan age in general acknowledge Ennius's great position, though sometimes perplexed and irritated by it. The nearest approach to an explanation which they reach is given in Ovid's neat epigram—

Ennius ingenio maximus, arte rudis.

Quintilian is more sober and solid, if not so clear, when he compares Ennius and the other luminaries of the Scipionic age to the venerable trees of a sacred grove that have lost their beauty but are impressive still. The public could only respect what their fathers had admired and enjoyed; the change was in the public, not in Ennius and his contemporaries: so far the metaphor is inexact. Nor can we altogether explain the change by referring to the finish and refinement of form of the great works of the Augustan age, as if these had created a taste

to hear the legend of how the surviving champion did penance there for slaying his sister, who reproached him with the death of her lover. So, too, the legend of the devotion of the hero who leapt with horse and arms into the gulf was only remembered because Curtius' Pool was shown in the forum. Much of the legend of the reigns of Tullus Hostilius and Ancus Martius is a collection of precedents, and this guarantees that the stories are in a way trustworthy. The tradition of the colleges of heralds and pontiffs, though sure to be much perverted by later practice, had more chance of retaining a hold upon facts than the rumours of the people, but it was even further from literature.

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more easily than to later Roman poets, and been more intimately appropriated. He took up the ideas and theories which were current among the Italiote and Siceliote Greeks without much discrimination, or the need of it. In him the mystical and rationalist tendencies were still at the early stage of development in which they only represent the emotional and the speculative side of the same eager curiosity. This is illustrated by his feeling about dreams—a point always attractive to the gifted minds of a primitive people, and therefore possibly to the commonplace minds of an instructed people. He does not doubt their importance. His great work began with a dream in which Homer appeared to him, as Hector appears in Vergil to Æneas, and, as critics seem to agree, revealed to him the secrets of the life to come. The dream of Ilia which served as a prototype of the dreams of Dido is too like a real dream to be dismissed as a poetical machine. The numerous dreams in the plays translated, with more or less change, from the Greek, serve to show the other side of the question. Though these are still treated seriously, we meet already with the reflections that because some dreams are true all need not be, and that dreams frequently contain nothing but a confused medley of the experiences of waking life; but this does not exclude a recognition of the special clearness of the perceptions which come in sleep when the limbs are at rest. Even here criticism comes in—the revelations in the visions of the night are the reward of the diligence of the day.

If the escape which dreams offer from the limits of commonplace experience is less complete than it seems, the escape which diviners and soothsayers of all ranks offer is no better than a cheat. They promise riches to others and have nothing for themselves, except what the dupes of their promises give. They have missed their own path in life (for they are no better than beggars), and yet they undertake to show others the road to fortune. The panegyrist of Scipio, who went up to the Capitol to converse with Jove, had no quarrel with the mystical temperament; he was content that

Each should see according to his sight.

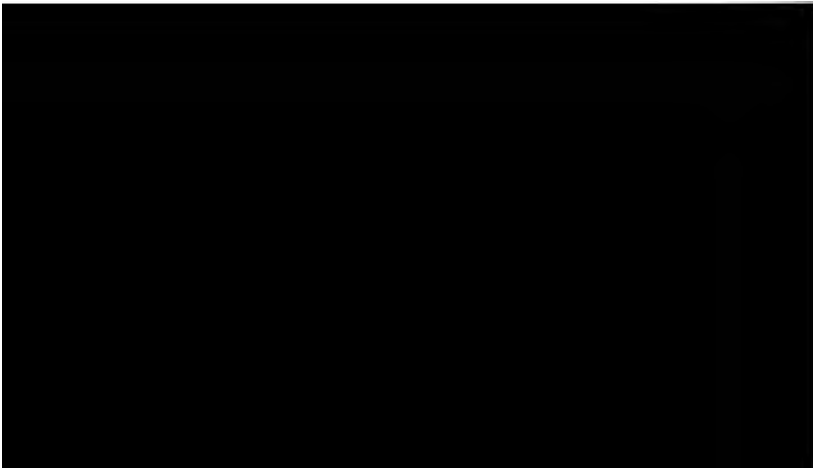
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superb and reckless character served him instead of literary talent, as it afterwards served Alfieri: though he, with a great literature behind him, had opportunities for cultivating fastidiousness which Nævius had not. Nævius was fastidious by nature: he despised everything, from the Metelli to the starveling Greeks who were weaning his countrymen from their native speech: yet his great poem was addressed to Greeks. It was an epic on the origin of Rome and her recent achievements in the first Punic war: it told exactly the two things that foreigners would most want to know who were becoming curious about the city which had conquered Sicily. Cicero has preserved a specimen of his narrative, which deals with the battle of *Ægusa*, and probably does him full justice, as Cicero, who undervalued nothing in Latin literature, ventures to compare it with Ennius. We find plenty of fire and fulness in the fragment, no relief or climax—in a word, nothing artistic in execution or intention. To judge by the fragments the national epic was not superior, if it was equal, to the spirited adaptations of Greek plays, of which Nævius produced several. His true glory is not to be the last surviving representative of an imaginary popular literature uncorrupted by Greek, but to be the precursor of Ennius and Accius, of Varius and Vergil.



the fall of Troy. In the war with Pyrrhus there are one or two well-known grandiloquent passages, and an amusing sneer of the demi-Greek at

Stolidum genus Æneidarum
Bellipotentes sunt magis quam sapientipotentes,

which suggests an inquiry whether Lucilius would have considered *sapientipotentes* a legitimate Latin compound. We know that he criticised another phrase which passed almost into a mannerism with Ennius. Both in the Annals and in the Tragedies we find more than once the metaphor of bristling arms: one line in which it occurred ended with

splendet et horret.

Lucilius suggested that the line should read

horret et alget,

implying that nothing but a strictly intransitive use in connection with cold was permissible. Perhaps his criticism suggests that Ennius's metaphor was taken from the play of light upon the weapons, which gave him the impression of shivering. There is no trace of this in Vergil, who adopted the metaphor and handed it on to a long succession of poets. Another metaphor of Ennius which Vergil adopted too has been less fortunate.

Florentes are catervas

has found no imitators outside the literature of the Latin lands, and it is only Vergil's imitation which has preserved to us the knowledge of Ennius's *floros*, a formation which has to be excused by the remembrance that Ennius was a Calabrian poet.

In spite of these questionable audacities, it is clear that Ennius valued style and art as highly as the poets of the Augustan age; when he begins his own cursory narrative of the first Punic war he says that the story has been told already—

Versibus quos olim Fauni vatesque canebant
Quum neque Musarum scopulos quisquam superarat
Nec dicti studiosus erat.

And Cicero, who has preserved the boast, seems to admit that though ungraceful it was not unjustifiable. What is perhaps

more remarkable, a Greek rhetorician of the second century was struck by the sonorous pomp and strength of his hexameters. It is true that the metre is imperfectly mastered: there are spondaic lines like

Olli respondet rex Albai Longai,

which recall the old Saturnian rhythm unless we are to assume that its prosody was much more fixed than is probable. And even when the dactylic movement is unmistakable the want of practice makes itself painfully felt; he writes with as little restriction as Homer, and he is far from having Homer's resources. Such a line as

Aspectabat virtutem legionis' suai

is very far from being an extreme instance of the harshness of Ennius: it is at least as hard to scan as an average English hexameter. A fairer example of Ennius's latest manner may be found in the description of the tribune in the Histrian war:—

Undique conveniunt velut imber tela tribuno,
 Configunt parmam, tinnit hastilibus umbo
 Ærato sonitu galeæ; sed nec pote quisquam
 Undique nitendo corpus discernere ferro.
 Semper abundantes hastas frangitque quatitque.
 Totum sudor habet corpus, multumque laborat,
 Nec respirandi fit copia, præpete ferro
 Histri tela manu jacentes sollicitabant.¹


In the main these lines are a free and vigorous translation of Il. π . 103 sq.; the double ablative in the second and third lines is an immature construction, even in English the boss of a helmet ringing with darts with bronzed clang is awkward: on the other hand the fifth line is fine and original, though not quite consistent with the statement that the tribune's shield is pierced with darts. A similar incongruity occurs in Ennius's adaptation of the simile of the $\sigma\tau\alpha\tau\acute{o}\varsigma$ ἵππος: he adds the trait of the horse foaming, which implies that he is baulked and restrained while stimulated to violent action.

¹ All around the weapons came in upon the tribune like a storm. They pierce his buckler: the boss rings with darts with bronzed clang in his helm. But yet no one prevails among them all to cleave his body with steel. Ever more he shatters and shakes off the wave of lances: all his body is in a sweat: he is sore put to it: he has no leisure to draw breath: the Histrians troubled him with winged steel, casting darts from their hands.

With all their incongruities the Annals of Ennius were the work upon which his reputation rested. His comedies were rated very low in antiquity. Volcatius, a grammarian of the seventh century of the city, who drew up a list of ten comedians in order of merit, placed Ennius at the end of it, and only placed him there in honour of his antiquity ; which is more remarkable, as he placed the haughty and free-spoken Nævius, an earlier writer than Ennius, and one whose comedies are otherwise unknown, above Terence. Ennius's tragedies were better esteemed, though both Pacuvius and Accius were held to have surpassed him. Still for us the history of Latin tragedy begins with him : as for us, the history of Latin comedy begins with Plautus.

But it offended his masculine common sense that weak and greedy or timid natures should try to get more than their share of good things by the help of more or less conscious impostors. Another point at which he came into collision with contemporary pietism was the question of a particular providence, which he rejected on the strength of the broad fact that it by no means always goes well with the good or ill with the bad. The substance of the popular religion was left nearly untouched by these audacities; for what the people really believed in was the ritual, which proved its value by experience, having been established because it contained anticipations of sound empirical rules of hygiene and the like, and maintained because it fostered a serious, cautious, and attentive spirit. Besides, when speculation begins, it is still felt to be a luxury, and is not mistaken for a necessity by those who indulge in it: they are on their guard against the harm they might do by setting a fashion it would not be well for all to follow.

Ennius's own philosophy was very simple: it consisted of the belief that he had passed in his own person through all experience that interested him—a belief which we find in Pythagoras and Empedocles, perhaps in Buddha, and later in the Welsh poets of the sixth or seventh century; of a recognition of the large element of nature-worship which had inspired the



foundation of knowledge seem harder to revive than theories of like character in natural science. For in natural science materials accumulate far more rapidly, and a problem can be reopened as often as fresh evidence has been made accessible; in philology a theory which takes into account all the evidence without forcing it may easily establish itself in permanent possession of the field. The accepted theory upon which the lost tragedies of the republic have been reconstructed in outline is in the main the work of two men—Welcker and Ribbeck, and the younger of these, though often differing in detail, consistently treats the former as his master, and adheres to his method. This method is so adventurous that it is fortunate that it has been applied by scholars of remarkable sobriety of judgment and of unwearied diligence in collecting materials. It is substantially this. We know from Cicero and elsewhere that more than one famous Roman play was in the main a translation from a definite Greek original: it may therefore be assumed, when there are any fragments of a Latin play which appear to be translated from a Greek play, the whole play was a translation from that Greek original. Consequently it is possible to reconstruct the Greek play (if, as generally happens, it is lost) and the Latin by piecing the fragments of the two together. When the fragments, Greek and Latin, leave the outline of the play uncertain, recourse is had to Hyginus, a grammarian of the reign of Augustus, who wrote a handbook of mythology, and sometimes, at any rate, drew his materials from Greek plays—or from their arguments, which are not quite the same thing. It is frankly admitted that Hyginus had other sources, that there are lines in the Greek fragments which the Latin writer could hardly have used, that there are lines in the Latin fragments which could hardly come from the Greek, and lastly that in a certain number of plays different Greek sources were used. But none of these admissions are held to shake the assumption that, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, the Latin poet was translating the Greek, or at most paraphrasing him. The assumption is worked out with so much detail and so much patience and so much learning that it is hard to remember it is an assumption, and that the consent of scholars,

him, all his secrets will be kept, nothing will ever provoke the good client to be thoughtless or spiteful : the good client knows when to speak and when to hold his tongue ; he is always pleasant and has plenty to say, and can be entertaining ; he can follow up his patron's ideas at the right time, but he is not talkative ; he has old-world knowledge of all kinds, but it is buried in his mind ; he does not overwhelm his company with precedents.

It is curious to turn from this picture of discretion to the grand self-assertion of Ennius's claim to be hailed as the poet¹ who reaches to mortals the fiery cup of heartfelt song. The contrast seems rather characteristic of the Italians, and occurs again and again in Latin literature : in Greece boastfulness and prudence do not seem to go together. Pindar perhaps is an exception, but even Pindar praises himself less directly and less audaciously than Ennius. Another great poet of whom Ennius reminds us is Milton ; there is the same late maturity, the same manliness, if not the same austerity and purity. And there is the same transition from the romantic interest in poetry to the ethical and political interest. Nearly everything that is strictly poetical or imaginative in the Annals belongs to the earliest books. It is not merely that the outline of the story ceases to be poetical : such a picture as the goddess swimming swiftly over the tender

of the 'Œdipus Tyrannus' would lose very much of its dignity as a spectacle if the king were thrust back to the far end of the stage, or had to make his way to the front through the crowd of his suffering subjects, instead of simply coming out of his palace as he does in Sophocles, and speaking to the people whom he finds in front of it.

The metres of the Latin chorus were much simpler, and seem to have fallen into stanzas which were repeated without variation, when the writer aimed at any regular structure. Perhaps it was commoner to have no structure at all, but to link lines together in the fashion which the Greeks called *monostrophic*. To a certain extent it was a compensation for the monotony of the choruses that the dialogue was more varied than in Greek; for *trochaics* were much more freely employed, partly perhaps because the undue preponderance of *spondees* in *iambic trimeters* required to be corrected by the more rapid movement of the *tetrameter*.

The energy of the *tetrameter* is congenial, because energy is the prevailing note of Roman tragedy. All the subtleties of character and situation which culminate in Sophocles, all the subtleties of discussion and passion which culminate in Euripides, evaporated; moreover, the circumstances of Roman life excluded the spiritual interests of Greek tragedy. In the fifth century B.C. in Greece, life was very uncertain, full of examples of brilliant ruin; in the time of the Punic wars, when tragedy took shape at Rome, there was nothing to suggest any limits to the efficacy of courage and conduct: there was much to foster sobriety, nothing to foster awe. Roman tragedy developed into something not unlike the higher kind of melodrama—the expression of strong, manly feeling and of vigorous common sense, so combined as to unite the maximum of excitement and edification.

Subject to this, it might be said that a play of Ennius was generally a play of Euripides simplified and amplified. It contained as much of Euripides as he understood sufficiently to commend to his countrymen; it contained, also, an exposition of all that he had thought or felt in reading it: the thing to be said is commonly taken direct from the

Ennius.

Greek but Ennius says it in his own way. For instance, in his 'Medea' the nurse of Medea begins the play, as in Euripides, with regretting the Argonautic expedition as the origin of her mistress's trouble. But in Euripides she wishes that the Argo had never sailed through the crashing rocks; in Ennius she wishes that timber to build the Argo had never been cut, and considerably informs the audience that the Argo was so named because the chosen men of Argos sailed in her. So, again, when Medea comes forth to address the dames of Corinth, in Euripides she begins simply 'Dames of Corinth,' but Ennius begins 'Puissant illustrious Corinthian dames'; and in the next line or two his wish to raise the tone of his original carries him into downright mistranslation. Then in the scenes between Jason and Medea all the subtlety and finesse of Euripides is replaced by direct passionate emphasis. Where the Jason of Euripides parries Medea's appeals to his gratitude with a leisurely, roundabout reference to the power of Cypris, the Jason of Ennius delivers himself of the retort, at once fierce and pragmatic,

Tu me amoris plusquam honoris servavisti gratia.

Always, whenever the writing is meant to be intense, the plays upon words of all kinds multiply; nor is this to be set down to mere bad taste. Alliteration and assonance seem to be natural luxuries of primitive speech when it becomes more vehement. They are almost an attempt to make the stutter of passion articulate; or rather, when passion has found a tongue the note first struck goes on sounding of itself, and then the artist who has struck a note that pleases him holds it as long as he can. In Ennius and other early writers the artifice, to call it so, is exaggerated into a vicious and provoking mannerism; although it often produces a legitimate effect, as in the vigorous trochaic lines in which Medea announces more plainly than in Euripides her intention to slay her children and bring punishment on Jason, banishment on herself. In Euripides she is thinking and feeling aloud; in Ennius she has thought and is telling the result. Ennius found the process by which her decision was reached thought out for him, and lived with men who still

decided silently. On the other hand, Euripides, whose audience were familiar with the legend, generalises his traditional subject; he makes it a vehicle for the discussion of the recurring tragedy of a cast-off wife. For Ennius this general problem had little interest; the disintegration of the family had scarcely begun, though the burden of keeping it up was felt already. His main concern was to familiarise his audience with an exciting legend of an alien race and a distant time. The pragmatic interest, though always present, does not affect the conception of a subject as a whole; it shows itself in a constant tendency of the characters to say something edifying whenever occasion can be found or made. For instance, in the 'Eumenides,' one of the two plays which we know Ennius took from Æschylus, the speech of Orestes about the time for silence and the time for speech becomes didactic in the translation, while the blessings which the Eumenides promise when propitiated are amplified in a rather earthly minded way.

Most of the plays of Ennius belong to the Trojan cycle; of these the 'Iphigenia' is noticeable because a strong scene is introduced from Sophocles, though most of the play is taken from Euripides, who, of course, could not borrow from his rival. Of the plays outside the Trojan cycle we may mention the 'Erechtheus' and the 'Melanippa.' The former was certainly a translation with little change from Euripides; and, like Euripides, Ennius made the mother who gave her daughter for her country more courageous and devoted than the father. In the 'Melanippa' all the perplexities mentioned above are at their height, and so is our dependence on the doubtful help of Hyginus. The subject is interesting. The wise wife of Æolus, the wise daughter of Chiron, was the organ of some of the boldest scepticism of Euripides, and in both plays much turned upon the question what was to be done with her children, who had been nursed by a cow, as the twin founders of Rome were nursed by a wolf. Were they to be burnt as monsters to purify the land, or was theirs a case for rational explanation? In both cases the same explanation had to serve. Poseidon had been too strong for Melanippa, as Mars had been too strong for Ilia. The polemic is not against supernaturalism but against superstition.

Melanippa is imprisoned at last until she can burst the rock which shuts her in ; but her mother appears in glory and promises deliverance. Ennius's rationalism is never carried through.

Tragedy passed from the hands of Ennius to those of his sister's son, M. Pacuvius, who continued the work of his uncle in other directions too. He wrote satires, which shall
Pacuvius.

be treated with the other miscellaneous works of his uncle when we come to speak of Lucilius. According to one account, where the reading is, to say the very least, doubtful, he wrote Annals too. In addition to this he was a painter. His life was long, but it does not appear that it was very productive ; he wrote very much less than Ennius, and does not appear to have had to work as a schoolmaster. Perhaps we ought to esteem his artistic performances, like those of Leonardo da Vinci, as the occasional exercise of a man of the world who practises difficult accomplishments conscientiously.

It is certain that he and Accius were the two tragic poets who excited most literary interest at Rome. Cicero at first seems an exception to the caprice which rested the fame of Ennius on his Annals, but when Cicero praises Ennius's translations of fine Greek plays he is really influenced by the same loyalty to the language which make him read and recommend poor Titinius' translation of the masterpieces of Sophocles, although even Cicero could not quote Titinius as he quoted Ennius. But when the Romans compared their own stage with the Greek, they thought of the learned Pacuvius and the lofty Accius, and in later days of Varius, whose 'Thyestes,' according to Quintilian, was worthy of the best days of Greece. The admiration for the older dramatists was perhaps better founded as well as more spontaneous. The period between the victories over Syria and Macedonia and the Social War, during which Pacuvius and Accius chiefly worked, was really more favourable to tragedy than most other periods of Roman history. The old national discipline still existed ; its authority was not questioned ; it was still in a sense obeyed, but the virtue was gone out of it. Life was becoming dark and hard, and Roman tragedy was a dramatised sermon on the characteristic Roman virtues, which had been most vigorous when they could be practised in

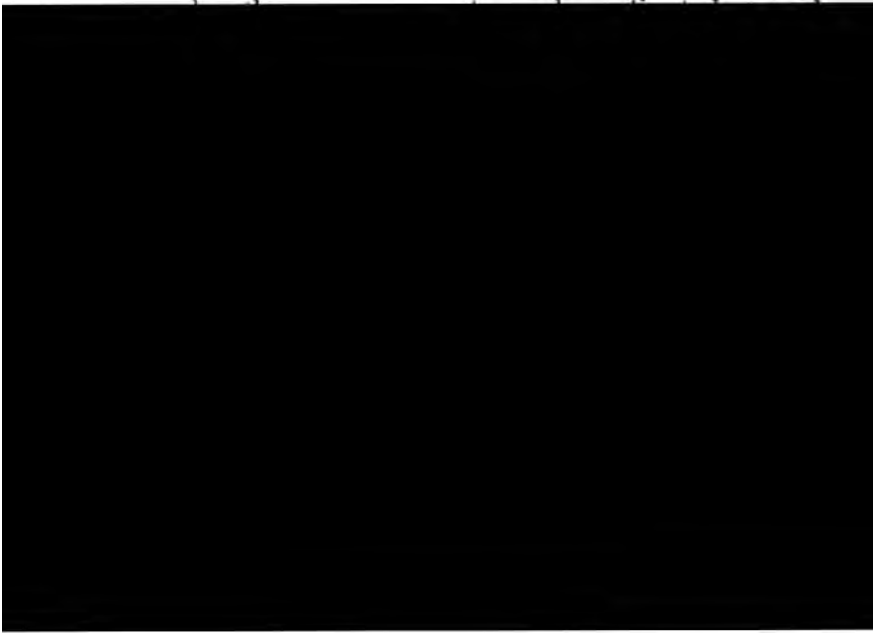
ence, but were still practised sufficiently to be preached effectively.

There was still a public interested in prudence and virtue while the most powerful and most successful individuals had already learnt to make their way to the highest places in fashions that could not be avowed. And this public listened with interest both to the counsels of prudence and virtue and to the description of the sufferings of heroes who had found these counsels unprofitable to themselves. Another point which added to the achievements of Accius and Pacuvius was, that a real literary knowledge of Greek was still rare: if there had been a large public capable of enjoying their originals and comparing them with the copies, the copyists would have been depressed. As it was, they undertook the work of reproduction and adaptation with a fervour proportionate to their interest in Greek tragedy.

It is difficult from the fragments and notices to ascertain in what the superiority of Pacuvius and Accius over Ennius lay. The fragments of the plays of the Trojan cycle of Ennius are certainly fresh and brilliant compared with anything of his successors that has come down to us. To be sure they are selected partly for their merits as well as for their *à propos* by an admirable judge of style; but it is still curious that Cicero had nothing so good to select from Pacuvius or Accius. It is possible that the real advance was that the later poets were able to keep on a higher level, and that Ennius was often bald when he was not passionate or, in his sober-hearted way, imaginative. It is also possible that the speculative interest was more completely subdued to the dramatic; although we know that Pacuvius introduced riddles pretty freely, which is a sign that the dramatic movement cannot have been very active, and his verses are overloaded with long words—especially in words like *teneritudo*, which have no foundation in the general usage of the language. In fact, it scarcely seems as if he had been, or been esteemed, a poet of genius: his praise was that he was ‘learned.’ He introduced all kinds of little-known legends to his countrymen; he travelled freely beyond the Theban and Trojan cycles; and even when within them he brought forward the tales that were new.

which rewards the skill employed in illustrating it, cannot give anything like the certainty which would be given by the recovery of a single Greek or Latin play fulfilling the anticipation of the method. This again would be very much less decisive and satisfactory than the recovery of the whole lost literature.

We are fortunately able in some measure to test Cicero's statement that the 'Medea' of Ennius was a verbal translation of the 'Medea' of Euripides. To a critical reader it was something less, to a sympathetic reader it may have been something more. How much less and how much more will be clear after we have noticed some fundamental changes both in form and spirit which distinguished Latin tragedy as a whole from Greek. One important change was the suppression of the choral dance, which followed the removal of the chorus from the orchestra to the stage. The change dates from the first days of the literary drama at Rome, and there were better reasons for it than the fact that the senate wanted the space. The choral dances and the choral rhythms were too national to bear transplanting well; and Euripides had pretty well eliminated them from the later tragedy of Athens, while the monodies to which he gave such great development were very near akin to the *cantica*, which were as old as any element on the Roman stage. The lyrical function of the Latin chorus



was anything but Roman. The vigour of national life was still unconstrained by the obvious inequalities of fortune, and it is not surprising, therefore, to find that even Sophocles is not manly enough for Pacuvius. In the 'Niptra' of Sophocles the dying Ulysses did not exert any self-control when there was no more use for it. Pacuvius, whether he borrowed from Sophocles or Apollodorus or aimed at originality, was resolved that his Ulysses should be heroic to the end. His comrades rebuke him for the first and mildest expression of feeling, and remind him of what he has borne as a pledge of what he can bear. At last he is perfectly calm, and can rebuke others for giving way to wailing, which should be left to women. Looking to the very Roman character of the alliterative caresses of the serving-maid, who recognises her unknown master by his scars as she washes his feet, it is possible that Pacuvius made the opening scene softer than the Greek, as he made the last scene sterner.

Pacuvius seems to have been given to accumulate horrors in a mechanical way to compensate the want of natural pathos or supernatural awe. Madness plays a great part in his scenes; the Bacchic frenzy is introduced in the 'Peribœa' (which dealt with the restoration of ~~Aeneas~~ ^{Diomed} by Diomed on his return from the war of the Epigoni) and in the 'Antiopa,' as well as in the 'Bacchæ.' It is to be remembered that Pacuvius was a contemporary of the Bacchanalian excitement in Italy. He declines to take a mystical view of it: in Euripides Dionysus himself is the prisoner of Pentheus; in Pacuvius he is replaced by an insignificant Accetes. On the other hand, Pentheus is haunted by the Furies, which is an addition to Euripides.

There is a general desire to complicate the story. In the 'Antiopa' there was not only the Bacchic interlude, but a long debate between Zethus and Amphion as to whether the speculative or practical life was better, besides the proper subject, the deliverance of their mother from the oppression of Dirce. In the 'Dulorestes,' according to the most recent theory, there was an elaborate underplot about Electra's marriage with Cæx (one of the sons of Caphareus, who destroyed the Greek fleet on its return from Troy by false beacons), beside the main subject

Greek but Ennius says it in his own way. For instance, in his 'Medea' the nurse of Medea begins the play, as in Euripides, with regretting the Argonautic expedition as the origin of her mistress's trouble. But in Euripides she wishes that the Argo had never sailed through the crashing rocks; in Ennius she wishes that timber to build the Argo had never been cut, and considerably informs the audience that the Argo was so named because the chosen men of Argos sailed in her. So, again, when Medea comes forth to address the dames of Corinth, in Euripides she begins simply 'Dames of Corinth' but Ennius begins 'Puissant illustrious Corinthian dames' and in the next line or two his wish to raise the tone of the original carries him into downright mistranslation. Then the scenes between Jason and Medea all the subtlety and finesse of Euripides is replaced by direct passionate emphasis. When the Jason of Euripides parries Medea's appeals to his gratitude with a leisurely, roundabout reference to the power of Cybele, the Jason of Ennius delivers himself of the retort, at once fierce and pragmatic,

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Always, whenever the writing is meant to be intense, the poet upon words of all kinds multiply; nor is this to be set down

Ulysses, has to take lessons in self-control before addressing a Roman audience. Perhaps Accius is a shade less sceptical, a shade more romantic, than Pacuvius. In his fragments there is no trace of the polemic against Providence; one of his characters even expresses a firm belief that there is no human virtue without the help of the immortal gods. This is the first sign of the pietistic reaction which henceforward accompanies almost every political revival at Rome. Again, in the 'Bacchæ' of Accius there are some sounding lines on the revels of the Mænads, which perhaps anticipate something of the modern passion for nature. The passion for the past of Rome was more to him. His 'Prætextæ' (in which the characters wore the Roman official dress) were apparently his most famous works, at least they stood out more from his other writings than those of Nævius, Ennius, or Pacuvius. They seem to have been superseded by Livy, as the few historical plays of Greece were superseded by the historians and orators: they were so completely forgotten that we do not know how much of the story of the fall of the Tarquins was included in the 'Brutus.' Horace is almost the only writer who expresses a critical interest in the 'Prætextæ' as a whole, because he approved all experiments tending to independence of Greece. After all he only says they did not deserve the least share of such praise as was due to the old poets.

With Accius Roman tragedy terminated: perhaps it was a form of art only suitable to untravelled poets. Ennius, indeed, had served out of Italy, but that was when Roman literature was young and when criticism was still a thing of the future, except so far as each poet sat in judgment on his predecessor. Writers who had seen Greek dramas performed in Greek theatres, or even writers whose acquaintances had travelled in Greece, could not approach the work of adaptation with enthusiasm; and though the theatre continued to flourish, this was due to the reputation of individual actors, which rose as the *equites* insisted on having special places assigned to them. There were no great Roman actors before Roscius and Æsopus, and it is only when the tradition of the stage has been handed down through a long series of actors that the reigning actor

encourages poets to supply him with new parts. Besides, learning and philosophy were beginning to be studied for themselves, and the stage could no longer monopolise intellectual life. Satire had begun to compete with it already as an expression of the reflections of cultivated men; and Lucilius criticised Accius on the strength of superior 'urbanity.' But although there was an end of tragedy there remained 'a mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease,' and who, as it happened, wrote tragedies, very much as the Marquess of Wellesley wrote Latin elegiacs. Tragedies had formed a large part, if not the largest, of the reading of a Roman noble who felt at all inclined to practise eloquence; and to compose a tragedy was a natural employment if he cared for literature for its own sake. Down to the close of the Republic this movement seems to have got more and more active, till at last Quintus Cicero in his winter quarters turned out four tragedies in sixteen days. Of course they must have been very characterless and probably very slipshod paraphrases from the Greek; but even so, they are marvellous proof of facility almost worthy of his brother. Quintus Cicero was enterprising as well as fluent; he experimented upon two satiric dramas of Sophocles: his brother disliked the result, whether because the satiric drama itself was objectionable or because Quintus had made the playfulness of Sophocles grotesque. Julius Cæsar the elder, who had weak health, wrote tragedies which the grammarians occasionally quoted. According to Cicero they were like his speeches, 'smooth without strength.' The last of the line was the Ajax of Octavia which, in the words of the author, 'fell upon the sponge.'

In the latest plays whose fragments have reached us, the language and the versification are decidedly archaic in character and the same may be said of Cicero's translations from Greek plays which he introduces in his philosophical works. The metre and syntax are not perfectly fused; words are put where the metre requires, not where the natural structure of the sentence requires; and the sentence itself is kept upon a level of artificial simplicity, just as it might be in a modern ballad. This may be tested very simply in two ways: we may compare Cicero's iambs with his prose, or if this is unfair we may compare his

iambics or those of Julius Cæsar with the fragments of Crassus, who was an elder contemporary of Cæsar, and preceded Cicero by a whole generation: and compared to the verse of either, the prose of Crassus is finished and modern.

Immature or affected as it was, republican tragedy never became so empty or so preposterous as the tragedies written simply for recitation in the imperial period, which were eaten up by rhetoric, and in the judgment of Quintilian were very inferior, so far as plan and structure went, to the elder drama, which had its life on the stage, and at the worst always succeeded in telling a story and placing possible human beings before the audience.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY LATIN COMEDY.

LATIN comedy was much more a national form of art than tragedy: a half-trained public prefers amusement to elevation and excitement. Besides, even the latest literary comedy of the Republic was nearer than Greek tragedy to the popular impromptu performances that grew up independently in Greece and Rome, and this made it easier for Roman imitators of Greek comedy to keep close to the popular source. The comedians were still so familiar with the poet and the public when the leading dramatist was Plautus, whose popularity survived him in a way that has preserved and corrupted his works. They long remained in the hands of the players, who originally purchased them, and at the time of Varro did what they liked with them.

When Varro began his examination of Plautus's writings he found a mass of acting editions of popular plays, all under the same name, which seems to have had a higher commercial value than Shakespeare's in the reign of James I. Only six or seven spurious plays were fathered on Shakespeare by the booksealers; forty-two were fathered by the players on Plautus, or so they were believed. Besides these there were nineteen that might be genuine, and twenty-one that were above dispute. The ten so-called 'Varronian' plays were preserved into the Middle Ages, but the last two disappeared altogether, and the quotations of the grammarians show that even existing MSS. of the rest were not complete. Ritschl has traced the lacunæ and transpositions in them to accidents which happened partly to the oldest editions.

¹ Interested mistakes in the matter were easier because there were traces of a certain Plautius, whose name on his pieces would only appear as a genitive, and so be undistinguishable from that of Plautus.

have, the Ambrosian palimpsest, and partly to the lost archetype of that and the Calliopean recension, from which last all the other MSS. appear to be derived.

All the 'Varronian' comedies seem to belong to Plautus' later years, none can be dated before 202 B.C. 552 U.C., and he died at the age of seventy, 184 B.C. 570 U.C. Cicero tells us that the 'Pseudolus' and the 'Truculentus' Plautus.

were works of his old age. According to tradition, he came to Rome to work for hire in a mill, and meanwhile wrote plays with such success as to set up in trade with the proceeds. When his business failed, he returned to the old combination of taskwork, and wrote hurriedly in order to bring in money fast. None of the plays which have reached us look as if the writer was growing old, though if the accepted dates can be trusted they are all the work of a man over fifty; but it is to be remembered that a comic writer could hardly do his best during the war of Hannibal. Plautus, we know, was an Umbrian; and if we suppose that the Celts and Sabellians only parted company on the threshold of Italy, we shall be tempted to fancy that Plautus in Rome was almost like an Irishman in London, undertaking hard work and at the same time keeping up high spirits. The prevailing mood of his comedies is a combination of gaiety and grumbling; the gaiety is a matter of temperament, the grumbling comes of reflection upon the course of things. Sons are extravagant, wives are querulous and overbearing, the most thrifty cannot keep out of debt. Obviously hard times had left their traces behind them, and even on holidays Plautus' public could not forget their dull lives.

Plautus does not draw from life at large: he keeps mostly within the narrow circle of the New Comedy, which finds all its interests in the passions of a few years, and seldom the best years of life. At Athens, when the New Comedy arose civilisation was exhausted, and the competition of well-to-do young men with soldiers of fortune, in amours, which observers could hardly admire, was almost the only subject sufficiently exciting for poetical discussion. At Rome serious matters, which were shortly discussed in society, were not yet ripe for the irrespon-

sible discussion of the comic stage. The intellectual range of Philemon and Menander was as wide as that of Euripides and their emotional range was nearer his than we should judge by their imitators. The range of Latin comedy as we know it is decidedly narrower; the one element upon which it fastened was the element that came into daily Roman experience, the discord between father and son, master and slave, husband and wife, which was the result of the passions of the young.

Plautus treats the matter lightly without caring to make things end well. Young men will be young, but they cannot be young for ever; a stage of life that has to be left behind must be wound up anyhow; the poet is not anxious that every Jaqueline should have his Jill. His lover—one cannot speak of a hero in Latin comedy—when he marries at all has to take a wife on his father's choosing as often as not; if he is left in possession of his mistress at the end of the play, there is seldom a prospect that the possession will be permanent. The lover always means well, but Plautus never makes him interesting; even the helpless maiden fallen among thieves is a more respectable figure, though she reluctantly anticipates that circumstances will be too strong for her lover's protection and her own dispositions to virtue. But Plautus spends more pains and more sympathy upon the slave who helps the lover; the spirit of gay bravado in which his slaves treat the tyranny under which they live is the nearest approach to an ideal picture which he ever draws. He is fond of insisting upon the greater freedom with which they were treated in Greece and Africa, and even in other parts of Italy.

As the slave is Plautus' favourite, the matron is his least aversion; matrons did not visit theatres, so attacks on them could not divide the audience; the law of property gave a woman who had brought a dowry with her so much power that husbands fretted under it; the harshness of the times, perhaps we should say of the race, which had long been used to a narrow life, made it difficult for man and wife to grow old together peaceably. The contrast of the sexes strikes Plautus as more unmanageable than the contrast between youth and age; writing wh

he was old himself, he could understand the old man who liked to have his youth over again by helping the young.

More than once the strict and the indulgent elder debate on the stage the proper way to treat youth, and Plautus is always on the side of indulgence; only he is inclined to insist that when an old man is indulgent to himself at any rate he shall not be found out. Half the fun of the 'Menæchmi' is that Menæchmus of Epidamnus, who is always robbing his wife to make presents to his mistress, has to do penance for his own misdeeds and for the feats of Menæchmus of Syracuse, who cheats his brother's mistress out of his brother's presents, and is constantly being mistaken, to his own great profit, for the unlucky brother whom he set out to seek. Instead of drawing the obvious inference, when he finds himself involved in a protracted case of mistaken identity, that the long-lost brother must be close at hand, Menæchmus of Syracuse only thinks how to get off clear with his booty, which properly belongs to his sister-in-law. Even when the brothers meet after a series of adventures amusing and not unnatural (if Menæchmus of Syracuse had not been looking for his brother), they do not know one another. The slave identifies them, and is so proud of his acuteness that he will not allow either to speak except in answer to his questions. The meeting itself happens by accident when it is time for the play to end. In most of Plautus' other plays the plot is still more random; half his plays are really a parabasis, some character or characters are on the stage, and the plot, or what there is of it, having supplied them with something to say, has to stand still while they talk at the audience, air their views, and make jokes. In a play like the 'Stichus,' which according to Ritschl is unusually well preserved, and according to Weise is plainly spurious, there is scarcely a plot at all; one is tempted to see a transition to the *mimus*. The scenes succeed each other without connection and disappear without consequence. Two sisters are married to two spend-thrifts, who have gone abroad to make their fortune. The father thinks of taking them away from their husbands and making better matches for them; the sisters are alarmed at the prospect, but at the first coaxing the father gives way.

They send a parasite to the port for news; the confidential slave announces the return of the husbands, who have made their fortunes, and prove the genuineness of their reformation by flouting the parasite, while the slave is rewarded by being allowed a day's holiday to feast with a friend and their common mistress. It is true that the scenes in which the sisters appear are pretty, and the parasite is as laughable as his name.¹ Even where there is plenty of action there is less than in the Greek original; Terence in the *Adelphi* appropriated a scene and a set of characters which Plautus had not used in the first play of the *Connorientes*. Probably the '*Persa*' is an amplification of half a Greek play, for when Sagaristio comes on to borrow money to help a friend we expect to hear of his master's love affair, but nothing comes of the loan and we hear nothing of the love affair. The diminution of action is compensated by an increase of bustle; Plautus is quite equal, as we see in the '*Rudens*,' to spinning out 'touch if you dare' through one scene of horseplay, and 'move if you dare' through another. There is plenty of coming and going even in the '*Stichus*.' Plautus everywhere justifies the boast of his admirers that he 'hurries' after the pattern of Epicharmus of Sicily. Only the hurry is at the expense of progress; whoever comes with a message has to announce an intention of knocking, whoever hears a knock has to take a line or two to ask or guess who the visitor can be, when one of the characters is on an errand he talks to himself all the way; if another sees him, he tells the audience he must listen and see what the first is after; and then comes a barren and lively scene of double asides. The comic business leaves no room for the orderly development of the story. In the '*Casina*' the *dénouement* is announced as ready to be accomplished behind the scenes without having been prepared on the stage; though the play must have been shortened by the sacrifice to decorum which Plautus made, by leaving the son all day in the country that he might not come into collision with his father who was his rival. A carefully prepared *dénouement* implies a story with some serious interest, and all Plautus's stories are farcical. The '*Menæchmi*,' which perhaps has the best story, turns on

¹ Gelasimus.

taken identity; the 'Aulularia,' on the successes and failures of a miser in hiding a pot of gold; the 'Mostellaria' is about a counterfeit ghost; in the 'Asinaria' a man plots to cheat himself, or rather his wife, out of the price of some asses to get pocket money for a joint love-affair of himself and his son. Each plot is suitable to a company too intimate with the audience to lose themselves in the story. Plautus is audaciously frank, and puts the joke in the 'Critic' that explanations are for the audience, not for the actors, both ways; sometimes the characters make explanations that the audience need and they do not, sometimes they postpone explanations for which they are eager because the audience knows all. When a slave is hatching some device as simple as the conspiracies that Euripides had an odd taste for weaving on the stage, some crony bids us remark his acting—'he is as good as a slave in a play.' Too often the slaves' jokes are grimmer than this: they jest on the cross as their family grave. Even the parasite is a little bitter at his justification of his career. We get purer fun out of the eastern swaggerers who boasted of their position in the military service of Egypt or Syria. The Persian reminds us a little of the 'king's eye' in Aristophanes; and we are reminded of Aristophanes again¹ when another soldier tests the credulity of the under with a monstrously exaggerated description of a quail fight, where the quails figure as winged men who are caught with bird-lime. This is nothing to the glorious history which the Boastful Soldier makes of picking up his parasite when he is being teased by a hornet—as he puts it himself, 'saving him in the battle of Wretchedhovelland where his highness bullybuttock Mauroy Fitzbourdonneur des batailles commanded in chief in virtue of his descent from Neptune.'² Even when the soldier in his own person is respectable the parasite cannot prove his acquaintance with him better than by fathering

¹ *Pen.* ii. 26 sqq.

² Hornets were supposed to spring from horses, as bees were supposed to spring from bulls, and Neptune was the creator of the horse, and so at one remove of the hornet.

Quemne ego servavi in campis Gurgustidoniis,

Ubi Bombomachides Cluninstaridysarchides

Erat imperator summus, Neptuni nepos?—*Mil. Glor.* i. i. 13 sqq.

CHAPTER III.

ITALY LATIN COMEDY.

LATIN comedy was much more a national form of art than tragedy: a half-trained public prefers amusement to elevating excitement. Besides, even the latest literary comedy of Greece was nearer than Greek tragedy to the popular impromptu performances that grew up independently in Greece and Rome, and this made it easier for Roman imitators of Greek comedy to keep close to the popular source. The company were still very familiar with the poet and the public when the leading dramatist was Plautus, whose popularity survived him in a way that preserved and corrupted his works. They long remained in the hands of the players, who originally purchased them, and until the time of Varro did what they liked with them.

When Varro began his examination of Plautus's writings he


itation last, and one's pleasures do not. Besides, a con-
 ed preacher of conventional morality has always the resource
 censoriousness, and a dramatist can always raise a laugh at
 expense of a degenerate world. Plautus' conception of
 ality does not rise very high; he scarcely emancipates
 self from the antithesis between duty and pleasure, which
 acides with the antithesis between business and love. He
 ware, however, that a well-brought-up young man is really
 pier while he continues dutiful than when he has launched
 self on the inclined plane of idleness, love, and debt. His
 best flight perhaps is the 'Captivi,' where, as he boasts in his
 logue, all discreditable motives are carefully avoided, and the
 ult is a rather tame contest of self-sacrifice between two
 del young men who are prisoners of war, with their ransoms
 eady arranged, and play Orestes and Pylades over the ques-
 n which is to take advantage of the devotion of the slave
 o has a safe conduct to fetch the ransom, and is willing to let
 own master change clothes with him so as to be free and safe
 eek sooner. The slave runs a little risk, but not much, and
 e substitution leads to some amusing situations of a semi-
 eical kind, but the play, though noticeable for its intention,
 not one of Plautus' best. He succeeds better in the 'Tri-
 mmus,' the oldest extant version of the legend of the 'Heir of
 une'; where, beside the desperate prodigal, we find a model
 ung man, happy in a virtuous love, with whom Plautus is so
 ll pleased that he strains probabilities a little to let him love
 his own class. This is an exceptional picture: what is really
 mmoner according to Plautus is a certain degree of generosity
 d faithfulness among women; and in this he is faithful to the
 adition which the New Comedy inherited from Euripides; all
 is characters depreciate women, his women depreciate them-
 lves; and yet his best women are better than his best men,
 less we count his best slaves.

Cæcilius Statius, one of the three greatest comic writers
 f Rome, is only known to us by fragments, of which the
 most extensive are preserved by Gellius. Volcatius
 puts him at the head of his canon, above Plautus, who
 ame second, and Terence, whom he placed low; in Horace's time

Cæcilius.

sible discussion of the comic stage. The intellectual range of Philemon and Menander was as wide as that of Euripides, and their emotional range was nearer his than we should judge by their imitators. The range of Latin comedy as we know it is decidedly narrower; the one element upon which it fastened was the element that came into daily Roman experience, the discord between father and son, master and slave, husband and wife, which was the result of the passions of the young.

Plautus treats the matter lightly without caring to make things end well. Young men will be young, but they cannot be young for ever; a stage of life that has to be left behind may be wound up anyhow; the poet is not anxious that every Jack should have his Jill. His lover—one cannot speak of a hero in Latin comedy—when he marries at all has to take a wife of his father's choosing as often as not; if he is left in possession of his mistress at the end of the play, there is seldom a prospect that the possession will be permanent. The lover always means well, but Plautus never makes him interesting: even the helpless maiden fallen among thieves is a more respectable figure, though she reluctantly anticipates that circumstances will be too strong for her lover's protection and her own dispositions to virtue. But Plautus spends more pains and more



he was old himself, he could understand the old man who liked to have his youth over again by helping the young.

More than once the strict and the indulgent elder debate on the stage the proper way to treat youth, and Plautus is always on the side of indulgence; only he is inclined to insist that when an old man is indulgent to himself at any rate he shall not be found out. Half the fun of the 'Menæchmi' is that Menæchmus of Epidamnus, who is always robbing his wife to make presents to his mistress, has to do penance for his own misdeeds and for the feats of Menæchmus of Syracuse, who cheats his brother's mistress out of his brother's presents, and is constantly being mistaken, to his own great profit, for the unlucky brother whom he set out to seek. Instead of drawing the obvious inference, when he finds himself involved in a protracted case of mistaken identity, that the long-lost brother must be close at hand, Menæchmus of Syracuse only thinks how to get off clear with his booty, which properly belongs to his sister-in-law. Even when the brothers meet after a series of adventures amusing and not unnatural (if Menæchmus of Syracuse had not been looking for his brother), they do not know one another. The slave identifies them, and is so proud of his acuteness that he will not allow either to speak except in answer to his questions. The meeting itself happens by accident when it is time for the play to end. In most of Plautus' other plays the plot is still more random; half his plays are really a parabasis, some character or characters are on the stage, and the plot, or what there is of it, having supplied them with something to say, has to stand still while they talk at the audience, air their views, and make jokes. In a play like the 'Stichus,' which according to Ritschl is unusually well preserved, and according to Weise is plainly spurious, there is scarcely a plot at all; one is tempted to see a transition to the *mimus*. The scenes succeed each other without connection and disappear without consequence. Two sisters are married to two spend-thrifts, who have gone abroad to make their fortune. The father thinks of taking them away from their husbands and making better matches for them; the sisters are alarmed at the prospect, but at the first coaxing the father gives way.

They send a parasite to the port for news; the slave announces the return of the husbands, who have fortunes, and prove the genuineness of their reform; flouting the parasite, while the slave is rewarded by allowed a day's holiday to feast with a friend and the mistress. It is true that the scenes in which appear are pretty, and the parasite is as laughable as Even where there is plenty of action there is less than the Greek original; Terence in the *Adelphi* appropriate and a set of characters which Plautus had not used in his play of the *Connorientes*. Probably the '*Persa*' is a combination of half a Greek play, for when Sagaristio comes to borrow money to help a friend we expect to hear of his love affair, but nothing comes of the loan and we hear nothing of the love affair. The diminution of action is compensated by an increase of bustle; Plautus is quite equal, as we see in '*Rudens*,' to spinning out 'touch if you dare' through a whole act of horseplay, and 'move if you dare' through another. There is plenty of coming and going even in the '*Stichus*.' Plautus where justifies the boast of his admirers that he 'hurries' the pattern of Epicharmus of Sicily. Only the hurry is at the expense of progress; whoever comes with a message to announce an intention of knocking, whoever hears a knock takes a line or two to ask or guess who the visitor can

the quarrel between the lover and his natural enemy. But all such criticisms are suggested not by the look of the plays as they stand, but by our extraneous knowledge; and considering this, we have only the more reason to admire the great neatness and skill of Terence's workmanship. Varro, who could compare him with Menander, remarks more than one change that he took for an improvement; for instance, in the 'Eunuch' the confidant is introduced to save the audience the fatigue of listening to a soliloquy, and the opening scene of the 'Adelphi' struck Varro as better in some undefined way. More doubtful changes were the alterations of the names of the persons in the drama, to make them, as it seems, more obvious clues to the characters; the attempt to make the metres more lively by passing to and fro between the iambic trimeter and the trochaic tetrameter, and the conversational redundancies retained on a reduced scale from the days of Plautus. The characters find it hard to begin talking quietly; they have to hail each other, and to spend some lines looking for each other, when both are in full view of the audience. If it were not that Terence has often to apologise to his audience for allowing his characters to stand still and talk quietly, we might perhaps think that these devices for promoting tame bustle were after all a survival from the slow stateliness of the Attic stage. Apart from this, Terence is not so terse as the Greek writers whom he follows; pure and beautiful as his Latin is, its clauses are a little more solid, not to say cumbrous, in their structure. In one thing, perhaps, his language gives him an advantage: famous lines like

Amantium iræ amoris integratio est

and

Homo sum : humani nihil a me alienum puto

have more weight and point than their Greek equivalents.

One notices another difference—the view of marriage is harsher. In the 'Andria' the father discusses his son's love-affair with a confidential freedman instead of with his wife as in Menander. A Roman was more at ease with a freedman; but the freedman's despairing ejaculations look as if they belonged by rights to the mother. Terence quotes matronly goodness as

one of the commonplaces of the stage, but he makes no use of it himself; by a similar inconsistency he treats a stolen love-match as a thoroughly blissful consummation, while old men, it seems, are invariably impatient of their wives, and a marriage arranged in the ordinary way is an appropriate punishment for a wild young man, as we see in the 'Heauton-timoroumenos,' where both the young men are married at the end of the play to reward one and punish the other.

In the 'Adelphi' there is more than one sign that Terence is afraid of his original. Demea does not really exaggerate the strictness of average Roman respectability, and consequently Terence is resolved that, though the play on the whole condemns him, the last scene shall justify him, and convince heedless youths that if their fathers treat them harshly it is for their good in the end. The speech in which he sets forth this theory falls very flat, and the proposal to marry his brother to an old woman is turned into a trap, because the brother naïvely objects to the age of the bride. In the original, Demea's conversion to the doctrine of indulgence was sincere though tardy, and his zeal to outdo his brother in generosity was a well-meant and not misplaced contribution to the general jollity with which the play doubtless ended in Greek.

It is curious that the 'Hecyra,' a far bolder play than the 'Adelphi,' is not watered down in any way, especially as its relation to the Greek is uncertain. According to the 'Didascalia' it is taken from Menander; according to Donatus, from Apollodorus. Menander's *ἐπιτρέποντες* seems to have been similar in subject, and if it was drawn upon freely for the *ἡθοποιία* (which includes both the drawing of individual character and the general tone of feeling), we should be able to account for both traditions, and should have more reason to admire both the courage and the tact of the author. From one end to the other the play is a protest against conventionality; all the relations are false, and all the conduct is true; the characters misconceive the situation, but, given their conception of it, they behave perfectly. All the proprieties of Greek life are accepted and respected, only it is shown that the assumptions about character which they act upon are quite unfounded; all the antagonisms

which propriety takes for granted, and sets itself to regulate, are present, but they are overcome by good sense and good feeling in the most unlikely places: one finds a courtesan upright and generous; one finds (what, according to Donatus, was quite as marvellous) a mother-in-law affectionate and a daughter-in-law dutiful.

Perhaps in virtue of these paradoxes the 'Heeyra' is the most cheerful of Terence's plays, for though he is quite free from bitterness or cynicism, few writers give a sorrier report of the world. It is almost impossible to care for anybody in his plays, but the unprotected *ingénues* in ambiguous positions, who hardly ever appear, and yet interest us so much more than their lovers. These hardly ever know their own mind, and are in a state of abject dependence upon their slaves, whom they bully at every moment of difficulty. The old gentlemen are no better; they are made up of querulous, crabbed self-will, or else of cautious, sceptical good-nature, and recover their missing daughters without any sign of feeling except a little irritation with their wives for not having carried out the infanticide as ordered.

Next to the *ingénue*, the best character we meet with in Terence is the serviceable rogue, who has come to the end of his means and lives by his wits, and never does an ill turn except to an oaf. He differs a good deal from the parasites of Plautus, who are chiefly humorous by reason of their insatiable hunger. The parasite whom Terence copied more closely from Menander has a taste for luxury in general, and hugs himself on the discovery that it can be enjoyed without submitting to insult. It is needless, he thinks, to offer oneself indiscriminately as the butt of prosperity, when it pays better to dupe credulity, to play upon suspicion, to flatter vanity.

There is the same contrast in the treatment of the soldier who is often the patron of the parasite and the rival of the lover. Plautus' soldiers are made up of cowardly braggadocio or manly frankness; in Terence the braggadocio is much less exuberant, the cowardice less outrageous, the affectation of military prowess subtler. Instead of boasting of his exploits, the bravo gives himself the air of military instincts; when he is

setting his slaves to break open a door (from which he retires at the first challenge), he talks as if he were manœuvring an army. His parasite, instead of entertaining him with a fabulous list of killed and wounded, demurely observes in answer to a platitude that he never meets him without going away the wiser. He does not even venture to congratulate his master on his prowess as a toper, in which Menander's bravo surpassed Alexander the Great. The slaves, too, are toned down like the parasites; they bring out the fact that their young masters are unreasonable and cowardly, and their old masters as stupid as they are suspicious, without indulging in eloquent buffoonery about the material incidents of their own lot. The pander also ceases to be a buffoon; instead of flouting the lover boisterously as in Plautus, he is as polite and reasonable as a tyrant in Euripides, who explains in the most affable manner that he only acts in defence of his own interests, and has no pleasure in gratuitous cruelty.

Terence's relation to the society of his time explains both his refinement and his lack of popularity. He was not, like his predecessors, a native of Italy (for Cisalpine Gaul was practically if not politically a part of Italy), he was not even of Aryan race; he was of mixed African and Phœnician blood, for his good looks prove that he cannot have been a pure negro. These made him a pet of the younger Africanus and other nobles of the period, who took some share in the composition of his plays. He boasted of their help; his rivals taunted him with it. Modern critics have thought that they corrected his style, but this would have been a laborious task, and its uniform excellence proves rather that he profited by the good company he certainly kept. It is more likely that his distinguished friends liked to air their good writing, and good sense, and good feeling, and knowledge of life by filling up one or more of the scenes of a play which had been already arranged by Terence. When a young writer in France works with one or more veteran playwrights, the actual dialogue is left to the novice. We may be certain that the young nobles did what they liked, and were thanked and praised by the author, who had to do the rest.

The result of the whole was much more acceptable to a cul-

tivated circle which anticipated the judgment of posterity than to the public of the day, who missed their own likeness and their own grievances; 'comity' and 'sweetness' were for their betters; for themselves they preferred 'salt.'

The next stage of literary comedy at Rome is more imperfectly known. It began to manifest itself even before the time of Terence, but its great representative was

Afranius.

Afranius, who flourished a whole generation later. As Terence had reached the point of working on the common element of Greek and Latin life with Greek characters, and had reached the utmost possible perfection of style and plot and sentiment on these terms, it only remained to treat the same element a little more realistically with Latin characters.

Ambivius Turpio, the same whose acting saved a play of Cæcilius Statius, had shown the way, but there are few remains of his plays. Hostius, who seems to have succeeded him, is extensively quoted by grammarians, but literary writers do not speak of him as Horace and Quintilian do of Afranius. The dependence on Greek comedy was not thrown off by the transfer of the scene from Greek towns to Latin towns. When Horace says that in the opinion of many the toga of Afranius fitted Menander, this means that Menander's speeches came very well from the characters of Afranius.

Though they wore the toga, they belonged for the most part to the lower orders: they were either Latins, or Romans who were below equestrian rank. To bring knights and senators on the stage would still have been inconceivable at Rome; and apart from this, the humours of the Latin towns were supposed to be ridiculous at the capital. The titles show that the scene of the story, if not of the action, commonly lay there. It is obviously impossible to reconstruct the story to the same extent that has been done for Latin tragedy, as the plots were fictitious, not traditional, and there were no Greek parallels in an equally fragmentary state to eke them out with. Here and there two or three scraps of the dialogue throw enough light upon each other to make out a piece of the story by, but this may belong just as well to the underplot as to the plot. The fragments make a more definite impression in another way.

Afranius seems to be rather a superficial realist explain his public the ins and outs of a shabby world of which they know something, so that each could recognise and applaud a trait that corresponded to his own experience. The joy of Plautus seems to be passing into voluptuousness; the kindliness of Menander is replaced by a sickly sentimentality. This last seems to have been the reason that Afranius did not become a schoolbook, in which case his works would have reached us. It was of course difficult to go on idealising love-affairs with which Plautus and Terence dealt to the extent to which Plautus and Terence idealise them; the position of Aspasia or even Lais was impossible at Rome. Such passions as the passion of Catullus for Lesbia, and even Propertius' Cynthia, appear at a later stage, and in the interval the natural for poetry and life to go further and fare worse, not more because, as Plato points out in the 'Symposium,' friendship even when perverted by passion between a man and a boy does not interfere with a man's ordinary interests to the same extent as 'love' in the sense of the New Comedy. As the *comædia togata* was always more or less a *comædia tabernaria*, it naturally prepared the way for the transition to the period when the stage was practically abandoned to the Atellanæ and the comic writers had to adapt themselves to the conditions of a lowered form of art.

CHAPTER IV.

SATIRE.

ROMAN satire was the last fruit of the age of the Scipios: at first, in the hands of Ennius, it seems to be poetry at large; it covers the whole range of Horace's satires and epistles, and of the fables of Phædrus. According to the general opinion, he wrote six books of satires, and of these the best known by the fragments that have reached us is the third, devoted to the praise of the elder Scipio. Hence come the passages of self-praise, one of which was quoted above,¹ and here we may suspect a dialogue. Scipio seems to address the poet in the first, and the poet to answer in the second. The metre in both seems to be iambic, but most of the fragments are hexameters, and there are four very smooth trochaic tetrameters on the great calm which fell on nature when the gods took council to give Scipio the victory. Scipio himself was introduced addressing Rome. Ennius, too, put on record his belief that such exploits could not be worthily sung by any writer but Homer. There is a lively fragment of the sixth book, which treats in satirical style in trimeters the disgust of the host whose guest has too good an appetite.

Of the other fragments the most important cannot be placed. One is an amusing jingle upon the word 'frustra'—in vain—to the effect that it is lost labour to take a man in who takes in your intention to take him in. We learn from Quinctilian that Ennius wrote a dialogue between Life and Death, which figured in his satires, and from Gellius that he gave a version of the fable of the farmer and the lark who only flew away

¹ Pp. 25, 26.

when the farmer began to reap himself. Here, too, the form is more or less dramatic: the greater part of the fable passes in dialogue between the lark and her young. There is nothing in the tone of the fragments of the satires to distinguish them from the 'Protrepticon,' or book of good advice, except that we know that the satires were more or less dramatic. In fact it would fit all we know of the latter to suppose that they were a kind of closet drama, without plot, dealing with most of the interests of the stage drama, in a spirit rather lighter than tragedy, and more serious, perhaps, than comedy; and this agrees with the tradition of the Romans themselves, who always hold that satire originated in the licence of festivals.

There is little to be said of the satires of Pacuvius except that they seem to have been imitations of his uncle's, like his continuation of the Annals, and the fragments doubtfully attributed to Accius (though the MSS. fluctuate between many names, including those of Cæcilius and Lucilius) need not be discussed.

The later shape of Latin satire, the satire of Horace, Persius, and Juvenal, owes its origin to Lucilius, who was born 574 U.C.

Lucilius. (St. Jerome placed his birth thirty-two years too late,

having pitched upon the wrong Albinus and Calpurnius, by whose consulship his birth was dated); he died 652 U.C. He was a Campanian, like Nævius, born at Suessa Aurunca, and served, thirty years before his death, in the campaign of Numantia under his friend the younger Africanus; he died at Naples, and was buried at the expense of the public. He was of good family, for on the mother's side the great Pompey was descended from his brother or sister, and in his own lifetime he was in a position to acquire the house built at the public expense for Antiochus Epiphanes when a hostage at Rome.

He wrote thirty books of satires: probably each book included more satires than one. It is agreed upon all hands that the first twenty were written entirely in hexameters, and that the thirtieth was in hexameters too; the fragments of the twenty-second are in elegiacs; the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh were in trochaic tetrameters; the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth, if we can trust our authorities, were a medley

ambic and dactylic and trochaic metre in the old style. The twenty-sixth book has a separate preface, in which the author wishes for readers cultivated enough and not too much; and it has been conjectured that the last five books are earlier than the rest, although the argument on which most stress is laid admits of being retorted; and it is just as likely that Lucilius started a new form of art while his energies were fresh, and fell back upon old ones when they began to fail.

We are told that he learnt from Rhinthon the notion of a comedy in hexameters, and it is quite certain that he was the first to make satires a systematic criticism of literature and life. The one element upon which he seems to rely for amusing his reader is that he always shows that somebody else is wrong. It is impossible to detect any charm in his fragments, yet we learn that late in the empire those who could read nothing else made a shift to read him, which is perhaps as severe a criticism of contemporary taste as if there should come a time in England when nothing was readable except 'Gammer Gurton.' When we try to guess at what his attraction may have been, we come upon two things. He was perfectly frank, never afraid of saying plainly what he had to say, and, as Persius tells us, there is always a public to applaud anybody who taunts a man with one eye for not having two. Moreover, he was the earliest writer that we know of since the days of the nineteenth dynasty who saw that macaronics would be amusing; and his reliance upon this primitive artifice was all the more effective because it was as naïve as that of his unknown Egyptian prototype. Then, too, his immense facility was not lost upon his public. A man who can dictate a couple of hundred Latin hexameters in the hour without shifting his weight from one foot to the other is always a remarkable phenomenon, though no dozen lines saved by accident from the shipwreck awake the grateful regrets of posterity. As often happens, we owe the neatest specimen of his skill to Cicero, who tells us how Lucilius made Scævola greet Albucius, who carried Hellenising too far (Cic. *Fin.* i. 3, 8):—

Græcum te, Albuci, quam Romanum atque Sabinum,
Municipem Pontî, Tritanni, centurionum,
Præclarorum hominum ac primorum, signiferumque,

Maluisti dici. Græce ergo prætor Athenis,
 Id quod maluisti, te, quum ad me accedis, saluto.
 Χαῖρ', inquam Tite ! lictores, turma omnis, cohorsque
 Χαῖρε, Tite, hinc hostis mi Albucius, hinc inimicus.

One remembers that Scævola was a man of good family, and it is a fair joke, though a cheap one, that he gives Albucius credit, if he would only take it, for being on a level by birth with the most respectable and eminent centurions, instead of which he has too meanly condescended to naturalise himself at Athens (which no doubt was proud to be permitted to confer its citizenship on a popular outgoing proprætor), and thereby lost the friendship of Scævola and ranked himself with prospective enemies of the Roman people.

The other good fragments are as hard to place. Here is a definition of Virtue :—

Virtus Albane, est pretium persolvere verum,
 Queis in versamur, queis vivimus rebus potesse :
 Virtus est, hominē scirei quo quæque abeat res :
 Virtus, scirei, homini rectum, utile, quid sit honestum ;
 Quæ bona, quæ mala item, quid inutile, turpe, inhonestum :
 Virtus, quærendæ finem re scire undecumque :
 Virtus divitiis pretium persolvere posse :
 Virtus, id dare quod re ipsa debetur honori ;
 Hostem esse atque inimicum hominum morumque malorum,
 Contra defensorem hominum morumque bonorum ;
 Hos magnificare, his bene velle, his vivere amicum ;
 Commoda præterea patriæ prima putare,
 Deinde parentum, tertia jam postremaque nostra.

Here is plenty of the redundancy that Horace disliked in his predecessors, and after all it is only in the last two lines that we get anything beyond illustrations of the tautological proposition that virtue consists in doing right, respecting the rights of wealth and office, seeing the right view, taking the right side. If a 'public spirit' in the puritan sense is virtue, his general experience is that a selfish spirit prevails, and with it a base belief that money makes the man.

The direction which he gave to satire was a voluble and outspoken criticism of everything sacred and profane, the whole public and literary life of the time. The first two books are held to have contained invectives against luxury, and perhaps

description of a tavern brawl. In the third there was a great deal about his journey to Sicily, with plenty of passing attacks on contemporary poets. The fourth was an attack upon the rich, put perhaps mainly into the mouth of Lælius. The fifth, we know, made fun of rhetorical artifices, and the sixth of the shabby ways of the rich and the noble. The seventh and eighth appear to treat of the many quarrels of the two sexes. The ninth was full of grammatical criticism, and also contained the original of Horace's immortal colloquy with the bore. The tenth book set Persius upon attacking the world under pretence of attacking himself. The eleventh dealt with the lax discipline of the young nobles in the campaign of Numantia. The twelfth is held on very slight evidence to have been devoted to the stage. The thirteenth and fourteenth were on elaborate cookery and on ambition. The later books, especially the seventeenth and perhaps the fifteenth, criticised Stoicism and mythology. The eighteenth and nineteenth had much to say on avarice, and the twentieth on superstition in low life, and luxury in high. The elegiac satires were devoted to love, and the last five are chiefly remarkable because they often brought up the question between old and young, man and wife, father and son, which we are familiar with in Latin comedy. His favourite method upon the whole seems to be parody. For instance, in the first book he gives us a council of the gods upon the lot of man, and wishes that men had been properly represented at an earlier meeting, for then they would all have been gods too, of the highest rank, choosing their personality according to taste. Apollo objected to be called beautiful, because it was treating him like a pet boy; but this is a mild piece of audacity compared to the insinuation that the gods have taken an unfair advantage, and carried their measures by a stolen division in a thin house. He has plenty of jests at superstition, but they none of them cut very deep. When he tells of the formidable bugbears instituted by a Faunus or a Pompilius Numa, at which one of his butts trembles, and takes it for an omen to look upon, just like children before they can speak who believe every brazen statue is a live man; of men as silly who take feigned dreams for truth, and believe that there is

amours while satirising those of other men. He told his readers almost all that he knew of himself, from the adventures of his journey to Sicily to his refusal of different lucrative speculations in public contracts. It was of a piece with this that he was quite indifferent to style, and filled up his lines freely with stop-gaps, though Quintilian did not indorse the severe criticism of Horace.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY ROMAN HISTORY.

ROMAN history begins with the *Annales Maximi*, and they when they were finally published by Quintus Mucius in 133 B.C., in eighty books—with the foundation of the city. That Scævola discontinued them is proved by the fact that he was the author of the proof of his tact, which Cicero praises upon the authority of other writings in the custody of the Pontiffs; he was the collector of the collection was growing too bulky to be continued; it is not clear when the Pontifex Maximus began to keep the events of each year upon a white board in his residence; that he had done so for some considerable time before the series was closed by Scævola is proved by the testimony of both Cicero and Servius; both also agree that there was some kind of publication of the record, but their accounts go no further. According to Cicero, the Pontifex Maximus at the year's end the year's record was complete before he exposed it at the door of his house; according to Servius, he put up the board at once, at the beginning of the year, and added the events as they occurred, so that the record served some of the purposes of an official newspaper. Each year's record was laid up in the house of the Pontiff for future reference, and was accessible to the public. Of the two, Servius is likelier to be correct as to the practice which prevailed when the *Annales* were first continued; it would be hard to understand what the purpose of the year's end can have come to, and whether the Pontiff's news was left to edify the public for a twelvemonth or whether they have no authority whatever to tell us when the publication in any form began: and the first publication may have been intermittent. There was not, and had never been, a

for keeping the citizens in ignorance of current history, as there was for keeping them in ignorance of legal proceedings, and of the calendar; in which last the college of Pontiffs had a special interest, because they were able to manipulate the machinery of intercalation so as to lengthen or shorten the terms of office as might suit their friends. Still the official publication of events was of a piece with the publication of the *Legis Actiones* and the calendar by Cn. Flavius, and a publication which gratified curiosity is not likely to have been earlier than a publication which was almost indispensable to daily business. It is even doubtful whether the annual register of events was separately kept, before it was separately published, though our authorities assume that both the compilation and the publication went back to the commencement of the Republic, if not to the foundation of the college. Beside the Annals, the pontiffs had two sets of records in their possession—the *Libri Pontificales*, which were a manual of rules and ceremonies, and the *Commentarii Pontificum*, which were a collection of the cases which the pontiffs had had to decide from time to time; among these would be included the prodigies which had occurred and the rites recommended to avert their effects. These would include everything that the pontiffs required for their own use; as they had the control of the calendar. The State might have required them to register the names of magistrates, and the official who had to do this would naturally add short notes of whatever struck him as important.

It is certain that any Annals which had been kept before the Gallic invasion perished, when the city with the exception of the Capitol, was captured; nor were any measures taken to restore the loss. The military tribunes collected the laws and treaties which had survived, and restored copies of those which had been lost, but we hear nothing of any endeavour of the pontiffs to do the same. The confusion of the earlier *Fasti*, which more than once provokes Livy to outbursts of despair, proves that the early part of the Annals of the Republic did not rest upon anything so certain as a record kept from year to year by the Pontifex Maximus, and restored at once after the fire.

Yet there are many passages in the second book of Livy which seem to imply that materials were used for the reconstruction of the Annals quite as trustworthy as those available for the beginning of the Saxon Chronicle. Wherever the events of the year are compressed into two or three lines, it is a presumption, not that the entry is necessarily correct, but that it represents the sober belief of well-informed officials, and is not necessarily corrupted by anything but simple errors of memory; though it is impossible to read any military history without seeing that this of itself is a fruitful source of error. And it was, of course, a more fruitful source of error when writing was so rare as we know it to have been in the beginning of the Roman Republic. When it was the duty of the highest official (consul, dictator, interrex, as the case might be) to drive a nail into the door of a temple on the Ides of September, it is obvious that this was the only way to inform the community at large of the passage of time, of which they were in danger of losing count; and as September, if no tricks were played with the calendar, was the unhealthiest month in the year, it was quite intelligible that, if an especially unhealthy September followed the accidental omission of this precaution against losing count of time, some punctual persons should think that an offence had been committed against some deity, who had to be propitiated, and even that enough people should be affected by this scruple for the public health to improve perceptibly when such scruples were appeased. Still there is no reason to suppose that the practice of writing was ever confined to the pontiffs; whatever records they kept, it is likely that the records of private families went back as far. But these would be from the first much worse authorities: they were the expression of individual or family pride; and assuming that they did not begin with the beginning of the family, the beginning would be completed by a free use of imagination. A family which had kept records for two or three generations, and wished to carry them back to its reputed founder, would have a fragmentary legend of the intervening stages; and whoever undertook to piece the fragments together would hardly know whether he was remembering or inferring.

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closely to please him, even after Cælius Antipater had a new one.

The first two Roman historians, Q. Fabius Pictor
L. Cincius Alimentus, wrote immediately after the war
Fabius : Cin-
cius. Hannibal; towards the close of which Cincius,

had been commanding as proprætor in Sicily, taken prisoner, and had an interview with Hannibal and received information from him as to the forces with which he crossed the Alps. Both wrote in Greek, and neither made very much use of the Annals. Dionysius, who almost always quotes them together, says that they told the legend of the foundation of the city pretty fully, and that they also told fully what they had been personally concerned with, while the long interval was filled by a cursory recapitulation, which would not have been cursory if they had gone regularly through the Annals, using all the materials at their disposal to amuse them. Fabius, at least, must have had access to family archives going back to the first days of the Republic, and in it was the possession of these as well as the recent achievements of his great kinsman, which led him to continue in a new way the work of his ancestor, the first Roman painter. Neither seems to have been equal to a critical narrative of contemporary events—the testimony of Dionysius is to be trusted strictly of what came under their personal knowledge.

Cincius, although he was able to question Hannibal on some important matters, was capable of following a Greek historian who had attached himself to the fortune of the great adventurer and apparently retailed all the incredible gossip of his followers. For then as now southern countries were hotbeds of rumours, where malice and the love of excitement entered into an odd mixture of suspicion and credulity, which Polybius to parody Plato, and despair of history till men of affairs became historians or historians became men of affairs.

Fabius was translated by another Fabius about a hundred years after his work was completed, and otherwise seems to have been little read. His Greek cannot have been delightful, but his legends were more picturesquely told, though it may be less sincerely, by Ennius, who was a classic down to

urs while satirising those of other men. He told his readers
st all that he knew of himself, from the adventures of his
ney to Sicily to his refusal of different lucrative speculations
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ace.

commemorate the way Romulus' companions ran about naked after supplication to Faunus to find their missing cattle. He is also the earliest Roman writer to deal in precise and monstrous numbers. He makes C. Marcius, who rallied the wrecks of the army of the Scipios destroyed in Spain by Hasdrubal, storm two camps, one by day, one by night, put 37,000 to the sword, take 1,530 prisoners, a great deal of spoil, and a silver shield of the weight of 138 pounds. It is obvious that here we have a story exactly like those that were circulated on the French side during the war of 1870, inserted by a grave official, twenty years after the facts, in a history addressed to the civilised world. It does not originate even in the gossip of the camp of Marcius; it is made up of contemporary and distant rumours of what Marcius was doing. One Roman historian who wrote in Greek still remains to be commemorated: he was P. Cornelius Scipio, the son of the elder Africanus, the adoptive father of the younger: who wrote a history which Cicero had not seen, for he does not give the subject; but he vouches for the fact that it was written very sweetly.

Cato was as original in history as in oratory. He rebelled against the trivialities of the Annals with their recurring records of scarcities and eclipses, and he determined to write instead upon the *Origines* of the Roman world. His work was divided into seven books; and, as we know from Fronto that it had passed through the hands of the grammarians who divided Nævius into seven books, it has been conjectured, though with little certainty, that Cato's work was not divided into books by the author. The work was influenced throughout by Cato's preoccupation with Greece. He disliked the Hellenising party among the high aristocracy and he protested with energy and temporary effect against the introduction of Greek philosophy as a fatal solvent to the Roman theory of discipline and civil duty. But he was far from indifferent to Greek culture: he learned Greek himself in his old age; in his speeches he was given to figures of rhetoric; in his history he seems to have been set upon showing that the Latins were genuine Greeks of an older and more uncorrupted stock than the degenerate Greeks of contemporar

Cato and his
imitators.

Iellas. The Aborigines, whom the Phrygians found in the land when they came with Æneas, were Greeks and spoke Eolic. The amiable Plutarch fairly pointed out that if the Greeks were to be expected to believe this story of a prehistoric migration from their own shores, earlier than the Æolic or Doric or Ionic migrations which they thought they knew, it was only reasonable that some Greek evidence should be produced in support of it; but the absence of such evidence itself suggests that the stories must have had some foundation in local traditions. How slight the foundation might be is shown by his inclination to identify the Sabines with the Lacedæmonians, on the ground of the simplicity of manners which prevailed among both, and the similarity of certain unnamed institutions. He is the oldest authority we have for the poverty and frugality of the Sabines. It would be interesting to know whether the economic changes which followed the war of Hannibal told differently upon the region of the Apennines and upon the region of the coast. We know that the small farmers, who had nothing to depend upon but their homesteads and the labour of their families, were ruined; while large farmers like Cato himself, who had efficient slave gangs, were making money and perfecting their system of cultivation. The grazing tribes of the highlands, on the other hand, were simply cut off from many, if not most, of their former sources of profit, especially as the Greek towns of the south, with which they alternately traded and fought, were impoverished and reduced to political insignificance.

He is also our oldest authority for much of the detail of the war between Æneas and Turnus and Mezentius, which he relates with a naïve absence of effect. There is no attempt to concentrate the interest such as we find in Vergil; there is no real victory for Æneas at any time, and the foundation of the Trojan settlement in Latium is really the work of his son. In the legend of Romulus and Remus he is the authority for Faustulus and Acca Larentia. After the monarchy his narrative became much more summary; he protested against the uncertainty of the Annals and the vanity of noble houses by omitting all names in his history of the Republic, while his own perform-

ances were narrated at length, and even his speeches inserted. There can be no doubt that his narrative was very uneven in the distribution of the matter. For instance, the story of a tribune who sacrificed himself and the four hundred men under his command, in order to cover the retreat of the consul and his army from an unfavourable position, is told in full, because Cato thinks the tribune and his four hundred are fully equal to Leonidas and his three hundred at Thermopylæ. It is characteristic that he congratulates himself and the reader that the valiant tribune survived his command, having fainted under his wounds, and being found among the dead, as he lived to earn new distinctions and decorations in future wars. A Spartan of the age of Leonidas would have felt himself disgraced for life; but Cato was not sensitive to the point of honour: he was at once thoroughly conscientious and vainglorious. He began his histories with the aphorism, which always sent a thrill through Cicero, that great men owed the world a reckoning for their leisure as well as for their work; this was implying at starting that he too was great, and he praised himself quite as lavishly and less ingeniously than Cicero. His services in the campaign of Thermopylæ were set forth with no squeamish reticence about the effusive self-gratulation with which he repaid himself for them. Cato is the first Roman of really high character whom we have reason to accuse of vainglory; being a self-made man, who had pushed his own way to the front, he had no respect for any of his contemporaries. That he attempted no chronology in the Early Republic is less revolutionary than it looks. He only carried to its logical issue the method of all the early Latin historians. Every Roman historian began with the foundation of Rome, and then had very little to give till he came to the Samnite wars, or an even later period. Cato's originality was that, as a native of one of the oldest and proudest of the Latin towns, which was also among the first to be forcibly incorporated in the Roman State, he gave the origins of all or most Italian States, and that he omitted entirely the mass of meagre and uncertain padding which most writers before and after thought it necessary to interpolate. The whole work consisted of several books, and was carried down to the accusation of Galba for

ruelties in Lusitania, 603 U.C., which the author inserted a few days before his death. Another speech of Cato's, for the freedom of the Rhodians, delivered in the year 586 U.C., was inserted in the fifth book: so it appears that the last two books dealt with the events of nineteen years at most, and there is a good deal of opinion in favour of the view that the first five books at any rate were published separately. The third book still dealt with 'origins' in the strict sense, for we are told that Ameria was founded 964 years before the war of Persius. In the same way he doubtless fixed the date of the foundation of every city; and though he did not profess to give the succession of events precisely, acquired a high reputation as a chronological authority. It appears that he quoted little from Greek writers, and so did not pose for learned, but he inquired diligently into institutions and local traditions. He had much to say about Spain, where he had served with success, and also about the war in Macedonia; the fourth book contained the first Punic war; the fifth contained the second and much else.

Cato was imitated by Cassius Hemina, who treated of the Second Punic war in the fourth book of his Annals, the latest quoted, and had much to say, not only of other Italian towns beside Rome, but of trees and other points of natural history. Lucius Calpurnius Piso, who was censor 634 U.C., wrote also seven books of Annals from the foundation of the city to his own time. Livy and Dionysius quote him in the early history, generally in support of some rather dull bit of rationalism. He, like Cassius, is a good deal quoted by Pliny; fortunately we are able to judge of his style, which Cicero thought meagre, by two specimens preserved by Gellius. He had none of Cato's pretensions to eloquence, and he was not on the way to the elegant Latin of the age of Cicero and Livy. Even among his contemporaries he must have affected simplicity, which seemed delightful to antiquaries. Here is the shorter of the two:

Eundem Romulum dicunt ad cenam vocatum, ibi non multum bibisse quia postidie negotium haberet. Ei dicunt, Romule, si istuc omnes homines faciant, vinum vilius sit. Is respondet, immo vero carum, si quantum quisque volet bibat, nam ego bibi quantum volui.

The influence of Cato is still traceable in C. Fannius,

quæstor A.U.C. 615 and prætor 617, who adopted his new fashion of inserting speeches in the history as well as the letters of C. Gracchus, his friend; and in C. Sempronius Tuditanus, consul 625, who followed Cato's antiquarian tendency, telling us about the foundation of Caieta and the institution of market days and tribunes of the commons. He is the oldest authority for the legend of the death of Regulus, which he gives in a very unimpressive form. Regulus, it seems, believed that he was poisoned and sure to die when he exhorted the senate not to consent to an exchange of prisoners, and so his sacrifice came to nothing. He goes on to add that on his return the Carthaginians would not allow Regulus any sleep, and says nothing of other tortures. Plutarch was under the impression that Tuditanus was a principal authority among the writers he had consulted about Flamininus, the conqueror of Philip.

The first historian after Cato who had any intention of style was Cælius Antipater, of whose person little is known except that he heard the anecdote about C. Gracchus dreaming of his brother, while Gaius was still alive. He was regarded as the most painstaking writer on the war with Hannibal, having used the works of his Greek followers, and was patronised rather contemptuously by Cicero, while his rhetorical account of Scipio's passage to Africa aroused Livy to one of his rare and mild outbreaks of criticism.

Cælius Anti-
pater.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAST POETRY OF THE REPUBLIC.

THE deaths of the younger Gracchus and the younger Scipio make a considerable change in the conditions of Roman literature. Hitherto it had been in the hands of the clients of an aristocratic circle; Ennius was the friend of the elder Africanus, Terence and Lucilius were the friends of the younger; and it was part of the dignity of Pacuvius to be the successor of Ennius—part of the dignity of Accius, who overlived the good days, to be the successor of Pacuvius; even Terence appealed to the memory of his predecessor Cæcilius. But the liberal circle of the nobility is henceforward only represented by good-natured egotists, like Lucullus, and to a certain extent Sulla, who had no literary influence except upon their Greek family philosophers, physicians, and grammarians, who encouraged them to write their memoirs in colloquial Greek. And there was as yet no public to take their place. The theatre was still alive, although it was rapidly passing into farce, for which educated men were willing to write brilliant dialogue, but there was no audience for such works as the Annals or the Satires of Ennius. And the large horizons which seemed to be open while men like the Africani guided the State were closed; petty intrigue and factious violence at home, and doubtful and inglorious conflicts abroad, had taken the place of the glorious strife with Carthage, of the profitable enthusiasm to liberate the Greeks of the Levant by substituting the authority of the Senate for the dominion of the successors of Alexander, and of the noble leisure filled with dreams of Greece.

storm two camps, one by day, one by night, put 3 sword, take 1,530 prisoners, a great deal of spoil, shield of the weight of 138 pounds. It is obvious we have a story exactly like those that were circulated on the French side during the war of 1870, inserted by a history addresser in a civilised world. It does not originate even in the camp of Marcius; it is made up of contemporary distant rumours of what Marcius was doing. On the other hand, the oratorian who wrote in Greek still remains to be considered. He was P. Cornelius Scipio, the son of the elder A. Scipio, the adoptive father of the younger: who wrote a history which Cicero had not seen, for he does not give the subject any vouches for the fact that it was written very sweetly.

Cato was as original in history as in oratory. He wrote against the trivialities of the Annals with their recitation of scarcities and eclipses, and he determined to write instead upon the Origines of the Roman people. His work was divided into seven books; and, as we learn from Fronton that it had passed through the hands of several grammarians who divided Nævius into seven books, we may conjecture, though with little certainty, that Cato's history was not divided into books by the author. The work was influenced throughout by Cato's preoccupation with the moral and political principles of the Roman people.

was a little like a human face in the twilight was some victim of enchantment turned to stone. These legends were often little but repetitions of more famous ones; but they were racy of the soil: the imagination of the common people, doubtless assisted by the invention of a few, had put the story into shape by degrees: and in more than one town the process was only just finished when the learned poet—Callimachus or Philetas—pounced upon his prey. The business of a poet was to know as many and as fresh legends as possible, and either pick them out for picturesque treatment one by one in graceful little poems as tender as possible, and on no account tedious; or else they might link all the stories they knew together, or remind the reader of more than they told. This last view of the poet's mission generally puzzled the reader, who found Lycophron obscure not so much because he was crabbed as because he was learned, and could designate everybody by an epithet which was an allusion to a legend saved from oblivion; and describe everything in a vocabulary which had put every Greek locality and every Greek book under contribution for quaint sonorous words which seemed expressive to their first discoverer. The poets of the days of Augustus had learnt that Lycophron was a beacon to be avoided; but in the days of Cicero he still seemed a guiding star to be followed. The 'Smyrna' of Cinna was as learned and difficult as the 'Alexandra' of Lycophron. Cicero, with his habitual good-sense, began upon works of Aratus, a poet who had written on astronomy and the weather, setting forth the signs of change and the natural calendar kept by the stars—which for country folk was more convenient than the civil calendar, in which there was a perplexing series of compromises between lunar months and the solar years—and the civil calendar, even if it had been as intelligible as Julius Caesar made it, would still be a tax upon memory, especially between the Ides and the Calends, while the constellations could always be watched, and if any one forgot, there were neighbours who could remind him. There were other subjects: beside, astronomy was equally suitable for didactic poetry, which still in Alexandrian hands was devoted to the learned conservation of folklore: the poet went out to gather up

information about fishing, or gardening, or simples, fishermen, gardeners, and herbalists, just as other poets collected local legends in out-of-the-way places. They acquired what they collected in both cases by their own book-learning, but there was no attempt to revive the reflective poetry of Xenophanes, Parmenides, and Empedocles. The learned men for the most part were sceptical; they shrank from great systems. Their coryphæus, Callimachus, pronounced a great book a great evil. They were quite content to leave speculation to the philosophers, who in turn were more and more inclined to criticise as the great systems were already completed, and the ground of all, the system of Aristotle, was left like a deserted fort. The official representatives of Aristotle were content to elaborate the doctrine of the conduct of life and the conditions of happiness, while all the speculative parts of his system, having been left as a starting-point for science, were neither affirmed nor refuted. The transcendentalism of Plato had shared the same fate, except among the learned Jews of Egypt; the only difference between the heirs of the Academy was whether they chose to ally themselves with men of the world against the pretentious dogmatism of the Stoics, and furbish up the logical side of the Socratic method, or whether they were content to ally themselves with the Stoics, and ransack Plato's stores of eloquence to rebuke the low and worldly views of the Peripatetics. Too much Roman influence made itself felt: the number of Roman men of rank of all ages who wished to 'hear' the reigning philosophers in Greece were inclined to prefer a teacher who could edify. The Romans were as far from scepticism as the Greeks: the one question for them was how to attain a happy life, free from prejudice or passion. Even this, of course, required some theory of the world in which they lived: Plato's tentative physics had died with him, and the physics of Aristotle were only studied by specialists, they were turned back on the primitive speculations of the Italian and Sicilian schools by the stagnation of contemporary Greek thought. These were, moreover, naturalised in Italy by a tradition going back to the days of Ennius, if not further. There was a similar interregnum in Greek poetry between Euripides and Menander, and it was due to similar causes.

LUCRETII.

transition from the tragic poets to Lucretius is like the transition from Euripides to the New Comedy: there is a visible continuity of intellectual movement, but the movement is on a lower level; common-sense and the interests of private life instead of public and heroic struggles and transcendental morality. Lucretius coincides with the last struggles of Athens to maintain her supremacy, Accius coincides with the last days of the Roman senatorial government: Epicurus and the New Comedy coincide with the tacit or avowed acceptance of Macedonian supremacy, as Lucretius coincides with the tacit or avowed ascendancy of the ascendancy of military chiefs. But for the poets and the Greek thinker the period of defeat was a period of calm: for the Roman poet it was a period of struggle, more passionate because all guiding authorities had collapsed. The poem 'De Rerum Natura' is interesting for many reasons—for none more than for the contrast between the poet's temperament and his doctrine: the author is an ardent Epicurean who would fain be a devotee; his doctrine is the thorough-going expression of homely, kindly, self-comforting, self-confident common-sense. Epicurus is the one positive Western thinker who constructed a complete ethical and practical code upon grounds level with the experience of ordinary people. Even then science was transatlantic, and had reached positions which upon their face were paradoxical: the astronomy of the time was as much the work of a plain man who wished to judge by his sensations as of a traditional orthodoxy. Both had to be received upon their merits, if at all, and Epicurus wished every man free to judge for himself upon evidence drawn from familiar intelligible experience. Although the Stoics were beginning to anticipate the Christian era, not yet repudiated in Christendom, whereby the authority of science and tradition support one another, they were compelled repeatedly to fall back upon the madness of the masses. Their theory, that strictly regulated activity is the end of life, is a theory for the few: for most who have to pass

through life the value of activity is that it maintains life, which yields them nothing better than what Epicurus proclaimed as the end. Physical *bien être* apart from misconduct always brings cheerfulness; and all the forms of activity which make life more complicated or more splendid are only possible, at least only rational, when unrewarded sacrifices are readily made. On the other hand, the deliberate limitation of desire which Epicurus preached is only possible to a class sufficiently educated to understand the argument in favour of listlessness; for otherwise men are the dupes of hopes which break their promise to the individual, and at best half keep it to the race. Lucretius himself never succeeded in reaching the passionless calm that he preached with an air of eager, vehement conviction, contrasting strangely with the good-humoured, prolix complacency of his master. Little as we know of his life, we have no reason to doubt the tradition that it was stormy. Our main authority is St. Jerome, who is proved by Ritschl and Lachmann, to Professor Munro's satisfaction, to have copied the lost articles of Suetonius' 'De Viris Illustribus.' He tells us in his supplement to Eusebius that Lucretius committed suicide at the age of 44, in 56 B.C., having lost his reason by a philtre, and that his poems, written in the intervals of insanity, were edited by Cicero. As Suetonius wrote nearly two hundred years after the facts, we have to rely upon the chance that the tradition of literary history, passing through few hands, was more likely to be right than wrong; especially as the reporters all cared for the subject. So far as the connection with Cicero goes, the tradition is confirmed by numerous coincidences with the 'Aratea,' and perhaps still more by the fact that Cicero wrote to his brother in winter quarters in Gaul, four months after Lucretius' death, in terms which imply that both had read the poem: 'Lucreti poemata ut scribis ita sunt, multis luminibus ingeni; multæ tamen artis si enim inveneris,¹ virum te putabo; si Sal-

¹ MSS.: 'Sed quum veneris.' The editors had agreed to insert 'non,' and only differed as to whether it came before 'multis' or 'multæ.' As emended the sense is perfectly clear. Cicero gives his brother credit for recognising Lucretius' genius in the many splendid passages of his poem, hopes he is man enough to recognise his skill as well, and tells him he will sink below humanity if he can read Sallust's *Empedocles*.

usti Empedoclea legeris hominem non putabo.' No editor accepts the MS. reading of the letter; according to Professor Munro's almost certain restoration, the passage implies that the elder Cicero knew the book best, and therefore he, if either, was the editor, though it is curious that there is no other trace of the affair in his large correspondence. The only other relation of Lucretius to the political life of his time was his curious devotion to C. Memmius, who was prætor the year when Cæsar was consul first, and opposed him with energy that commanded the admiration of Cicero. This shows that Lucretius, like most other sceptics, was a conservative in politics. His devotion need not have been misplaced because Catullus, who followed Memmius to Bithynia in the hope of making money, gave frank expression to his disgust when disappointed. It was certainly exaggerated, for though Lucretius did not live to see it, Memmius had serious thoughts of pulling down Epicurus' house, as he wanted to build himself, and positively refused to make the site over to the head of the Epicurean school; and finally died in exile after an unsuccessful attempt first to sell himself to Cæsar, and then to outbid him in his promises to the democracy.

Lucretius himself is aware that Memmius is half indifferent to philosophy, and constantly presses the subject upon him; he is aware too that it is out of the question for such an illustrious person to stand aloof from public life.

Most readers of Lucretius' great poem will be more likely to agree with the younger Cicero than with the elder. The many flashes of genius that light up the first three books, at any rate, are more obvious than the art which should blend the whole poem into one. Its form is determined, not by any positive scheme of doctrine, but by a series of protests against different forms of superstition. The fear of the gods is nourished by the belief that they made and rule the world, and so we have two books to set forth the theory of the origin and destruction of the universe borrowed by Epicurus from Democritus. The fear of death and of torment after death poisons life, and is a fruitful motive of crime, and so in the third book we have a polemic against the immortality of the soul and the clinging to life. Then, since apparitions are a support of

[illegible]

decidedly less plausible than the heliocentric, and when Lucretius lived it was still possible to hesitate whether there might not be a new sun every morning and a new moon every night, or at any rate every month.

A less justifiable omission is that we have no theory of human nature; the supremacy of pleasure is repeatedly stated as something self-evident, and there is not even a definition of what pleasure means,—whether it is to be conceived as consisting in enjoyment or in ease: though there is a constant lauding of simplicity, a constant polemic against the costly and clumsy luxury which turned many of the nobility into Epicureans because they were epicures. Again, the resolute and premature rejection of teleology makes much of the natural history meagre and unsatisfactory. It is quite possible now to maintain that teleology is superseded, at least for scientific purposes, by the growth of anatomical and physiological science; but while these were in abeyance it gave valuable aid, as supplying one class at any rate of moderately coherent and precise observations. Even now there are branches of botany, especially the doctrine of the structures which provide for cross-fertilisation, which are nothing if not teleological. We know the use of the intricate machinery; we know next to nothing of the process of its formation. Aristotle represents a scientific advance upon Democritus, though he accepts the teleology of the Socratic school.

Where Lucretius succeeds is in showing that of the pre-Socratic philosophies, to which without notice he restricts our choice, the atomic philosophy of Democritus is much the most reasonable. For one thing, Democritus and Lucretius see clearly that no sensible substance is simple, since each enters into many different substances, and must therefore be decomposable into as many different elements as different natures can assimilate. For instance, horses and oxen feed upon the same pasture; lions and men may feed upon the same ox; and this proves that such different creatures as oxen and horses, as lions and men, build up their bodies out of the same materials; and as lions can live upon different kinds of flesh, it cannot be replied that beef and grass are simple substances which form

different compounds with different bodies. Every way Anaxagoras' theory, that every organised being is made up of some one elementary substance dispersed throughout nature and only reunited in that single species, is shown to be opposed to plain facts. And Lucretius is equally free from the bondage of the four elements, which came in with Empedocles and was accepted by Aristotle and most subsequent thinkers. He sees clearly that earth must be eminently decomposable, and though he nowhere says that fire is not an element but one state of many elements, he sees that as fire it can only exist when it is actually burning. And he plays off Heraclitus and Empedocles against each other very cleverly, proving by the arguments of Heraclitus that the 'elements' are not ultimate since they pass into one another, and by the arguments of Empedocles that something permanent must be assumed under all the changes of phenomena if we are to guarantee the stability of the universe. There is a considerable deviation from Democritus upon the question whether the shapes of atoms were infinite or only the number of atoms of each shape. It might have saved Lucretius and his master some embarrassment if either had known the mathematical convention which recognises infinities of different orders. But Epicurus and Lucretius (who argues the point with admirable vigour) felt the limitation of the actual world of experience too strongly to be inclined to admit that it could have arisen out of absolutely unlimited constituents.

Another strong point of Lucretius is his psychology. It is rudimentary compared to that of Plato or Aristotle, but he has a clearer grasp than either upon the obvious truth that our faculties are closely connected with our organisation, and so escapes the illusion of those great thinkers, that the heavenly bodies were animated by higher intelligences, in virtue of the simple reflection that inorganic nature stands below organic. Only the backward condition of anatomy prevented Lucretius from anticipating the fashionable doctrine which practically substitutes the nervous system for the traditional conception of the rational soul. He insists upon the unequal distribution of sensibility as a proof that the soul is not equally present throughout the body, and is much impressed

with the subtlety of a fourth nameless substance, which is the very soul of the soul. The other three components which he names are *fervor*, *spiritus*, and *aër*, and these are supposed to have their centre in the breast. They enter in different proportions into the souls of different animals; for instance, there is more *spiritus* in the soul of a lion, more *aër* in the soul of an ox. From these and other examples it is plain that he is thinking of the interaction of the heart and the lungs; only his apprehension of it is exclusively based upon the subjective feelings to which it gives rise. Consequently he divides the process of respiration between two distinct principles: the act of inspiration, being the more conspicuously necessary of the two, is ascribed to *aër*; while the act of expiration, which is only noticed during vehement action, is ascribed to *spiritus*. As the nervous system is nowhere described, it is not strange that the central seat of life should be placed in the breast, for Lucretius did not care to depart from tradition gratuitously, and was anxious in every way to identify the principle of life and thought. The existence of some central seat is easily proved, since life and consciousness survive mutilation, and it takes time for the will to act upon the extremities. This last is mentioned in connection with the curious Epicurean doctrine of freewill. If everything is a compound of atoms falling straight through a void, which only differ in shape and density, it is possible to understand how they become entangled with one another into more or less durable shapes. It is hard to see how any of these shapes have the power of reacting from within upon the shapes that surround them. It would have been enough for the time to say that atoms were elastic, and therefore capable of reacting in certain combinations almost as if they were acting of themselves. But Lucretius knew elasticity at most as a property of bodies of sensible magnitude, and was anxious, like his master, to save 'freewill' in the transcendental sense, because it was important to them as practical philosophers to maintain that all men were really and truly able to act upon their benevolent precepts. So Lucretius accepts his master's device to make the motion of the atoms incalculable; instead of falling perpendicularly it is assumed

that some or all of them have an imperceptible deflection (which being imperceptible can never be disproved), whence it would follow that the bodies formed from these would have a proper motion of their own derived from the motion of the atoms forming them, and independent of the motion communicated by the import of other bodies. No part of the system has attracted more ridicule in ancient or modern times, to say nothing of other objections: if consistently applied, the doctrine makes all exact science impossible. This is hardly proving too much from Epicurus' point of view. Such exact science as he knew struck him as 'slavish,' just as civilised industry strikes savages, who contemplate its results disinterestedly, and compare them with the laborious efforts required to begin to appropriate them.

When Lucretius is discussing the atoms and the void, he has at any rate the advantage of following a thinker who was in some sense in advance of his successors. Impressive as the discussion of immortality is, it is a loss that he so completely ignores Plato. The argument from the contrast between sense and thought, which is stated in so many forms in the 'Phædo,' is left untouched: the idea that a future life can be an object of even mistaken desire, which is so prominent in the early days of Buddhism, has not a trace in Lucretius. In his view either the future life is spent in hell among the torments of the poets, or else it is a life of endless transmigration, either, as Empedocles taught, through the whole round of being, or, as Plato was supposed to have taught, through a succession of human lives, each forgotten as soon as over. The answer to this is quite decisive. 'First, if the changeless immortal soul passes through so many bodies, how is it that it remembers nothing of its former lives? for such a change in the power of the soul as to cause all grasp of things done to fall away cannot differ very much from death: so there is no help but to confess that the soul which has been before has perished, and that which now is has been fashioned now. Besides' (and this argument against transmigration shows that Lucretius is as callous to the spiritualism of Aristotle as to that of Plato), 'the body is already perfect, before the power of the enlivening

soul is set within us just as we are being born and entering the threshold of life, it would not be fitting such a power should seem to have grown together with body and limbs in the very blood, but it ought to live alone in a cave to itself.'

Of course it is easily proved that Empedocles' theory of transmigration is impossible. Lucretius has only to show that the principle of heredity applies to all animals, and that the character of the soul would assert itself at the expense of the character of the race, if transmigration were possible. The higher side of the doctrine of transmigration did not appeal to Lucretius: the sense that the spirit has entered into all experience, that life is one throughout the world, was naturally strange to a poet who had apparently no conception of a permanent spiritual self, with a continuous inner life of its own persisting through all modes and circumstances. The only reality to him is the life of the moment: his feeling for that is penetrating and intense, but it only makes him anxious to preserve it from the contamination of hope and fear. The wide range of transformation which is present to his thought only leads to a certain recklessness of concession: very likely we have been before, very likely we shall be again, but either way it is nothing to us. If the same atoms, or atoms exactly similar to those which make up our bodies and minds, have entered and will enter into precisely similar combinations, we have no more need to think of what we shall be than to think of what we have been. There is some meanness in this; the writer cannot allow for our natural and wholesome care for what will never be matter of personal experience. A man's dislike to the imagination of indignities which his corpse may suffer does not really imply a latent belief that he will feel them when they come. The revellers who lie at their wine with garlands shading their brows, and say heartily, 'We mannikins have but a little pleasure here; presently it will be over, and we shall never be able to call it back again,' do not really think, whatever Lucretius says, that they will be parched by tormenting thirst in the grave. The fear of never seeing home or kindly wife again is not a fear of pining after death for them. Lucretius allows that mourners are really sorry for the dead, not for their own loss: he asks

what is there to lament in a lot that is only sleep and rest, and shows by his question that an artificial feeling may be as irrational as a spontaneous feeling. The triumph that death is nothing, and does not concern us a jot, comes oddly after a demonstration that the mind may die and be drowned in black lethargy while the body still lives. It is hard to judge just here of the argument, for there is a provoking lacuna whose length is uncertain, when Lucretius wins his easy victory over the perfunctory plea for immortality put forth in the 'Republic.' He sees the distinction, which Plato misses, between a fit of vice or folly, and confirmed mental disease which may permanently lower or destroy the whole life of the mind, so that instead of being free from the risks of extinction which affect the body, it has a special danger of its own, able to slay it while the body lives. This is a worthy sequel to the complacent inference that the lower forms which quicken, as Lucretius held in good company, out of the corruption of higher, must get their souls from the souls of the higher beings. Throughout, it is the author's object to represent our shrinking from death as a sort of unreasonable caprice, one of the worst effects of which is actually to make men sacrifice in order that their days may be prolonged in exile and other miseries, which might end at once if they would die. Obviously, Lucretius was one of the first to feel the passion for suicide which gathered strength through the death-struggle of the republic, and reached its height in the halcyon days of Trajan. Another object is to justify nature against our desires; and here Lucretius does not succeed. He does not perceive that our wish that the best moments in life should be eternal, is one of the most natural things in the world, and that we do not contract our clinging to life by our own mismanagement. If we pass through life with no experience but desire and regret, this is the fault not of man but of nature, whom Lucretius introduces to rebuke the disappointment of her dupes. Nature tells us that we have enjoyed all she has to give, and if this has satisfied us it seems, according to Lucretius, we should be ready to go; if not, what is there to wait for? Nature, or rather Lucretius is very sarcastic upon the impossible hopes, the preposterous

ambitions, of the old; but these are a symptom, not a cause, of the reluctance to die which they serve to excuse. And after all, criticism of such a purely animal craving is even more unconvincing than criticism of our natural craving for enjoyment, which Lucretius would have thought empty and unreasonable: to argue ourselves out of desires which may trouble us is generally to extirpate all desires alike; if desires cannot be conquered without arguing with them, it is better to endure them.

It is remarkable that there is one set of desires which Lucretius assumes to be above discussion: he takes for granted that as citizens of the state and as citizens of the universe we are concerned with what will never affect us personally. He regards the final catastrophe of the universe, to which Epicureans and Stoics alike looked forward, with spontaneous unfeigned fear, and only hopes that Fortune (being too consistent to invoke the deities) may avert it as long as possible. He is very far from the temper of the Jewish king who said of the ruin of his realm and his house, 'Is it not good if peace and truth shall be in my days?' Lucretius' feeling is rather that, as Rome and the world must end, we ought to resign ourselves to the end of our own lives: he wishes to prove that the world is so admirable that we ought to be satisfied with our share of it, and so perishable that we cannot complain that our own craving for immortality is futile. He is entirely without the idea of progress, which is all the more remarkable because he is entirely free from the superstition of cycles through which prehistoric civilisations had arisen and disappeared and left no trace. He sees clearly that history had a beginning, and that the world must have had a beginning too; and in this he is better advised than Plato or Aristotle, who both leant to the eternity of the world. On the other hand, they have a feeling for literature, for art, for institutions, which Lucretius lacks. His ideal is the legendary life of Otobeite; and the growing complexity of life, which is the clearest result of progress, is not attractive to such a temper; especially when activity is declining throughout the world.

The point at which Lucretius is most tempted to go beyond the limits fixed by his master is theology; and this, though

one of the most ingenious parts of the system, was open to modification, because it had little connection with the rest. Neither Epicurus nor Lucretius ever seriously ask if the gods exist; they take that fact for granted on the faith of the general consent of mankind. And with this fact they take for granted the character of the gods as the best and most glorious beings imaginable, 'enjoying life immortal at the height of peace,' or, as Epicurus puts it more prosaically, 'The best has no trouble of its own, and gives no trouble to others.' Both respect the instinct of worship, if purged of irrational fears and hopes: and both ignore the fact that it is precisely these that keep alive the instinct in ordinary minds. This attitude at first may seem illogical, till we remember how exactly it corresponds to our own attitude to the ideal. We do not think it is exactly a creation of our own, and yet only a few enthusiasts hold that the actual world originates with it or is ruled by it, and all right-minded people like to dwell upon it and venerate it. How we come to elaborate ideals, or how we are trained to apprehend them, is such a difficult question that it is no wonder Epicurus and Lucretius cut the knot by assuming that we simply see the images of the gods as they are, just as we see the images of sensible things. Where one detects the incoherence of the conception is in the necessity of putting the gods outside the perishable material world. The tradition which it was wished to save had made the gods the highest inhabitants of the world rather than its makers or even its rulers. It was to get rid of this last that Epicurus was induced to declare war against the natural explanation of the anthropomorphic ideals of Greece. He might safely have recognised that they were embodiments of natural forces or natural processes. If he had condescended to borrow from Empedocles as he borrowed from Democritus, he might have explained their immortality by the rival principles of love and hatred, showing that beings in whom the principle of hatred predominated were short-lived, and beings in whom the principle of love predominated lived long; while the gods were immortal because in them the principle of love had gained an entire victory. As it is, his belief in the gods is obviously a survival, gradually detaching

with the subtlety of a fourth nameless substance, which is the very soul of the soul. The other three components which he names are *fervor*, *spiritus*, and *aër*, and these are supposed to have their centre in the breast. They enter in different proportions into the souls of different animals; for instance, there is more *spiritus* in the soul of a lion, more *aër* in the soul of an ox. From these and other examples it is plain that he is thinking of the interaction of the heart and the lungs; only his apprehension of it is exclusively based upon the subjective feelings to which it gives rise. Consequently he divides the process of respiration between two distinct principles: the act of inspiration, being the more conspicuously necessary of the two, is ascribed to *aër*; while the act of expiration, which is only noticed during vehement action, is ascribed to *spiritus*. As the nervous system is nowhere described, it is not strange that the central seat of life should be placed in the breast, for Lucretius did not care to depart from tradition gratuitously, and was anxious in every way to identify the principle of life and thought. The existence of some central seat is easily proved, since life and consciousness survive mutilation, and it takes time for the will to act upon the extremities. This last is mentioned in connection with the curious Epicurean doctrine of freewill. If everything is a compound of atoms falling straight through a void, which only differ in shape and density, it is possible to understand how they become entangled with one another into more or less durable shapes. It is hard to see how any of these shapes have the power of reacting from within upon the shapes that surround them. It would have been enough for the time to say that atoms were elastic, and therefore capable of reacting in certain combinations almost as if they were acting of themselves. But Lucretius knew elasticity at most as a property of bodies of sensible magnitude, and was anxious, like his master, to save 'freewill' in the transcendental sense, because it was important to them as practical philosophers to maintain that all men were really and truly able to act upon their benevolent precepts. So Lucretius accepts his master's device to make the motion of the atoms incalculable; instead of falling perpendicularly it is assumed

Then Autumn draws nigh, and Euhius Evan trips beside.
Then other seasons and winds follow—high thundering Volturnus and the South-wind with all the strength of the levin.
At last short days bring the snows and stiff numb cold, and Winter goes abroad; behind her follows Shivering with chattering teeth.' This is quite in conformity to Lucretius' own theory, that all such allegory should be treated consciously as a mere ornament, separable from the substance of the work.

It is only in connection with Epicurus that Lucretius feels the necessity of invoking a higher power than man's to account for the effects which strike him with admiration; in general he uses the conception of 'nature' as easily and as vaguely as half-educated writers on the 'scientific' side in modern times use the conception of 'force.' He finds it easy to personify 'nature,' and at the same time to remember that she has nothing but what we have given her; he is at least as much impressed by the fact that her power is limited both in extent and duration, as by the fact that our power is overshadowed by hers. The flaming walls of the world are a boundary that nothing but the human spirit led by Epicurus and Democritus can pass. For Lucretius the sages are the true ideals of blessedness and holiness; even when he refutes Democritus his decrees are sacred.

He follows Democritus closely and intelligently in one of the most thorough and ingenious parts of his book, which deals with the phenomena of vision. All the arguments which prove that colour is a 'secondary property' of bodies are as old as Democritus; the sea for instance is dark in repose and white when lashed into foam by the wind, whence it is inferred with admirable boldness that even those bodies which always present the same colours to the eye do so because the arrangement of their component atoms is less variable, and so they are always affected in the same way by the light that falls upon them. But here the explanation stops short; if light is really coloured, and different combinations of atoms reflect differently coloured light, it is obvious that light ought to be altogether independent of the atoms, and of a separate substance and operation. But it is explicitly stated that the sky and all luminous bodies are

soul is set within us just as we are being born and entering the threshold of life, it would not be fitting such a power should seem to have grown together with body and limbs in the very blood, but it ought to live alone in a cave to itself.'

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of the first to feel the tension for which which others

explanations of celestial phenomena really exclude the supernatural theory they are meant to supersede. Any one of his conjectures about sunrise is plausible enough to justify disbelief in Phœbus Apollo; any one is quite compatible with a belief in the providential uses of sunshine. His belief in their adequacy is one proof more of his incapacity to imagine believers who found comfort in their belief, and of the extreme activity of his mind, that found it always easier to start a dozen hypotheses than to test one.

When Lucretius returns to earth he is more fortunate; he coincides often with views which have been fashionable recently or are fashionable now. Thirty years ago it would have been reckoned to his credit that he thinks the first stages of evolution were much more rapid and much more imposing in their results than those that succeeded them (v. 799, 800). He imagined that each race began with giants, and gradually dwindled away; and that the earth too lost its fertility, so that the enlarged allotments of the later republic were inadequate to maintain such families as had thriven upon the small allotments of the good old days. Observations in Colorado and elsewhere prove that vegetables, the average size of which appeared to be known, attain a gigantic development when introduced under favourable conditions to a virgin soil. If the analogy between the individual and the race is as trustworthy as Lucretius thinks, it would be safe to assume that the period during which a race survives its most vigorous manifestation is longer than the period during which it reaches it. With this view of evolution in general, Lucretius is able to explain the changes in human society without the conception of progress. According to him the life of mankind was once rude and simple and easy; it gradually became elaborate and anxious; it exchanged the risks which affect individuals, such as homicide, perils from wild beasts, weather, and the like, for the rarer but more terrible risks that affect communities, such as war, famine, civil massacres, and pestilence. Men grow gentler as they grow weaker and the like. All these are interesting and plausible generalisations, and rather too discouraging in their tone to be quite compatible with the optimism in our judgment hardly

THEY INTERLUDE

...the most important parts of the system, was open to
...in some measure in that connection with the rest.
...the E. ... and ... ever seriously ask if the gods
... far is granted on the faith of the
... And with this fact they take for
... the best and most glorious
... at the height of
... 'The best has
... trouble to others.' Both
... of irrational fears and
... is precisely these that
... This attitude at
... how exactly it corre-
... We do not think it is
... only a few enthusiasts
... it, or is ruled by it,
... people do dwell upon it and venerate
... how we are trained to
... that it is no wonder
... by assuming that we
... just as we see
... Where one detects the inco-
... is in the necessity of putting the

at bottom seem to seek nothing more than a peaceable development of their own nature, though each has a different transcendental theory to justify the modest demands of his character. All seek some external cause for the storms which disturb an inner life consumed by a fruitless aspiration after calm, which, so long as it is heartily felt, seems always to be the truest expression of the real self. Although persons in the position of Lucretius always exaggerate, it is probable that a vague anxiety about the inscrutable intention of higher powers was still a source of trouble in Italy. The only reason for doubting this is that a section (we do not know how large a section) of the upper classes had become sceptical. In fact this would probably make superstition more formidable; the majority escape superstition best when their natural guides have a hearty practical respect for the religious tradition they have inherited; for then their attention is directed by minds more active than their own to the points at which the tradition is in living contact with experience. The 'emancipation' of the educated leaves the uneducated to take refuge in those parts of the tradition which are furthest and safest from experience; for their experience is narrow and their apprehension of it fragmentary, and whenever they are anxious or uncomfortable they turn to old wives' fables for guidance how to put their fears and hopes into shape; unless some secular fanaticism takes the place of superstition. Then, too, all the idle brooding over a half-employed and less than half-successful life, which tormented all Romans above the ranks of the peasantry (unless a strong turn for politics or money-making saved them), led in itself to meditations upon luck and ill-luck, and their conditions. And it is not surprising that Lucretius should have thought that the mischief was done by the theories in which such meditations issued, instead of by the temper that made such meditations anxious. This may seem a meagre justification for his passion, but a yoke which all have worn is never hated till some have broken it. The famous passage on the sacrifice of Iphigenia (in the preface to the first book) is not intended to prove that religion makes men miserable, or that every man who believes in 'providence' is liable to sacrifice his daughter. It is

intended simply to contrast the effects of 'religious claims, admitted to be superior, of 'piety.' No horrible, according to Lucretius, to be done under uncontrollable, incalculable forces have to be propitiated regard to human ties, due reverence to superhuman are only possible when both are disinterested—unable to watch the course of things understandingly, fearing nothing except from human efforts.

The sixth book is even more fragmentary than the fifth. It leaves off in the middle of a rhetorical description of pestilence, which is evidently elaborated much more for the sake of ornament than for the sake of the argument. The suffering in such calamities is distributed with little equity. The magnet is examined through two hypotheses, because when Thales had once noticed some of its properties and inferred that it had a soul, and supported his theory that all things were full of gods, it figured in the popular science and was probably the more attractive mystery; if the mariner's compass had been familiar a hundred years when Lucretius wrote, he might have said no more about magnetism than other useful sciences.

The discussion on thunder, on the other hand, is obligatory. The Roman official religion was full of superstitions about the meaning of electrical phenomena and sacrifices to provide against their bad effects. Italians have been constitutionally nervous about thunderstorms when public business was transacted in the open air, and a storm was certain either to cut it short or lead to a badly done. And the official doctrine was as vulgar as it was obtrusive; the aruspices were already discredited, and the mystery was a tissue of elaborate nonsense with no relation to objective fact of any kind. Whoever looks might see that the thunder-bolt fell at random on waste and on the temple, and on the dwelling of the king. A naturalistic account of the matter was evidently sure to be welcome; but Lucretius, like most of his contemporaries, comes short of Aristotle's precept not only to seek the truth but also the cause of error. It would be a

explanation, if it were true, that the collision of clouds gives rise to a report, which we hear on earth and call thunder; but the fact that conscious guilt cannot rest in such explanations needs to be explained in turn. The human mind is not an ultimate source of self-originated error, any more than of self-originated knowledge; its power of projecting its own alarms, its own unrest, upon a world above or a world to come, is, like all its powers, a derived power—derived Lucretius does not tell us whence.

The poem is manifestly incomplete; it is not only that the sixth book is not finished, but that after the first two books the writer almost seems to have left his work in the state of a rough draught (*e.g.* v. 82-90, vi. 58-66). Ornamental passages are repeated in different places, sometimes entire, sometimes with omissions and insignificant alterations. There are additions, often of over a hundred lines (*e.g.* v. 110), which unmistakably interrupt the connection, though they make the treatment of the subject more complete. Besides all this, there is a large crop of interpolations, ancient and modern (*e.g.* i. 40-49, iii. 806-18); some of which long held their ground, because they were so like Lucretius' own in their manner of insertion. The additions of course are intelligible enough; the repetitions of the ornamental passages show that they too are afterthoughts, and it would not be strange if poetical imagination was the last power to develop in Lucretius, as it was the last to develop in Dryden and Burke. These repetitions are a proof that his memory was weak; which is what might have been expected, considering that he has no sense of the continuity of the inward life. In the fifth book we have an extreme instance of the author's infirmity: he proceeds to prove the possibility of a new moon coming into existence every month, as if he had not proved the possibility of a new sun coming into existence every morning, by very much the same arguments, some seventy lines before. Even in the third book, the insertions do not fit their places, though they help the argument and do not disturb its framework, or mar the impressiveness of the sustained glow of passion and sarcasm which Lucretius pours upon the natural clinging to life to prove that it is condemned by nature.

The six books on the Nature of Things deserve more attention than they have always received, as a very fresh, vigorous, and earnest contribution to the formation of opinion; it is quite as able, as interesting, and as telling, as many of the great books of the eighteenth century, which eighteen hundred years hence are likely to seem as preposterously incompatible with true knowledge as Lucretius seems now. The analogy is not exact: as a thinker Lucretius ranks with men like Vico rather than with men like Rousseau or Montesquieu; he gathers up much of the thought of the past, he anticipates much of the thought of the future, but he is not a leader or director of the thought of his own times. The only trace of his intellectual influence is the reaction from it in Vergil, who sets himself persistently to idealise all the laborious side of civilisation, which Lucretius systematically depreciates. As a poet too he has had more fame than influence. He was praised and read, but not imitated as Vergil was; his thoughts and phrases did not pass current with posterity as Horace's did. Manilius affected a few of his mannerisms; Vergil studied him as he did all his predecessors, but he imitated Ennius far more closely.

Passing from Ennius and Lucilius to Lucretius, we feel that he marks an epoch in versification. His lines have a power and a flow which those of his predecessors have not; perhaps we ought to take account of his having read Empedocles as well as Homer, for the movement of his lines is certainly more Greek than that of his elder contemporary Cicero, or his younger contemporary Catullus. When we compare him with them, we see that his metrical achievement, such as it is, lies off the path that led to Vergil. He is far from acquiescing in the principle which Cicero had clearly grasped, and probably discovered that the appropriate ending for a Latin hexameter is either a disyllable or a trisyllable. Catullus, with some refinements which shall be pointed out in their place, accepts the rule of Cicero. But Lucretius seems to be fond of polysyllabic endings for their own sake: such lines as:—

Quæ mare navigerum, quæ terras frugiferenteis . . .
In gremium matris terrai præcipitavit

are as deliberately introduced for effect as lines like

Funera Cecropia nefunera portarentur.

The termination of the fourth foot with a word is common in Cicero and Catullus, and is probably as much a matter of necessity as of choice; for to link the whole six feet into one rhythm was beyond the power of poets who had the tact to shun crudities like

*Pendent peniculata unum ad quemque pedum
Pluma atque amfitapæ et si aliud quid deliciarum.*

Lucetius' predilection for sonorous endings makes him end the fourth foot with a word rather oftener than his contemporaries. Like them, when he has a disyllable and a monosyllable to place after the cæsura in the third foot, he generally places the monosyllable first, while after Vergil the order is the other way. The metrical order in both seems to coincide more or less with the rhetorical; it would disturb the flow of the older poet to write 'terras frugiferentis;' to write

Arma virumque cano qui Trojæ primus ab oris

and cripple the eloquence of the younger: as it is, 'Trojæ' is too emphatic to be kept back.

Other metrical peculiarities of Lucetius, like his beginning the third foot with a word, and constructing the third and fourth feet upon the pattern which Vergil reserves for the fifth and sixth, are as likely to be due to the pressure of matter as to a perverse taste for archaism.

CATULLUS.

Catullus is in some ways the most enigmatical of the great poets. For one thing, we know very little of the order of his works; he brought out his works himself in one volume, in an entirely arbitrary arrangement. He put the lyrics first, the poems in the middle, and the epigrams in elegiacs at the end.

Vorländer has collected instances where a poem on a recent subject is inserted to give the reader a change. This is evoking, because the order of the poems, if we knew it, would throw light upon the meaning. Catullus is full of abrupt

and violent changes of feeling, and their depth and sincerity are only to be measured by their durability. How often did he quarrel with Lesbia, and make it up again? how often with Furius and Aurelius? how much did he mean by his attacks on Mamurra and Cæsar? Is the smooth and monotonous epithalamium of Peleus and Thetis one of his earliest works or one of his latest? Is its disproportion to be explained by saying that the Ariadne episode was finished separately after the poet had read Lucretius?

Again, the dates of his birth and death are uncertain. There is a tradition that he died at the age of thirty, and the last events that he unmistakably mentions are the second Consulship of Pompeius, B.C. 55, and Cæsar's first invasion of Britain, B.C. 55-54. The accepted chronology of Catullus' poems assumes that he died soon after, and unless his final quarrel with Lesbia left him in the condition of a more or less extinct volcano, it is strange that, if he lived to see Vatinius consul in 48-47, he should not allude to any public event in the seven years between. On the other hand, Catullus thought it a duty to die, because Vatinius swore falsely by his consulship; and though he might have begun to clench his lies, 'as sure as I shall be Consul,' when first put down for promotion, honest people were perfectly free to find him ridiculous, till he was actually consul. There would be more point in calling Cæsar 'Romulus' after he received the formal title of father of his country. It is a less weighty argument that Catullus might have yielded to Cæsar with a better grace, when Cæsar was master of the world. If Cæsar cared to dine with a man who he thought had branded his name for ever by his lampoons at any time before he crossed the Rubicon, his object must have been to gain him: after Pharsalia, the same act could only have been a seal of pardon.

Catullus' place in literature is harder to determine than his place in chronology: he seems to have no precursors, and hardly any successors. All the poetry that can be said in any sense to belong to his school is included in the narrow circle of the appendix to Vergil. There is no sign of hendecasyllabic verse earlier than his in Latin, except a couple that are attributed

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for elaborate treatment, until the fashion set by Callimachus and his school. Hitherto Roman literature had lived upon Greek works, which, like those of Euripides and Menander, were deeply rooted in real life. The time had come for it to go further and fare worse. Catullus' pet abomination was a certain honest Taminus Geminus, a continuator or rival of Ennius, whose 'Annals' were popular at the day. His own ideal is the compact, studied, memorable poem of his friend Cinna, which took nine years of labour, and was so full of learning that it required a highly trained grammarian to understand it, and earned a reputation high enough to discourage the modesty of Vergil. Neither Catullus nor Vergil was shocked by the subject—the passion of a daughter for her father; indeed its morbid intensity commended itself to a school in search of new legends and strong emotions.

Catullus himself is the one great master of a certain kind of passion in Latin literature. There are many poets who had understood the passion of a woman for a man, and in this Catullus does not come short; his forsaken Ariadne may face a comparison with Vergil's forsaken Dido, for after all it was written first. But Catullus is the first poet to conceive a man's passion for a woman, and Propertius, his only successor, comes very far short of him. It is true that his passion is a little egoistic and brutal, and it proves what a new phenomenon it was, that it has no appropriate language of its own; when he wishes to reproach his mistress with the depth of the affection she has slighted, he can only say that he loved her, not as common men love women, but as a father loves his sons and sons-in-law. The explanation of this strange phrase may be found in another poem, where Catullus assures his mistress that the result of her faithlessness is, that he loves her more than ever, but that he bears her less goodwill. It was this element of goodwill which impressed him by its novelty; he was familiar with the idea of men's desire for women, and the resulting readiness to humour a woman's caprice; but the feeling which makes a man wish well to his mistress for her own sake was something quite unheard of: not unnaturally, as manners did not allow any virtuous maiden so much intercourse with young

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CATULLUS.

Catullus is in some ways the most enigmatical of the great poets. For one thing, we know very little of the order of his poems; he brought out his works himself in one volume, in an entirely arbitrary arrangement. He put the lyrics first, the long poems in the middle, and the epigrams in elegiacs at the end. Vorländer has collected instances where a poem on a different subject is inserted to give the reader a change. This is provoking, because the order of the poems, if we knew it, could throw light upon the meaning. Catullus is full of abrupt

cities of Asia, and his mind quivers beforehand with the yearning to roam. When he is back in Rome, he is equally gay; he rallies one friend on the secrecy in which he shrouds his love-affairs, li. (liii.), he tells the story of his misadventure with the pert mistress of another, who would not let him brag in peace of Cinna's well-mounted litter, x.; he commemorates the pure happy love of Septimius and Acme without the least *arrière pensée* of bitterness. There is only bitterness enough to be piquant, in the brutal poems to a second mistress, xl. (xlii.), married like Lesbia, and like her in possession of much of Catullus' writing, or in the farcical poem, xvii., in which he invites the 'colony' to duck an old gentleman, who got on badly with his young wife. The most perfect probably of the longer poems is the 'Epithalamium' of Mallius: it is remarkable for a curious union of gaiety, tenderness, and enthusiasm. The poet has much to say that it would be enviable and natural if attainable to say now, and he has almost as much to say that a modern writer of the coarsest fibre would have felt himself forced to refuse. The sentiment, we might say, is almost exclusively the sentiment of the situation; the bridegroom is, for the moment, in love almost up to the standard of Mr. Coventry Patmore, and his antecedents are discussed with a cynicism which outdoes M. Dumas *fils*. The impatience of the spectators, who do not care to be kept waiting for the successive stages of the show, gets full play, and there is plenty of good-humoured banter upon everything in its turn; from the expectation of the bridesmaids, whose own day will come, to the final recommendation to the new spouses to keep up an old family. Throughout the whole is full of caressing diminutives, and there is a sort of eagerness—we cannot call it hurry—pervading the metre, which moves much more swiftly than in Horace, although Horace never dallies with his ideas as Catullus does. The praise of Hymen, for instance, with which the poem opens, tell us nothing but the most commonplace advantages of marriage, and stanza after stanza the poet bursts out with the question—Since these all come by the grace of this god, who can dare to liken himself to him?—an extreme and rare instance in Roman literature of the tendency of worshippers who have a choice

several objects of worship to set the one they select above all others while they are worshipping it.

The whole poem is full of pictures like the bride in her bower, shining as brightly as the white pellitory, or glowing as the yellow poppy, and the light of warm, tender desire through which they are seen doubles their charm. In his other *Epithalamium*, Catullus, who is probably translating or imitating a Greek work, takes matters still more simply; there is nothing of the Roman ritual of marriage, little of its social purpose: everything turns on the bare conflict of sentiment between the chorus of youths and maidens who dispute over the bride. The maidens hold that when a maiden marries she is like a plucked flower that droops and is trodden under foot: the youths, that a maiden unwed is like the vine trailing along the ground untended of swain and steer, while a maiden wedded is like the same vine trained to fruitfulness upon the stately elm.

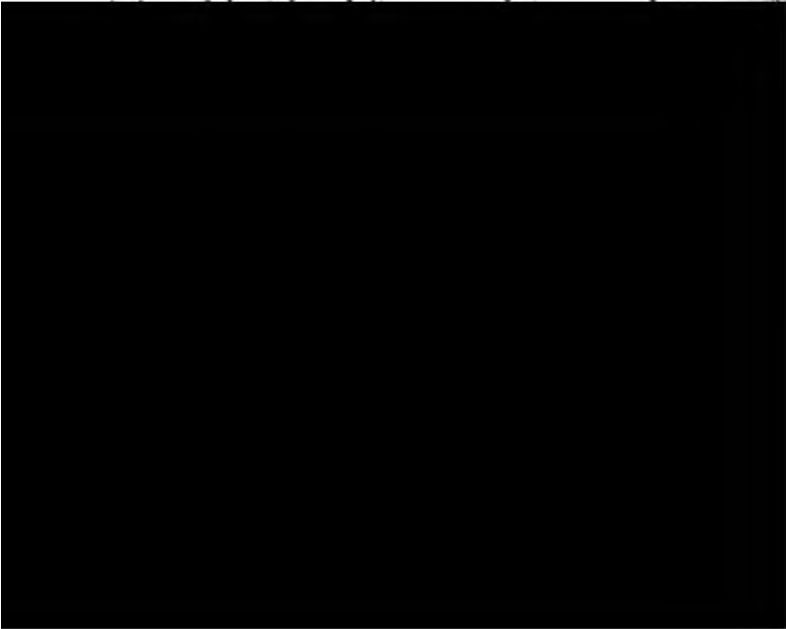
The poem on the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis is the longest work of Catullus: it is a little over four hundred lines, much longer than any of the mythological idylls of Theocritus or Moschus, for one reason because it is the only attempt of its author in that kind. It is divided into two nearly equal parts, the main story and the episode of Ariadne, which is introduced because it was represented upon the coverlet on the marriage bed; just as in Moschus the casket of Europa is adorned with the story of Io: only Moschus, though by no means so great a poet as Catullus, has a sense of proportion, and remembers that Europa is his subject and not Io. It is possible that if Catullus was following a Greek original he amplified it for the benefit of a public that knew very little of Theseus and less of Ariadne. But of two hundred and seventeen lines that are devoted to the coverlet, a hundred and eighty could quite well be spared by a reader who had the information which is contained in any dictionary of mythology. No part of the description of the coverlet would have to be omitted, and we should pass at once from the picture of the desolation of Ariadne to the picture of the jollity of her divine wooer, with his train of Bacchanals. The part which would have to be omitted is full, however, of splendid poetry; in fact, it has more movement and connection than the

main poem, where one picture succeeds another without growing out of it. The opening passage about the Argo is irrelevant, or at least superfluous, and leads to nothing except anachronisms; for we cannot suppose that Thetis fell in love with Peleus when he sailed in Argo, the first ship that ever sailed the sea, and that the marriage was postponed till Minos had established a maritime empire, and his vengeance for his son and the death of Ægeus and the perfidy of Theseus were an old familiar tale. Besides, how are we to believe that people came from all Thessaly and Scyros to Pharsalus, only to go away again before the arrival of the gods, who alone are worthy to sit down at the marriage supper and hear the song of fate? Even when the gods arrive, Chiron and Perseus and Prometheus seem more important to the author than the Olympians. The protest against impiety is spirited, and might perhaps be taken as a reply to the Epicureanism of Lucretius. According to Lucretius, the blessed nature of the gods would be contaminated by any interest in human affairs. According to Catullus, it is only human guilt which shuts men out from the familiar intercourse with heaven enjoyed in days of old. The poet looks back with longing and regret to the times of the heroes, upon whom he promises to call often in his song, although the promise remained unfulfilled. The song of the Fates is solemn and dignified, but very inferior to the lament of Ariadne, which refers to the long quarrel of the sexes, treated more lightly in the second Epithalamium. Catullus had much experience of the quarrel, and probably Lesbia, when their passion had reached the stormy stage, took care that he should hear the woman's side of the matter. Theseus is perfidious much rather than ungrateful: Ariadne does not reproach him with having been saved by her, but with having broken his promise, or rather his solemn oath to marry her. It is his perjury which brings down the curse upon him: he forgot Ariadne, and therefore Jove ordered that he should forget the token his father had appointed, if he prospered in his errand; and so his father, thinking his son had perished, threw himself into the sea. Love, who brought the trouble upon her, is still a holy child, who mingles care with joy for men.

to Nævius. What is more, we know of no great Greek writer whose hendecasyllabics were celebrated, though Sappho wrote in them. Again, there was no great Greek poem in galliam-bics, which is certainly the right name for the metre of the 'Attis,' though Greek metrists are inclined rather to treat it as a variant of the *Ionicus a minore*. In all this Catullus is much more original than Horace, who formed himself as a lyric poet on Alcæus and Sappho, with a distant imitation of Pindar. Like Horace, too, he stands apart from the literary movement of his day: the movement towards assimilating Alexandrine literature was begun, and in full force, and he is perceptibly aware of it, and interested in it, and yet outside it. He translates the 'Coma Berenices' for Hortalus, he translates later some other works which have not reached us, and sends them as a peace-offering to Gellius. He translates or imitates the idyll of enchantments from Theocritus, who also supplies the model of an epithalamium—which, unlike the other, has reached us. Catullus even composes a very complete and musical miniature epic or heroic idyll—of the orthodox Alexandrine pattern, on the marriage of Peleus and Thetis. But none of these belong to his most characteristic work: none appeal to the inner circle of admirers, who are the best judges of a poet. There is no Alexandrian precedent for the hendecasyllabics or iambics, for the poems to Lesbia, or the Roman 'Epithalamium,' or the 'Attis.' One might almost say that his attitude to Alexandrinism was like the attitude of Byron and De Musset to the phases of Romanticism with which they were contemporary. All these, without surrendering themselves to the movement of their time, or really sympathising with it, were enlarged and emancipated by it. Alexandrinism was unlike Romanticism in many ways, and not least in this, that it laid too much stress upon form and plan rather than too little; but it was like it in two very important points, it was disinterested, and it was learned; it paraded the separation between art and life, and it carried its curious pursuit of the beautiful into the strangest and remotest regions. The 'Attis' is a poem no Alexandrine could have written, but the legend it turns upon is a legend which would not have been thought fit

for elaborate treatment, until the fashion set by Callimachus and his school. Hitherto Roman literature had lived upon Greek works, which, like those of Euripides and Menander, were deeply rooted in real life. The time had come for it to go further and fare worse. Catullus' pet abomination was a certain honest Taminus Geminus, a continuator or rival of Ennius, whose 'Annals' were popular at the day. His own ideal is the compact, studied, memorable poem of his friend Cinna, which took nine years of labour, and was so full of learning that it required a highly trained grammarian to understand it, and earned a reputation high enough to discourage the modesty of Vergil. Neither Catullus nor Vergil was shocked by the subject—the passion of a daughter for her father; indeed its morbid intensity commended itself to a school in search of new legends and strong emotions.

Catullus himself is the one great master of a certain kind of passion in Latin literature. There are many poets who have understood the passion of a woman for a man, and in this Catullus does not come short; his forsaken Ariadne may face a comparison with Vergil's forsaken Dido, for after all it was written first. But Catullus is the first poet to conceive a man's passion for a woman, and Propertius, his only successor, comes very far short of him. It is true that his passion is a little



of the panting horses of the east.' The words are all simple and natural, and the metaphor is at once delicate and true, where Catullus is forced, quaint, and, if suggestive, boisterous. Quaintness Catullus would hardly have thought a reproach; he was disgusted with the notion of what was common or homespun or commonplace: his favourite word of praise is 'Venustus'—full of the charm of Venus; and it is curious to find that he thinks it applicable to an unfinished poem of a friend's upon Cybele, a subject which might be thought to demand sublime, or picturesque, or romantic treatment rather than an exquisitely pretty one. When he wishes to give praise not quite so high he speaks of what is 'lepidus,' or 'bellus,' or 'facetus': 'bellus' is exactly 'pretty,' 'lepidus' is 'elegant,' with an added suggestion of kindly pleasantness, 'facetus' wavers between 'clever' and 'amusing.'

His own hexameters in the longer and more elaborate poem suffer from over-finish: the separate lines are happy and skilful—more skilful than any separate lines which had been written in Latin before: there is a curiosity in varying the construction and cadence, and an ingenious appreciation of the advantages of weak cæsuras. Even the mannerism of ending lines with a double spondee is probably suggested by the observation that when some pains were taken with the cæsuras in the early parts of the line, and the verse was carefully ended with a disyllable or trisyllable, the fourth foot was apt to end with a word and to be a spondee. After lines like—

Pars e divolso jactabant membra juvenco

lines like—

Pars sese tortis serpentibus incingebant

were a welcome relief. In the 'Epithalamium' there are no spondaic lines, but Catullus is carefully on his guard against ending the fourth foot, which is still almost always a spondee, with a word except a monosyllable. The structure of the poem, short stanzas divided by the hymeneal refrain, excludes the more serious fault of the poem on Peleus and Thetis—a want of continuous movement, and the too obvious effort to gain effect by an accumulation of parallel details.

in vain, and he expects the gods, whose name he invokes, to take his part and deliver him from the perjured woman. This stage was only reached first when he detected her escapades, he tried to win her back, but she was not to be won. He was not many and that she was ashamed of them. He thought it was any shame to himself, when he was in Verona that any gentleman who pleased might win her at Rome. True, her infidelity made the poems and the distracting poems in which he analyses her no charm but their sincerity, and the unexhausted that made him ready to be reconciled when she renewed her professions of regard. To the last reproaches in the poems addressed to her, the poems to her with asperity that passes more and more into bitterness. The immortal poems on the sparrows seem to belong to the early days of fanciful infatuation, and dies away into something better or something more. The lovers have had time to become intimate with

According to most commentators, the affair was before 60 B.C.; according to Professor Munro, Catullus went to Bithynia three years later. The quarrel with Mamurra rather far back, as it is a grievance that his Provincial¹ or Provençal ventured to compete with Lesbia at Rome. The quarrel when Mamurra came back with the fortune to

fact. At Athens the duty of the magistrate was purely ministerial: the whole merits of the case, whether of fact or law, came before the jury; and the jury was a body to be counted by hundreds, a large committee of the sovereign assembly. At Rome the question of fact was often referred to a single *judex*; and when the court was largest it was counted by scores. But the court was never the whole of the audience; generally it was the smallest part. Besides the parties and their friends, there were the loungers in the market-place, who gathered round any knot engaged in an interesting or amusing dispute. The larger the ring of such idlers any speaker could draw and hold, the greater his success: knowledge of the law, station, tact, and the like might win the verdict of the judge, but eloquence only could interest an audience; and success gained by eloquence was much more important to the orator than a success gained in any other way. Consequently, what told upon the audience was quite as important as what told upon the court, and much told upon the audience which did not tell upon the cause. There was the same tendency to irresponsible display in political speaking: the audience was commonly a mass meeting convoked to support or oppose a particular measure; it was rare that any speaker addressed a meeting called by an opponent. The only scene of debate was the senate, and even there debate was beset by formalities: for one senator directly to reply to another was only tolerable when questions of personal dignity had been raised. As a rule, each senator gave his opinion in turn as called upon by the consul or other magistrate. In this way, men of consular rank at any rate had to speak whether they had anything to say or no; and even when the consulars had spoken, there was little chance that less dignified speakers would animate the latter part of the sitting. In the first place, they were not expected to speak at such length as the leaders, and there were a number of senators who would give a silent vote and had still to be asked for whom they would give it. Even in the senate, too, there was a great deal of vague speaking, for no senator who was not a magistrate could bring forward any subject of his own motion: he had to speak on such subjects as magistrates

chose to bring forward: if other subjects struck him as more important, his only resource was in speaking on the magistrates' motion to give his opinion that they should be instructed to bring his own question before the senate on a future day. Even this, though permissible, was reckoned irregular, like the practice of personal altercation.

CICERO'S PREDECESSORS.

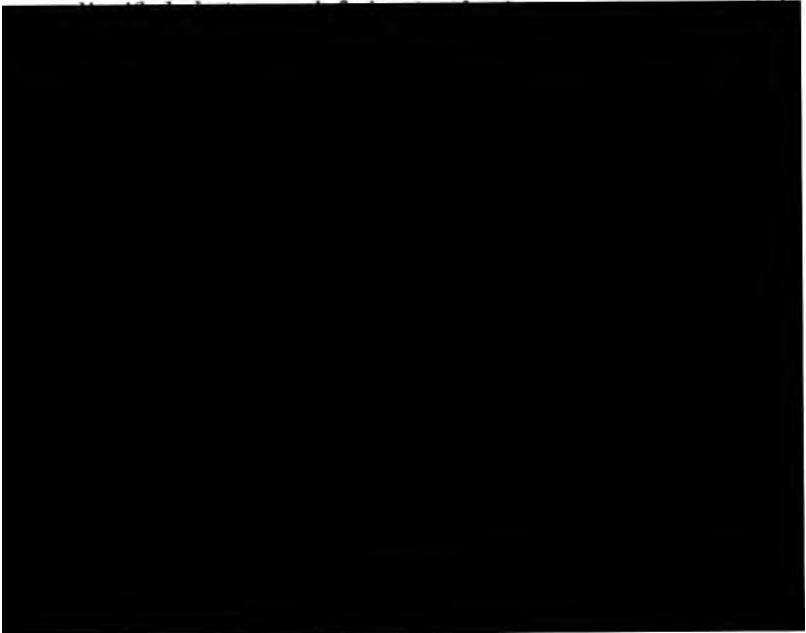
The records of Roman eloquence went far back. Cicero had read the speech of Appius Cæcus which decided the senate against treating with Pyrrhus, and he had read funeral orations older than the days of Cato. He did not admire either: he disliked the funeral orations, which were kept as the authorities and patterns for similar exercises in his own day, whereby history was increasingly corrupted. He was willing to believe that Appius must have been eloquent, since till he spoke the senate had been inclined to treat. He pays capricious compliments to the hypothetical eloquence of Fabricius, sent to induce Pyrrhus to restore his prisoners; of Tiberius Coruncanius, whose wisdom was proved by the Commentaries of the Pontiffs; and of M'. Curius, who overruled the illegal intention of Appius Cæcus to create two patrician consuls. There were other speakers who had a name for having carried measures or exercised influence. But the first speaker whose reputation was intelligible was M. Cornelius Cathagus, consul 203 B.C.; and his eloquence, which Cicero only knew by the report of Ennius, was chiefly an affair of voice and manner. His contemporaries called him the 'fine flower of the people,' 'the marrow of persuasion,' and spoke of his 'mouth of honeyed speech.' When he was consul the elder Cato was quaestor, with whom Cicero plainly feels that the history of Latin oratory really begins. There were a hundred and fifty of his speeches (unless Cicero confounded him with a grandson who left speeches in the same style) to be read in Cicero's day; and it amused Cicero to overpraise him. He compared his speeches to Lysias and his history to Thucydides and Philistus: part 13

objects of worship to set the one they select above all while they are worshipping it.

The whole poem is full of pictures like the bride in her shining as brightly as the white pellitory, or glowing as low poppy, and the light of warm, tender desire through which they are seen doubles their charm. In his other *Epigram*, Catullus, who is probably translating or imitating Greek work, takes matters still more simply; there is nothing of the Roman ritual of marriage, little of its social purpose: the poem turns on the bare conflict of sentiment between the youths and maidens who dispute over the bride. The poet holds that when a maiden marries she is like a plucked nut that droops and is trodden under foot: the youths, that a maiden unwed is like the vine trailing along the ground untended and unsteered, while a maiden wedded is like the same vine to fruitfulness upon the stately elm.

The poem on the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis is the work of Catullus: it is a little over four hundred lines, longer than any of the mythological idylls of Theocritus, but, for one reason because it is the only attempt of its kind in that kind. It is divided into two nearly equal parts, the story and the episode of Ariadne, which is introduced as it was represented upon the coverlet on the marriage of Europa as in Moschus the casket of Europa is adorned with the story of Io: only Moschus, though by no means so great a poet as Catullus, has a sense of proportion, and remembers that this is his subject and not Io. It is possible that if Catullus, following a Greek original he amplified it for the benefit of his countrymen that knew very little of Theseus and less of Ariadne. Two hundred and seventeen lines that are devoted to the story, a hundred and eighty could quite well be spared by a poet who had the information which is contained in any dictionary of mythology. No part of the description of the coverlet has to be omitted, and we should pass at once from the story of the desolation of Ariadne to the picture of the jolly Cretan wine wooer, with his train of Bacchanals. The part which would have to be omitted is full, however, of splendid imagery. In fact, it has more movement and connection than the


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a Roman governor *en route*: if he was to have any control at all, he must be able to inflict summary punishment, and it was hard for him to dispense with the convenient fiction that he was at the head of an army able to deal with whomsoever he met under martial law.

Among his own contemporaries Cato's fame for eloquence did not stand high: he was an able man, whose perseverance, firmness, and bitterness made his speeches worth listening to, while his vanity secured their preservation. Other speakers had more weight and gave more pleasure. C. Lælius, the friend of the younger Africanus, was supposed to be the wisest statesman of his day, and his freedom from personal ambition and passion, and his readiness to take the second place, gave him a higher reputation than a more active politician could win. His 'mild wisdom' was long proverbial: he was supposed to be the only man able to influence his friend, who without wishing to override the constitution habitually set himself above it. Consequently, Lælius was asked to speak in all important cases, and took pains with his speeches, which had the merit of perfect purity of language, though that was less remarkable then than in later days. His speeches read well in their day, because he took as much pains in preparing them for publication as for delivery in the forum. The charm of his speeches was a kind of religious unction; nothing, says Cicero, could be sweeter, nothing holier. We have a specimen in the magnificent panegyric on his dead friend which he wrote for Tubero, and which was imitated by Q. Fabius Æmilianus. 'Needs must be,' said Lælius, 'that the empire of the whole earth should be where that man was: wherefore neither such great thanks can be paid to the immortal gods as ought to be paid that he, with such a mind and such a spirit, was born in this city out of all others, nor yet such moan and lament be made as ought to be made since he died of that disease, and was taken away in that same season, when to you and all others who would have this commonwealth safe there was most need of his life, ye men of Rome.' Cicero had trained himself to feel strongly about a speech on the sacred ceremonies of Rome, in which it was set forth what delight the gods took in wooden

Even here the splendid epithets of the doe and the wild boar belong to Catullus rather than to Attis; and when we hear in the next line that the cry of Attis came from 'rosy liplets,' it is clear that the legend is being treated as Perugino treated the martyrdom of St. Sebastian—with a dainty curiosity not far removed from cruelty. The whole poem belongs to a very simple period of art, and so at first seems to be purely natural; but within its limits it is elaborately—over-elaborately—finished. All the primitive ornaments of alliteration and euphony are lavishly employed, and there are signs of affectation: the cry of Attis rises to the 'twin ears' of the gods; Cybele, when she looses one of her lions to scare her wavering votary back to his duty, bids him 'beat his back with his tail,' which is simple enough, and to 'bear his own blows,' which is a conceit. The lion himself is the 'left-hand foe of cattle'; he 'calls upon himself in his fury, his spirit is stirred to speed; he goes, he roars, he bursts the brushwood with uncontrolled tread. But when he came to the moist region of the whitening shore, and saw tender Attis beside the flashing levels of the main, he made his charge: and Attis fled crazy into the wild woods.' The whole poem is short, only ninety-three lines, and five of these are given to saying 'when the sun rose Attis woke'—'When the sun, with the radiant eyes of his golden counten-



that the Roman people might deal with him as they pleased, he only trusted that they would have mercy upon his children and the orphan son of Gallus : he brought the children into court—a Greek practice that he was the first to introduce at Rome—and their tears mingled with his, and quenched the flame of popular indignation. Cicero tells us himself that his power lay in his natural dolorousness, he always felt his own case or his clients as a grievance, and the feeling was always contagious. He had the power of working himself into a passion in cold blood, as is shewn in a story which Cicero tells on the authority of P. Rutilius Rufus. The farmers of the state pitchworks in the forest of Sila were accused of allowing their slaves to commit murders upon respectable people. The case against them was strong, for Lælius, who spoke twice in their defence, taking especial pains, could obtain nothing better than repeated adjournments. After the second he suggested that they should put the case into Galba's hands. Galba had only a clear day to prepare himself, and shut himself up in a vaulted chamber with some slaves that could read and write till the morning of the third day, and did not leave till he heard the consuls had come into court. In his excitement he had thrashed all the slaves to whom he had dictated his notes. He came out with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, as if he had been delivering a speech instead of preparing it. The speech was delivered amid continual applause. He complained so copiously of the hardship of keeping respectable men with such a charge hanging over them on mere suspicion, that the court forgot how unconvincing they had found Lælius' sober and elaborate argument that the suspicion did not amount to legal certainty. Neither this speech nor any of Galba's read well : they were old-fashioned compared not only with Lælius and Scipio but with Cato. A verbatim report of them would have been disappointing, they owed so much to the voice and feeling of the orator ; and he did not take any pains when they were delivered to prepare them for publication : he had not yet reached the artistic fastidiousness of the age of Cicero, when every orator who took himself seriously thought that to work up a successful speech after delivery was the best way to improve

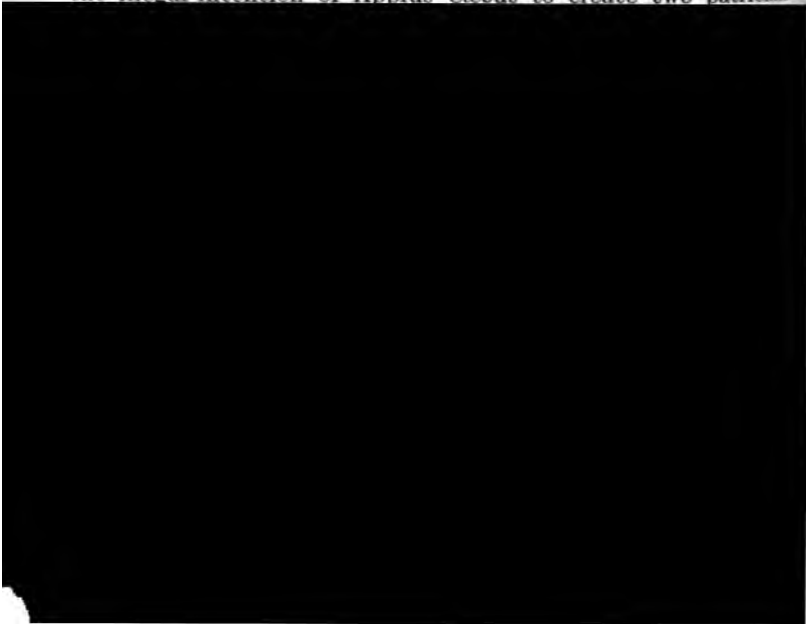
himself. The only other contemporary of Galba who had any real reputation as an orator was M. Æmilius Lepidus Porcina. He was a little younger than Galba, and in his own day passed for a first-rate speaker, and in Cicero's judgment his speeches proved him a really good writer. He was the first Latin who had a sense of the easy flow of Greek and the value of a good arrangement of words: he wrote as if it were a fine art. It is a description of superficial graces: Galba's innovations had been more substantial, though equally artificial. Publius Crassus was apparently the best speaker of those whose reputation was due to their knowledge of law and their station and influence; he had married his son to Galba's daughter, and studied law with the famous Pontiff Scaevola. A certain Gaius Fannius, consul 122 B.C., left a famous speech against the measures of the younger Gracchus. It was the best speech of the day which Cicero had read: it was the manifesto of the aristocracy, who, though they sometimes chose to represent themselves as champions of the Latin allies, affected to fear that if the Latins were enfranchised they would leave no room for the Romans at Rome. But Cicero makes a very lame reply to the suspicion of Atticus that the written speech was the work of C. Persius, who utilised all the suggestions of the nobility. Fannius himself was a tolerable speaker, and doubtless delivered an effective speech, which when delivered owed nothing to the help of Persius. Fannius belonged to an older generation than even the elder Gracchus, who, like C. Carbo, had studied under Porcina. Carbo, according to Cicero, was the great orator of his day: he praises both him and Tiberius Gracchus for their prudence and ingenuity and acuteness, while neither seems to have had any aptitude for purely literary display: which Cicero excuses in the case of Tiberius Gracchus on the ground that he was cut off before he reached his prime. Carbo lived long enough to give his measure; he was the king of the courts, in spite of his want of political steadfastness. He was fluent and voluble, and had a good voice; he was sharp enough (this may be taken in connection with his want of political earnestness, for he only took up the democratic cause for popularity and had abundant energy, and withal knew how to keep

fact. At Athens the duty of the magistrate was purely ministerial: the whole merits of the case, whether of fact or law, came before the jury; and the jury was a body to be counted by hundreds, a large committee of the sovereign assembly. At Rome the question of fact was often referred to a single *judex*; and when the court was largest it was counted by scores. But the court was never the whole of the audience; generally it was the smallest part. Besides the parties and their friends, there were the loungers in the market-place, who gathered round any knot engaged in an interesting or amusing dispute. The larger the ring of such idlers any speaker could draw and hold, the greater his success: knowledge of the law, station, tact, and the like might win the verdict of the judge, but eloquence only could interest an audience; and success gained by eloquence was much more important to the orator than a success gained in any other way. Consequently, what told upon the audience was quite as important as what told upon the court, and much told upon the audience which did not tell upon the cause. There was the same tendency to irresponsible display in political speaking: the audience was commonly a mass meeting convoked to support or oppose a particular measure; it was rare that any speaker addressed a meeting called by an opponent. The only scene of debate was the senate, and even there debate was beset by formalities: for one senator directly to reply to another was only tolerable when questions of personal dignity had been raised. As a rule, each senator gave his opinion in turn as called upon by the consul or other magistrate. In this way, men of consular rank at any rate had to speak whether they had anything to say or no; and even when the consulars had spoken, there was little chance that less dignified speakers would animate the latter part of the sitting. In the first place, they were not expected to speak at such length as the leaders, and there were a number of senators who would give a silent vote and had still to be asked for whom they would give it. Even in the senate, too, there was a great deal of vague speaking, for no senator who was not a magistrate could bring forward any subject of his own motion: he had to speak on such subjects as magistrates

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The records of Roman eloquence went far back. Cicero had read the speech of Appius Cæcus which decided the senate against treating with Pyrrhus, and he had read funeral orations older than the days of Cato. He did not admire either : he disliked the funeral orations, which were kept as the authorities and patterns for similar exercises in his own day, whereby history was increasingly corrupted. He was willing to believe that Appius must have been eloquent, since till he spoke the senate had been inclined to treat. He pays capricious compliments to the hypothetical eloquence of Fabricius, sent to induce Pyrrhus to restore his prisoners ; of Tiberius Coruncanius, whose wisdom was proved by the Commentaries of the Pontiffs ; and of M'. Curius, who overruled the illegal intention of Appius Cæcus to create two patrician




fiction: all he cared for in the way of artifice was to coin aphorisms which would stick in the memory. We have very few quotations from his speeches, and if we had many it would be impossible to judge of such a speaker by quotations. His speeches told by a fulness both of facts and of feeling which left no room for rhetoric. One or two phrases are full of passion, like the appeal¹ to the Roman people to rouse themselves if they cared for him or for his sacrifices, and his brother's.

¹ 'Si vellem apud vos verba facere et a vobis postulare cum genere summoortus essem, et cum fratrem propter vos amissem, nec quisquam de P. Africani et Tiberii Gracchi familia nisi ego et puer restarem, ut pateremini hoc tempore me quiescere ne a stirpe genus nostrum intereat et uti aliqua propago generis nostri reliqua esset haud scio an lubentibus a vobis impetrassem.' He could count on some regard for his sacrifices, if he had asked for leave to save himself; he doubted whether they weighed enough with the Romans to carry his laws about the corn distribution and revenue-farming and the courts of justice. Even more celebrated was the outburst—'Quo me miser conferam? quo vertam? in Capitoliumne? at fratris sanguine redundat: An domum? ad matremne? ut miseram lamentantem videam et abjectam.' Cicero thought so highly of these passages as to imitate both. The imitation of the first comes in the speech for Publius Sulla, acquitted on a charge of complicity with Catilina, which rested on no other ground than that he had stood for the consulship with Autronius, one of the conspirators, and, like him, was condemned for undue influence at the election. The imitations are instructive, for they show in what ways Cicero thought he could improve upon Gracchus. The prosecutor had chosen to assume that Cicero was making himself a king in Rome, and choosing at his will whom to protect and whom to destroy; so Cicero retorts that instead of taking well-earned repose he went on facing the dangers and duties of public life: so that a new turn is given to his claim to ease, or rather a new inference is drawn from it. 'Ego, tantis a me beneficiis in republica positus, si nullum aliud mihi premium ab senatu populoque Romano nisi honestum otium postularem, quis non concederet? Sibi haberent honores, sibi imperia, sibi provincias, sibi triumphos, sibi alia preclare laudis insignia, mihi liceret ejus urbis, quam conservassem, conspectu, tranquillo animo et quieto frui. Quid? si hoc non postulo; si ille labor meus pristinus, si sollicitudo, si officia, si opera, si vigiliæ deserviunt amicis, præsto sunt omnibus; si neque amici in foro requirunt studium meum neque respublica in curia; si me non modo rerum gestarum vacatio, sed neque honoris, neque ætatis excusatio vindicat a labore; si voluntas mea, si industria, si domus, si animus, si aures patent omnibus: si mihi ne ad ea quidem, quæ pro salute omnium gessi, recordanda et cogitanda quidquam relinquatur temporis: tamen hoc regnum appellabitur cujus vicarius qui velit esse inveniri nemo potest?' *Pro P. Sulla*, ix. 26. How connected and vigorous and varied this is compared with Gracchus! how much fuller, how much richer, for not a single detail is thrown away—each adds a new trait to the picture. Only Gracchus is thoroughly in earnest—his tragic words correspond to a tragic situation. It is the same in the *Pro Murena*, x. 41: 'Si

himself was prosecuted under the law of Varius, he actually was seen to bend before his judges till one knee touched the ground. This was the more remarkable because he had boasted in his defence of Norbanus that he was only in the habit of resorting to supplication on behalf of his friends. Apparently Cicero thought the speech on behalf of Norbanus his best, for in his dialogue upon oratory he makes Antonius give a very complimentary sketch of it, dwelling especially on his boldness in pressing home to the court how much Rome had been indebted in the past to politicians who could be called seditious. Though Antonius never wrote his own speeches, there was enough curiosity about them for some notes to be taken at the time, which, with the help of Cicero, kept a critical tradition about him alive as late as the third century.

Crassus had more vanity: he wrote down for the benefit of posterity the most successful passages in his speeches. He was a much more leisurely speaker: he was not ready to take up every case that was brought him like Antonius: he repented heartily of having been induced to prosecute Carbo. He took care never to have to defend himself, and he refused to defend Servilius, whose law he had advocated. Instead, he chose to be a witness for the defence: and in that capacity he made a serious speech, denouncing the prosecutor, and describing the



public till he was thirty, and that in his own defence; while Crassus made his first speech against Carbo, who had deserted the popular cause without gaining the confidence of the nobility, though he had gone so far as to defend Opimius. Six years after, Antonius had the opportunity of accusing another Carbo, the unfortunate opponent of the Cimbri: three years later still they came into collision. Crassus had to defend Servilius, who was prosecuted for having been defeated by the Cimbri, because he had proposed a law to restore the control of the courts to the senate. The prosecutor C. Norbanus was himself accused of lowering the majesty of the state, by raking up forgotten scandals: on this occasion Antonius defended him. But neither was a serious politician, and both respected the authority of the senate. Their object was to prove their own consequence in the courts, to make as many friends as possible, and to prove, if they pleased, that they could be formidable enemies. As the law-courts were the highest field of eloquence at Rome, and Antonius the greatest Roman advocate, he had to be the Roman Demosthenes, though Cicero was quite aware of his inferiority in all the imaginative and intellectual part of oratory. He wrote nothing: even his Latinity was questionable—at least his vocabulary was not choice: as he always spoke extempore, he had no occasion or opportunity for rhetorical turns and developments. His praise was that he ‘thought of everything,’ caught all the points of a case at once, and conveyed to the court a vivid sense of all that told on his own side. He arranged his words and sentences with a sufficient eye to effect and emphasis; but did not care for elegance or dignity; in fact, his pursuit of rapidity made his sentences so full of short and open syllables that, in the judgment of severe critics who liked every phrase to be full and rounded, his style was hardly manly. This was corrected in delivery by his energy and enterprise: he astonished the court when defending Aquillius, who was accused of peculation after his return from putting down the servile war in Sicily, by baring the breast of the veteran and showing the honourable scars which covered his body. According to ancient tradition, the court knew he was guilty, but had determined not to encourage revolutionists by condemning him. When he

himself was prosecuted under the law of Varius, he actually was seen to bend before his judges till one knee touched the ground. This was the more remarkable because he had boasted in his defence of Norbanus that he was only in the habit of descending to supplication on behalf of his friends. Apparently Cicero thought the speech on behalf of Norbanus his best, for in his dialogue upon oratory he makes Antonius give a very complacent sketch of it, dwelling especially on his boldness in pressing home to the court how much Rome had been indebted in the past to politicians who could be called seditious. Though Antonius never wrote his own speeches, there was enough curiosity about them for some notes to be taken at the time, which, with the help of Cicero, kept a critical tradition about him alive as late as the third century.

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stooped to pass under an archway. In the same speech he had told a perfectly imaginary story of how he found the walls at Terracina covered with L L L M M, and that it was explained to him they meant 'Lacerat lacertum Largi mordax Memmius.' Apparently the jest, such as it was, succeeded. Oratory was still rather rudimentary: Cicero immortalised a little bit of cross-examination which would have fallen flat at the Old Bailey. A better specimen of his skill is found in his altercation with Brutus, the son of a famous master of law, who had got through his patrimony and then taken to the trade of accuser-general. Crassus had to defend Cn. Plancus against him, and both orators were much more occupied with one another than the case. Brutus had two men to read parallel passages from Crassus' speeches on the Servilian law and the colony of Narbo which did not agree very well together: Crassus retorted by having the opening words read from each of the father's treatises on law. Each began with an allusion to one of the three estates which the father left behind him, all of which the son had sold. As he had sold his father's baths too, Crassus suggested that the only reason they were not mentioned in a fourth book was that Brutus was already too old to bathe with his father. In the same vein, when Brutus said he was 'in a sweat about nothing' (to indicate his contempt for the argument he was considering), Crassus retorted, 'And no wonder: you're just out of the baths.' In the same speech he took occasion by the passage of a funeral of an old lady of the family to apostrophise Brutus and ask what message he wished her to carry to all the illustrious dead of his house. In neither case was the audience offended by the discursiveness of the speaker. They liked to be entertained. When Scævola had argued in great detail that an heir who was to take under a will if another heir died a minor could not take at all, since the heir failing whom he was to succeed had never been born, Crassus began his reply by telling a story of a young man who was lounging by the seashore and picked up the thole-pin of an oar, and thereupon concluded to build a ship. Scævola had made as much out of as little: it would be intolerable tyranny to make every will of no effect if it was not drawn with all the techni-

There was one contemporary of Galba who had any chance of rivaling him, and that was M. Fulvius Lepidus Porcina. He was a little younger than Galba, and in his own day passed for a first-rate orator, and in Cicero's judgment his speeches were almost as good as Cicero's. He was the first Latin who introduced the use of Greek and the value of a good orator was not lost sight of, as if it were a fine art. It was a time of experimental process: Galba's innovations had not been so successful as yet, equally artificial. Publius Sulpicius was another of those whose reputation was based on their knowledge of law and their station and influence in the state. He was the son of Galba's daughter, and married the wife of the son of F. and S. Scipio. A certain Gaius Sulpicius, a friend of Lepidus, made a famous speech against the measures proposed by Lepidus. It was the best speech of the century, and it was the manifesto of the aristocracy. The aristocracy of the time seemed to see in Lepidus a man who was a danger to the state, and they feared that if the measures proposed by Lepidus were carried out, they would leave no room for the aristocracy in the state. But Lepidus makes a very lame reply to the charges against him, and the written speech was the work of Lepidus, who was not a native speaker, and doubtless delivered

all Romans outside the senate, wrote speeches on his subjects, and no doubt introduced close reminiscences of his finest passages, so that it was necessary to state a generation after that Sulpicius had not written anything that circulated in his name. Another orator of the same generation was the elder Curio, who had a great name among some for the splendour of his diction and for the purity of his Latin, which he owed to having been brought up in good society: for he had no literary training in either Latin or Greek. C. Julius Cæsar the elder was also a witty and amusing speaker, whom it was always easy to listen to. No one spoke with such agreeable good breeding, though his speeches never carried any weight. He died, like Antonius, in the massacres which followed the return of Marius.

Q. Hortensius, who was twenty-seven when this happened, had already distinguished himself as an orator, even under the rule of Cinna, when he was twenty-eight. For about sixteen years he was undisputed leader of the courts: after his consulship, 69 B.C., which followed immediately upon his abortive defence of Verres, he took less pains with his speeches, and fell off; and though when Cicero became consul six years later he felt that he had a rival against whom it was worth while to exert himself, in Cicero's judgment it was too late to recover the lost ground. Still a speech in behalf of Messalla, delivered twelve years after, the year before Hortensius' death, had a considerable success: the verbatim report of it was published, and did the author credit, though his speeches as a rule were better to hear than to read.

The criticism of Cicero seems candid as well as elaborate: the great fault of his speaking was that it wanted force and seriousness. Cotta wanted 'pomp,' Sulpicius wanted 'gentleness,' Hortensius wanted 'gravity.' His voice and presence were admirable, and his ingenuity was inexhaustible: all his gifts were of a kind to make their fullest impression in youth. He was so eager and entertaining that the audience did not notice that he was irrelevant and diffuse, especially as he corrected the effect of the diffuseness by announcing beforehand the heads under which he intended to treat of the case. This was a novelty at Rome, like another device of Hortensius.

Towards the close of a speech he used to recapitulate all that had been said on either side. With his admirable and singular memory this gave him a great advantage, as he put his own colouring on arguments, which at the time produced their effect on the court, at a time when the court had half forgotten them. Another advantage his memory gave him was, that he could reproduce exactly what he had prepared at leisure. There were two schools of Asiatic oratory at the time, one of which relied on an ingenious multiplication of general aphorisms more or less applicable to the case; another depended upon vehemence and volubility. In both Hortensius was a master: and he had the peculiar grace that his irrelevant aphorisms and his empty phrases were always beautifully rounded, because he took such an interest in his profession that he was never weary of rehearsing. He never let a day pass without speaking in the forum or declaiming at home: very often he did both. The perfection of superficial polish, the readiness in retort, the animation, the abundance of words, and what did duty for thoughts, were all fascinating to the young, especially in a young man; while the elders from the first were inclined—if we may trust Cicero—to think the display of Hortensius little better than pretentious rubbish. With all his diligence he seems at no time to have had any literary or philosophical interest: he gained verdicts by adroitness and tact of statement rather than by playing upon the feelings of the court. When Cicero was in his own judgment at his best, in the four years between the speeches against Verres and those on the Manilian law and the defence of Cluentius, there was no speaker before the public with any knowledge of law or history, any power of digression, any art of raising a particular case into the sphere of general truth. Hortensius, who had never possessed this art, after two or three years of luxury lost, first the art of rounding his phrases and picking his words, and then the power of pouring forth an endless stream of rapid speech. His ingenuity lasted better: he could always produce neat and well-framed aphorisms, but they were too ingenious for a speaker of his years, and they lost half their effect for want of being clothed in fluent, graceful language. Besides, the circumstances under which he spoke

each had sympathies and interests in the camp of his moments. Cicero, like them, is open to the charge of political versatility—to say the least, of political versatility. He has, never, an excuse which they had not: an English politician he choose between two political confederations, with a stable union and flexible traditions. This makes it natural to look of Cicero as wavering between the aristocratical and democratic parties, especially as he speaks himself of the *patres* and *populares* as dividing the public at Rome. In each delivered in the Roman forum the division was not constant, but when we take history as a whole we see that any time after the Gracchi it was inadequate as an explanation of Roman politics. In the age of Cicero there were less than five distinct forces in politics: the old nobility, shaded by several generations of high office; the mob of the plebs, who, in virtue of the legislation of the Gracchi, could not receive outdoor relief; the great banking and financial corporations, which dated from the time of Gracchus too; the *comitia* of the country towns all over Italy; the great general, great generals, of the period, who had conducted several campaigns continuously. The action of the first three admitted of being calculated: as a rule the nobility were always opposed to the mob and to the equestrian order, which as a political force was under the control of the largest and most enterprising capitalists, who of course had no sympathy with government mass meetings, which was always apt to degenerate into outright brigandage when the promoters of a particular measure obtained the temporary command of the streets and the assembly by employing gangs of hired ruffians. The notables of the country towns were uncertain in their action: some of them were affiliated to the trading corporations, others to noble families, but as a rule they stood outside the passions and interests of the capital, and gave their wishes and occasionally their effective support to whichever cause or leader was for the moment safest and most respectable. If there had been a residential qualification for voting in the assembly, so that no man could vote in a tribe who could not prove that he actually resided in the district of the tribe, the *Consensus plebis* would have been a practical political force, for each

which the latest criticism refuses to regard as the work of Plato. There can be no question in such a case whether the supreme achievement is the result of circumstances or of a personal gift, and Cicero owed more to himself and less to his surroundings than most great Latin writers. All the great orators before him, with the exception of Cato, had been men of rank and family; and the oratory of Cato, though elaborate, pretentious, and clever, was still essentially plebeian, while the oratory of Cicero is full of an ideal dignity and nobility, which surpasses the tone that rank can give, because it proceeds from an honest enthusiasm for Roman institutions as they had been and might be. One must not imagine this idealism is insincere because it is inconsistent: in the orations themselves there is a difference of tone between the 'Pro Murena' and the 'In Catilinam,' between the 'Pro Cælio' and the 'Pro Milone': between the letters in general and the orations in general the contrast is greater; it is at its height in the letters to Atticus about the affair of Catiline, where he is always ridiculing the exaggerated way in which he thought it well to speak in public of the dangers he had saved the state from, and the services he had rendered. It is a familiar observation that people who have had great experiences find it difficult when the experience is over to believe that they are the same: there is so much difference between what they thought and felt at the time and what they think and feel afterwards. In ordinary cases great experiences are rare, and the reaction after them is accomplished quietly; and it is only in looking back after some time that its whole extent can be measured. But a full, busy, exciting life like Cicero's is full of alternations of feeling, which succeed each other too rapidly for one to chasten and subdue the other; instead, the effort to secure the continuity of life has to be given up: it is necessary to live in and for the moment, and an orator has to express all that he feels while he feels it. Here, too, we have to remember that Cicero was a self-made man, without the habits of caution and reticence which are hereditary in a business-like aristocracy. One finds the same defect in Canning and Brougham, whose eloquence raised them to a leading position in two opposite camps. Both lost the confidence of their colleagues through their want of decorum,

trying to get credit with high and low, and at the same time to contribute to the real good of the state. His natural party were the Italian notables, the worthy middle class, who were politicians out of vanity and patriotism, and awarded their ineffectual approval in a manner that was generally equitable at the moment, though rather embarrassing in the long-run, because they had no means of controlling their idols, and therefore felt no obligation to support any one in particular consistently. They were always true to Cicero, though their fidelity helped him little, and it may also be said that he was true to them. Unfortunately he was already committed on many questions of persons and principle, when Cæsar, the only one of his influential contemporaries who was morally or intellectually capable of appreciating him, thought the time had come to enter upon sustained and serious public action. And Cicero, though the purest of all the practical politicians of his time, was not disinterested enough not to resent ill-treatment. After his return from banishment, he was not consistent as a supporter either of the senate or of Cæsar or of Pompeius, for all had treated him ill. Upon the whole he was most intimately connected with Pompeius, whose general policy, though ineffectual and ill-considered and arbitrary, had an air of respectability which reinforced the ascendancy which his blameless private life and his military successes and his family connexion had given him. After the death of Pompeius, Cicero's course was clearer; while Cæsar lived he accepted the clemency of the conqueror with such dignity as was possible, and after the heir of the dictator was at variance with the first lieutenant, who had usurped his power, he exerted himself, with admirable courage and ingenuity, to turn a Cæsarian quarrel into a senatorian reaction; and imperfect and short-lived as the success of his endeavours was, he rendered a greater service to such republicanism as was possible than in any other part of his chequered career.

He was born at Arpinum, 106 B.C., just a year before Jugurtha was surrendered to Sulla; he was eighteen when Sulla was consul and drove Marius into exile. Cicero a year before had served in the army of Cn. Pompeius the elder as a

district would have been virtually represented by its leading men. As it was, each district was represented by its permanent contribution to the population of the capital, and the *Consensus Italiae* too often expressed itself by crying in concert over shed milk. The great generals were always more or less outside the constitution from the days of the elder Africanus to those of Caesar and Agrippa: no party could trust them entirely, and they could trust no party. Cicero's townsman Marius was of all Roman politicians the most uncertain; he owed his first election to the consulship to the popular disgust with the corruption and inefficiency of the noble commanders who had conducted the war against Jugurtha, which, oddly enough, came to a head just when there was a noble in command who was honest and efficient: he took the side of the senate, after some hesitation, in the sedition of Saturninus: but when the party of sedition was supported by the Italians, he placed himself at its head, fell with it, and rose with it to his last bloody consulship. Sulla, whose personal *insouciance* made him in one sense the most disinterested of politicians, was the champion of the senate as an institution rather than of the nobility as a class: compared with Marius he was liberal and progressive, and, it must be added, arbitrary. At bottom Marius was the more conservative, even the more constitutional, of the two; though he was more easily tempted to imperil legal order and the public interest, through personal vanity and class passion. Pompeius, though he appealed to the people to assure his independence of the nobles, wished to confirm his supremacy by getting the senate to recognise it as the only security for order; while Caesar was content to carry his measures by the help of the votes of the people, and to ward off opposition by the influence of his army and his largesses.

Cicero's career was affected in various ways by the complications of politics: he was at once conscientious and ambitious; he shrank from doing harm himself and from abetting the misdeeds of others who were less scrupulous; he shrank equally from running risks and giving offence: he was always on the watch for opportunities of bringing and keeping himself before the public in ways that were safe and respectable, always

trying to get credit with high and low, and at the same time to contribute to the real good of the state. His natural party were the Italian notables, the worthy middle class, who were politicians out of vanity and patriotism, and awarded their ineffectual approval in a manner that was generally equitable at the moment, though rather embarrassing in the long-run, because they had no means of controlling their idols, and therefore felt no obligation to support any one in particular consistently. They were always true to Cicero, though their fidelity helped him little, and it may also be said that he was true to them. Unfortunately he was already committed on many questions of persons and principle, when Cæsar, the only one of his influential contemporaries who was morally or intellectually capable of appreciating him, thought the time had come to enter upon sustained and serious public action. And Cicero, though the purest of all the practical politicians of his time, was not disinterested enough not to resent ill-treatment. After his return from banishment, he was not consistent as a supporter either of the senate or of Cæsar or of Pompeius, for all had treated him ill. Upon the whole he was most intimately connected with Pompeius, whose general policy, though ineffectual and ill-considered and arbitrary, had an air of respectability which reinforced the ascendancy which his blameless private life and his military successes and his family connexion had given him. After the death of Pompeius, Cicero's course was clearer; while Cæsar lived he accepted the clemency of the conqueror with such dignity as was possible, and after the heir of the dictator was at variance with the first lieutenant, who had usurped his power, he exerted himself, with admirable courage and ingenuity, to turn a Cæsarian quarrel into a senatorian reaction; and imperfect and short-lived as the success of his endeavours was, he rendered a greater service to such republicanism as was possible than in any other part of his chequered career.

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adventure into the barren territory of scepticism, where Cato and others had gone to gather weapons for the warfare against Stoicism, which was really one phase of the long conflict between 'Hellenism' and 'Hebraism.' He began to speak with Demetrius Syrus, from whom he learned more than from the Asiatic orators Menippus and Theophrastus. He says, deserved to be called Attic if Atticism consisted in saying nothing inappropriate or ineffective). Next to Demetrius, Echylus of Cnidus, and Dionysius of Magnesia. With these three he travelled for over a year in Asia, and he says they were glad to have him with them. His teacher Apollonius gave him more lessons at Rhodes, trying to check his tendency to say too much, which would be more serious when he was speaking simply for exercise than when he had a real case to plead. Cicero fully recognised the importance of this training; he is careful to tell us that Apollonius was a successful pleader. On his return to Rome Cicero felt himself quite a new creature. He married Terentia, of whom we know little except that she was the mother of his children, and that he was on very affectionate terms with her, although he parted with her after thirty-two years of marriage, after his submission to Caesar. We do not know whether he was provoked at her imperfect management of his embarrassed money matters

about the conflict of an eagle with a dragon, in his treatise on *divination*, which may fairly be called fanciful and spirited. The metre in both is admirably smooth and finished for the period, and shows how Cicero had profited by the teaching of the poet Archias. The great fault is that the lines have no flow; each contains a separate instalment of the sense, and is in a way complete in itself; for instance, we never get an epithet in one line, and the substantive to which the epithet refers in another; and almost every line ends, as a clause in sober old-fashioned Latin ought to end, with a substantive or a verb or a participle; it is very rare to find a verb which belongs to the sense of one line standing by itself at the beginning of the next, which, after Vergil, is one of the commonest of devices for linking lines together. Besides his poetry, he translated several dialogues of Plato and the 'Economics' of Xenophon, and paraphrased the Greek treatises on rhetoric, of which we have a fuller and more methodical digest in the four books of the 'Auctor ad Herennium,' to employ an indispensable barbarism.

The first speech of Cicero's which has reached us was that for P. Quinctius, delivered in the twenty-sixth year of his age—the same year that Pompeius extorted a triumph for his energy in pursuing the remnants of the party of Marius. In the year which followed, Cicero too had a triumph: he secured the acquittal of Sextus Roscius Amerinus, who was accused of parricide in order to secure Chrysogonus, Sulla's freedman, in the enjoyment of the property of Roscius' father. Sulla was still dictator, and Cicero speaks with ostentatious respect of his person, and abstains from fundamental criticisms on his policy; but still the speech is an astonishingly bold one, because the main line of defence is that his client is in danger of being sacrificed to the favourite of the dictator.

The next year Sulla abdicated, and Cicero went abroad after defending against Cotta the freedom of a woman of Arretium (another victim of Sulla's system?). He was very lean and far from strong, and he habitually overstrained his voice, a natural error in a young man making his way as an open-air speaker. At Athens he came under the influence of Antiochus of Ascalon, who was guiding the Academy in the direction of rhetorical

edification, after the excursion into the barren territory of scepticism, where Carneades and others had gone to gather weapons for the warfare against Stoicism, which was really one phase of the long conflict between 'Hellenism' and 'Hebraism.' He also practised speaking with Demetrius Syrus, from whom he apparently learnt less than from the Asiatic orators Menippus of Stratoniceia (who, he says, deserved to be called Attic if Atticism consisted in saying nothing inappropriate or ineffective), Xenocles of Adramyttium, Æschylus of Cnidus, and Dionysius of Magnesia. With these three he travelled for over a year in Asia, and he says they were glad to have him with them. His old teacher Apollonius gave him more lessons at Rhodes, trying to check his tendency to say too much, which would be more obvious when he was speaking simply for exercise than when he had a real cause to plead. Cicero fully recognised the importance of this distinction: he is careful to tell us that Apollonius was a successful pleader. On his return to Rome Cicero felt himself quite a new creature. He married Terentia, of whom we know little except that she was the mother of his children, and that he was on very affectionate terms with her, although he parted with her after thirty-two years of marriage, after his submission to Cæsar. We do not know whether he was provoked at her imperfect management of his embarrassed money matters during his absence with the army, or whether she was simply trying to him as he grew old and irritable, as all prolonged relations are apt to be. Very soon after the divorce he married his rich ward Publilia, of whose fortune he was trustee: very likely a girl of seventeen (who doubtless was proud of her intimacy with her famous guardian), had attractions of her own, independent of those of her fortune.

In the year after his marriage, Cicero, then in his thirty-first year, began his official career. He was elected *quæstor* by all the tribes, and accompanied Sextus Peducæus the *prætor* to Sicily. This was important, because the intimacies he contracted there led naturally to his being selected by the Sicilians to conduct the prosecution of Verres, an energetic underling of the conservative party, who was sent to Sicily under very difficult circumstances. Mithridates was not yet decisively defeated

hear a long rhetorical history of the whole of Verres' career to the close of his Sicilian government, to reply to this at leisure, with full liberty to multiply delays and pick out weak points till the broad facts of the case were forgotten. Cicero got up the broad facts, and evidence in support of them, with diligence and activity, which at any time would have been remarkable, and which at that time were portentous; and he simply established them in court, magnanimously forbearing, for the sake of his clients, a great opportunity of a useless rhetorical display. Cicero was ready, Hortensius was not; events were in favour of Cicero, and against Hortensius; and Verres went into exile. The ancients had two records of Cicero's pleadings—the report of the speeches which he actually made in court, and the edition which he published. We have only the latter: the first two speeches, especially the former, the *Divinatio* (as the speech was called whereby the court was to divine which candidate was fittest to be entrusted with the prosecution), are in the main what he delivered; though it is likely that the *Actio Prima*, which actually decided the case, was curtailed, so as to contrast yet more strongly with the first books of the *Actio Secunda*, in which, without fear of contradiction, Cicero set forth all that he and his clients believed of the turpitude of the propraetor of Sicily. This comes among other things that Cicero, who was then thirty-seven, was not overwhelmed with business.

He was not disposed to adopt the rôle of protector-general of oppressed provincials. Next year he defended Fonteius, who, like Verres, had been three years in office, and was accused but not convicted. Cicero, of course, though his oration has only reached us in fragments, succeeds in giving the impression that it was not such a flagrant case, and the Sicilians were 'allies' of the Roman people in a very different sense from the Gauls, who had not the same claims to be treated leniently on grounds of present prudence or historical equity. In the same year he pleaded the cause of Cæcina, who claimed to inherit an estate which a person, whom he alleged to be the agent of the testatrix, had bought in his own name. The case was mixed up more or less with politics: it

party by sanctioning some relaxation of the restrictions laid by Sulla upon the whole body of the citizens. The tribunes regained the right of initiating legislation, and the knights and treasury officials¹ were admitted, the latter for the first time, to share the control of the courts with the senate (by the Aurelian law, proposed by L. Aurelius Cotta, one of the prætors for the year), in the year that Hortensius, the consul designate, threw up his brief to defend Verres. Cicero was then ædile designate: that Hortensius, an older and more famous speaker, did not venture to reply to him is generally taken as a proof that Verres was not only worse than the average bad governor of the period (which is very nearly proved by the fact that Cicero, who had never prosecuted before, thought it well on moral and prudential grounds to prosecute him), but so much worse than others that the leading advocate of the time could make no defence for him. This is far from clear: when Hortensius undertook the case he did not know how strong the popular feeling for the Aurelian law was, nor even that the case would be placed in Cicero's hands; for the court, which had power to select the prosecutor, had to choose between him and Q. Cæcilius, who had been quæstor under Verres, and maintained plausibly enough that, having quarrelled with him, he was the proper person to expose his misdeeds. As Cicero was the choice of the Sicilians, the dimensions of the case would have been much reduced if the court had placed it in the hands of Cæcilius, who would have gratified the spleen which no doubt he really felt, and gained some cheap notoriety, which would have pleased him and hurt nobody. Least of all did Hortensius know that Cicero would treat the first great political case he had ever had to deal with in the businesslike and self-denying way he did. Hortensius no doubt expected

¹ The *tribuni ærarii* were originally appointed to collect the *tributum*, each in his tribe, and act as army paymasters afterwards. The latter function was delegated to the quæstors, and the tribunes began to act as judges in the prefectures (the country towns without magistrates of their own); and as they were directly elected by the assembly they were popular, and had the further advantage of judicial experience and a class interest separate from that of the 'knights,' who would be prejudiced against any governors who had defended the treasury from the tax-farmers.

Two years after, he thought his position entitled him to canvass for the consulship, especially as both his competitors were broken men. He now came for the first time into serious intercourse with Titus Pomponius Atticus, a famous banker and publisher,¹ to whom he had written two or three slight letters before about works of art for his villa of Tusculum; but when he came to stand for the consulship he was naturally anxious for the influence a banker could exercise over the nobles he accommodated. Cicero had resolved to stand as a conservative: his point is emphasised repeatedly in his own speeches of the period, and in the candidate's manual which bears the name of his brother Quintus. This hardly amounts to an inconsistency: he had never been in the least a revolutionist, and to have dwelt upon his want of ancestry would have alarmed the nobility into a belief that his moderation had been a mask. Besides, one of his competitors, Lucius Sergius Catilina, was at that time the leader of the 'popular' party: he was a noble who had been a passionate partisan of Sulla, and having failed to enrich himself when confiscations were plenty, had become the mentor of an ever-widening circle of daring, well-connected profligates, who were convinced that the government was in the hands of an effete and incompetent clique, which would be easily swept away by the living forces of a needy and vigorous nation, if the latter had only the right men at its head. At one point Cicero thought of something like a coalition with Catilina, as a consequence of his aid in repelling a charge of '*ambitus*.' As it turned out, the nobility were glad to accept the 'new man' of unblemished respectability as their candidate against two broken men of family. Cicero was elected with Antonius, and secured the obsequiousness of his colleague by a promise to waive his rights to a province in his favour. His consulship would have been memorable under any circumstances: the different opponents of the nobility had got their plans ready for action during the absence of Pompeius. There was a proposal of the tribune Rullus to create a gigantic land-jobbing commission for the purpose of acquiring by purchase land for the

¹ This is the nearest explanation to be given of the position of a man who could always dispose of the services of a number of trained copyists.

foundation of colonies beyond the sea. The scheme was decidedly ingenious, and not on the face of it revolutionary: the idea of the projectors was to raise money by turning the lessees of state property into freeholders where, as in Campania, land was immensely valuable, and to use the proceeds in founding colonies where land was cheap. They seem also to have calculated on securing the support of Cæsar and Crassus, by providing situations for them in Egypt and Africa almost equivalent to the situation of Pompeius in Asia. But the powers they demanded were so immensely in excess of their reputation and of the public interest in their projects, that it was easy for Cicero to turn the whole scheme into ridicule, especially as the idlers of the forum whom he addressed had no serious wish to begin farming in Greece or Africa. A more serious—at least a more embarrassing—proposal was to remove the disabilities of the sons of the proscribed, who were precluded from inheriting from their fathers and from standing for any public office. As Cicero was closely connected with the old Marian party, the question was especially difficult for him: he made an ingenious speech, not undignified for the situation, on the wisdom of abstaining at any cost from reopening a question so full of bitterness. But the great concern of Cicero's consulate was the conflict with Catilina, who, if he had neither a programme nor a grievance, had numerous followers, and some commence-

ght have watched Catilina and kept the peace : he preferred use the opportunity to test and discipline the strength of the city of order. He spoke repeatedly against the bill of Rullus : placed no restraint upon the movements of Catilina or his associates : he did everything to excite alarm at their schemes, and he took dramatic precautions against their results. He claimed his belief that his own life was in danger : he succeeded in getting information from the intimates of the conspirators about the wild plans that were under discussion. No action could be taken against individual conspirators on such evidence, but it told on public opinion, which heartily endorsed Cicero's demonstrative precautions. At last, after the failure of Catilina's canvass for the ensuing year, Cicero succeeded by force of oratory in driving him out of the city, to put himself at the head of an insurrection in Etruria : the confederates he left behind him compromised themselves by a treasonable agreement with some Gallic delegates, who were stopped after they had left the city and confronted with the conspirators, whom it was now possible to arrest. The conspirators did not admit the story of the delegates ; and under the circumstances neither the conspirators nor the delegates could be trusted to speak the truth, for the delegates knew they would propitiate the consul by deponing as he wished. Cicero was at the pinnacle of glory : he had saved Rome from the hands of men prepared to massacre the senate, to fire the city, to call in the barbarian. His fatal flaw was the measure of the genuine popularity, the sincere adulation, which was too much for his self-control. At the time he had not lost prudence ; indeed he was too prudent for dignity : he ceased to guide the senate—he appealed to them for guidance. The conspirators had not been tried : if they were condemned, as was still on the whole probable (though every day when the danger was over the hands of the government would be weaker), there was no court that had full legal power to inflict an adequate sentence. It was not clear whether a vote of the senate could give the consul powers beyond the law, or that the necessity which existed was sufficient to justify such a vote. The senate had scarcely more courage than the consul : Cato proposed to decree the execution of the prisoners ; Cæsar

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†Cicero's resolve, first to convict him and then to turn his acquittal into a moral defeat, may have weighed with him in desiring to turn plebeian in order to be elected tribune. Cicero was still able to secure a prolongation of his brother's term of office in Asia (for which his brother, a clever, querulous man, with little real ability, was far from grateful). It appears from his brother's elaborate essay on the government of a province that Quintus was zealously on his guard against exaction, and very irritable to the corrupt officials and natives about him, and anxious to get home from a place where he felt too virtuous to make money. Meanwhile Pompeius had returned to Rome and triumphed, but found unexpected difficulty in obtaining the ratification of his acts in the East. This drove him into a coalition with Caesar and Crassus; for his nobility, his natural allies, were incurably jealous both of him and of Cicero; who in turn was not sparing of epigrams against the men who lived for their fish-ponds—a fashionable folly of the period which combined the maximum of expense with the minimum of splendour. Moreover, the senate was no longer supported by the equestrian order; for Cato had involved them in a quarrel by insisting that the revenue-farmers should be held to a bargain which had turned out unprofitably. Cicero's only idea of defending himself against the approaching danger was to exaggerate his services, which Pompeius and Crassus had once accepted at his own valuation: he wrote in Greek and Latin upon his consulship; he composed a poem on the same inexhaustible subject, which was probably much the best thing that had yet been written in Latin hexameters since Ennius.

The first measure of the coalition was to provide for the division of the Campanian domain, the only substantial part of the phantom schemes of Rullus. The financial objection urged by Cicero had lost its force since the annexations of Pompeius had enlarged the revenue. Cicero saw that his isolated position was becoming more and more insecure; but he still refused to surrender his independence; he declined to serve upon the commission for the Campanian domain, or to accompany Caesar as one of his lieutenants to Gaul, when at the end of a stormy

proposed to abide by the law; the senate, as vindictive as Cato, was content to authorise the execution by directing the consul to provide for the safety of the state. Cicero ordered the execution, and the reaction began. A tribune of the name of Metellus was supported by the crowd in his protest when Cicero wished to make the customary speech on laying down office, though we need not doubt that opinion was still in his favour when he cut short the ceremony by swearing with dramatic effect that he had saved the state.

While still exhilarated by the sight of all Rome rallied round him in defence of order, before he had been invited to hazard himself beyond the pale of law, Cicero delivered the very brilliant and amusing speech 'Pro Murena,' which shows how little the crisis yet weighed upon him. One might fancy that his spirits rose as his own responsibility was coming to an end. He congratulated the people on having such a consul as Murena to protect them from Catilina; condoled ironically with the jurist Sulpicius on his defeat, while professing to regret his disappointment, and overwhelmed Cato with satirical compliments on his philosophy and public spirit. The defeat and death of Catilina left the militant democracy without a leader, for Cæsar did not choose to commit himself. A dissolute man of fashion, who professed himself the lover of Cæsar's wife, came forward to take the vacant post. His intrigue with Pompeia, Cæsar's wife, had culminated in his making a rendezvous at a rite attended by women only. It was believed that he was detected in disguise, and it was determined to treat his outrageous escapade as a high crime against the state. Clodius pleaded an alibi, and Cicero, though he thought it safer not to prosecute, came forward as a witness to disprove the alibi. The trial was mismanaged in a way to suggest that the moderate conservatives thought it decent to bring Clodius to trial for an offence alleged to have been committed under circumstances then extremely offensive to all decent and serious people, while they were not sure enough that the respectable party were in the majority to run the risk of crushing a man already popular with the rabble. Clodius had already made up his mind to be a demagogue: perhaps pique

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consulship he received the command of Cisalpine Gaul and Illyricum from the people, and Transalpine Gaul from the senate. He believed that even now, if he withdrew for a time from politics, his legitimate influence as an advocate would be strong enough to screen him. But this resource was failing too. Antonius, Cicero's colleague, was convicted in spite of his defence for extortion in Macedonia: a certain Minucius Thermus was prosecuted twice, though each time Cicero defended him with success. He was successful in securing the acquittal of Valerius Flaccus, who had governed Asia as proprætor, after seconding Cicero as prætor; whether in consequence of his appeal to the unforgotten fear of Catilina or of the wit which was remembered far into the second century. At last the crash came: at the end of a long string of laws, sensible enough on the hypothesis that the populace of Rome in receipt of outdoor relief was to continue to vote on important questions, Clodius brought in a bill for the banishment of any person who might have put a Roman citizen to death without trial. Cicero took fright and went into mourning: so, according to an uncontradicted boast, did 20,000 Romans, including almost the whole equestrian order. The consuls, one of whom was Gabinius, the henchman of Pompeius, did nothing; Pompeius professed to be afraid of displeasing Cæsar, and would do nothing unless appealed to by the consuls. Cicero had only the choice of leaving Rome or beginning a civil war, in which legality would have been against him. He left Rome, and a law was passed to banish him by name and confiscate his property.

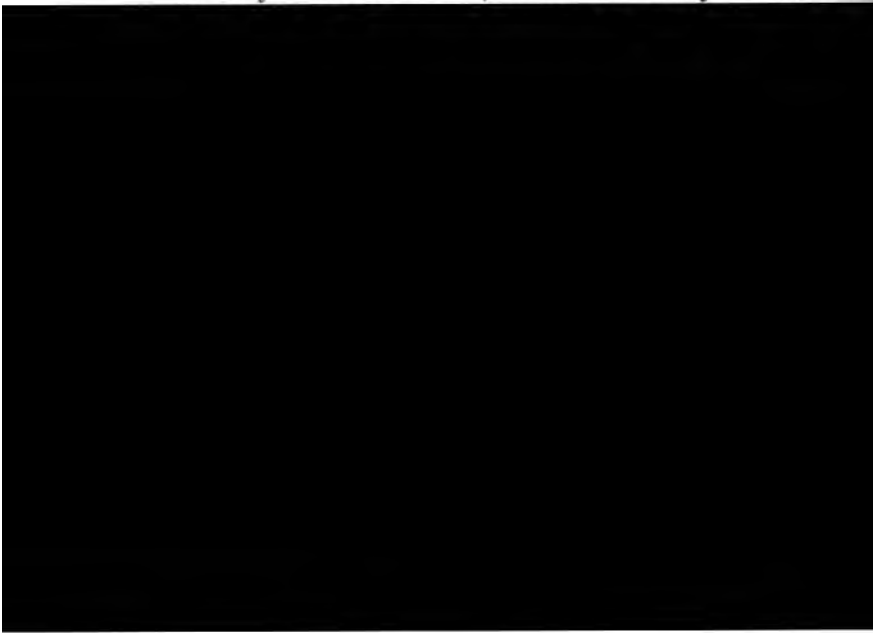
The revulsion of feeling was excessive; all the versatile sensibility which had been at the disposal of so many clients had to be spent now upon his own misfortunes. His career had not trained him in any measure to reticence; his letters were full of lamentations, which looked unmanly when it was all over, and perhaps found no sympathetic readers at the time. Cicero's exile was generally unpopular with all classes of citizens above the lowest; a wish for his recall was soon expressed, and would no doubt have been effective in any case. It was effective all the sooner because Titus Annius Milo, a young man with more money than wit and more spirit than money, made the discovery that

it was just as easy for him to hire gladiators to defend law and order as for Clodius to hire street ruffians to defend popular rights. As Clodius had no longer the exclusive command of the streets, Cicero was restored fourteen months after his banishment—‘carried back,’ as he said, ‘on the shoulders of Italy.’

The position of the confederates was still insecure: they were not, and never had been, popular enough to set themselves above the constitution with impunity; and Cicero still hoped, for some time after his return, to play an independent part in politics. His first concern was to recover possession of his property, which was difficult, because Clodius had consecrated the site of his house as a temple to Liberty. His speeches on these subjects, if any are genuine, are for the most part unworthy of him, and mixed up with declamations of the first or second century. The first, which shows that his powers had recovered themselves after the shock of his banishment, is that on the answers of the Haruspices, whose vague oracles had seemed to Clodius capable of being turned against Cicero, who showed with wit and spirit that they were more applicable to Clodius. Already he had put his name to a proposal that Pompeius, whom the *optimates* hoped to gain, should have the control of the corn-market for five years all over the world; and his brother was placed on Pompeius’ staff of lieutenants. The defence of P. Sestius gave him an opportunity of affirming his conservative principles, and that of M. Cælius showed that he was still capable of treating political questions with the happy levity that he had shown in defence of Murena.

Meanwhile the confederates were at variance, and Cicero gave notice of a motion to resume the powers of the commissioners of the Campanian domain. If the motion had been pressed and carried, Italian affairs would have passed again into the hands of the senate. Cæsar had to come to Lucca and pledge his whole influence to his colleagues in order to overawe the reaction; and even then the notables of the opposition had to be gained over individually, a process which very much augmented Cæsar’s power, for he was the treasurer of his party, being enriched by the plunder of Gaul, which he dispensed

was sent to him, he turned his province over to his quæstor, and reached Rome on the last day of 50 B.C. Here he found everything in confusion. Cæsar's term of office was coming to an end according to one possible reckoning, and the nobility wished his career to end with it; while Pompeius was determined to reduce him to a subordinate position. Cicero was anxious to temporise, and Cæsar was anxious to be conciliatory; but all overtures were rejected, and the senate and the consuls declared for Pompeius. Cicero was placed in command of the Campanian coast, for Pompeius did not at once avow, even to himself, his intention of evacuating Italy. When he did so in the middle of March, 49 B.C., Cicero waited for more than two months to follow him, and was very uncomfortable all the time he was in his camp; seeing clearly all the faults and follies of his own side, convinced that Pompeius' head was running on Sulla and proscriptions, and yet tormented by regrets that he had not followed him with a blinder loyalty. It was an aggravation of his difficulties that Atticus, like most bankers in time of commotion, was disposed to call in all his outstanding capital. After the battle of Pharsalia, at the end of September, 48 B.C., he was able to retire from the contest. Cicero went at once to Brundisium; and when Cæsar, a year after Pharsalia, returned to Italy from Alexandria, Cicero was ready to meet him.



ceptions of good and evil; and a less satisfactory series of conversations on the fundamental problems of speculative philosophy. A more interesting work was the 'Tusculan Disputations,' a course of informal lectures, in which Cicero replies successive objections from different pupils to the all-sufficiency of virtue. The loss of his daughter was not all that weighed upon him: personally he had little to complain of, and quite recognised the full value of Cæsar's politic clemency. The senate was filled up with men disqualified from acting on its traditions. Judicial and administrative business was most at a standstill; and what there was did not need eloquence or influence like his to carry it on. He did what he could to civilise Cæsar's adherents: he gave lessons in rhetoric to Hortius, a man of great natural literary gifts, and Dolabella, with whom his intimacy continued unaffected by the divorce and death of Tullia. He amused himself in many ways; among others, by taking lessons in gastronomy, on which he writes himself in letters to old-fashioned correspondents; but the intervals of depression were many and severe, and explain, if they do not excuse, his exultation at the death of Cæsar, whose surroundings were certainly of a nature to disgust decorous contemporaries with his far-reaching and beneficent policy.

The death of Cæsar was far from restoring public life to what Cicero regarded as a healthy tone. The popular feeling condemned the conspirators; and consequently Antonius, when he had obtained the ratification of Cæsar's acts, was practically dictator; for he strained the ratification to include all the projects which he discovered, or professed to discover, in Cæsar's papers. Cicero wandered from one country house to another, writing incessantly on the Nature of the Gods, Divination, Fate, Friendship, Old Age, and Glory. He began a work on the duties of life, and resolved to travel in Greece. A Roman consular, unless he went into exile, could not go abroad without some pretence of public business. Cicero, as it happens, had the choice of three: he might have gone to acquit his vows for the restoration of liberty; but he could not persuade himself that liberty had been restored: he might have

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Soon after his second marriage he lost his daughter Tullia, who had just been divorced from her third husband, and his sorrow threw him upon philosophical writing. He composed a 'Consolation,' a very ingenious discussion on our ultimate

conceptions of good and evil; and a less satisfactory series of conversations on the fundamental problems of speculative philosophy. A more interesting work was the 'Tusculan Disputations,' a course of informal lectures, in which Cicero replies to successive objections from different pupils to the all-sufficiency of virtue. The loss of his daughter was not all that weighed upon him: personally he had little to complain of, and he quite recognised the full value of Cæsar's politic clemency. The senate was filled up with men disqualified from acting upon its traditions. Judicial and administrative business was almost at a standstill; and what there was did not need eloquence or influence like his to carry it on. He did what he could to civilise Cæsar's adherents: he gave lessons in rhetoric to Hirtius, a man of great natural literary gifts, and Dolabella, with whom his intimacy continued unaffected by the divorce and death of Tullia. He amused himself in many ways; among others, by taking lessons in gastronomy, on which he rallies himself in letters to old-fashioned correspondents; but the intervals of depression were many and severe, and explain, if they do not excuse, his exultation at the death of Cæsar, whose surroundings were certainly of a nature to disgust decorous contemporaries with his far-reaching and beneficent policy.

The death of Cæsar was far from restoring public life to what Cicero regarded as a healthy tone. The popular feeling condemned the conspirators; and consequently Antonius, when he had obtained the ratification of Cæsar's acts, was practically dictator; for he strained the ratification to include all the projects which he discovered, or professed to discover, in Cæsar's papers. Cicero wandered from one country house to another, writing incessantly on the Nature of the Gods, Divination, Fate, Friendship, Old Age, and Glory. He began a work on the duties of life, and resolved to travel in Greece. A Roman consular, unless he went into exile, could not go abroad without some pretence of public business. Cicero, as it happens, had the choice of three: he might have gone to acquit his vows for the restoration of liberty; but he could not persuade himself that liberty had been restored: he might have

got himself appointed 'ambassador at large'; but this would have committed him to inaction for a definite period: he decided to accept a nominal appointment as a lieutenant of Dolabella, which could be dropped at any moment. His ship was driven back from Syracuse to the territory of Rhegium, where he learned that Antonius' position was shaken. This was on the 2nd of August: by the end of August he was back in Rome. He still shrank from defying Antonius in his presence, and even when he spoke he said nothing that need have made an irreparable breach—nothing nearly so severe as his invectives against Piso or Vatinius. Antonius, however, was resolved upon subduing or crushing the one conspicuous survivor of the old *régime*. He took seventeen days to compose a reply, and gave him notice to come and hear it. Cicero did not come; but he composed a crushing rejoinder, which he would have delivered if he had heard the attack. He published it when Octavian, the heir of Caesar, had formed an army to assert himself against Antonius. Meanwhile he finished his moral treatise.

From the 20th of December, 44 B.C., to the end of June, 43 B.C., Cicero was once more, as he had been in his consulship, the foremost politician in Rome. The senate was willing to follow him in all measures in favour of Octavian and in favour of the conspirators; but it was immovably resolved not to be committed to a combat *à outrance* with Antonius. But Cicero was able to prevent any agreement with Antonius, and might possibly, if the consuls had survived the battle of Mutina, have forced Octavian to take up the mantle of Pompeius. As it was, he was included in the proscription which was the first act of Antonius, Lepidus, and Octavian, when their compact had been ratified by their appointment as triumvirs to organise the Republic. It is often said that Octavian disgraced himself by consenting to sacrifice Cicero, because while each hoped to make use of the other Cicero had lavished a great deal of panegyric upon Octavian, who had repaid his attentions with a great parade of deference. At the time it is not likely that Octavian, the adopted son of Caesar, had any feeling so deep or so creditable as his desire to avenge

his father; if so, he would feel quite honestly and naturally that Cicero deserved to share the fate of the conspirators with whom he had been forward to associate himself.

He was overtaken and put to death before he left Italy, on December 7, 43 B.C., in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He met his death with courage, but in the weeks before it he showed the indecision which was natural to him in difficult circumstances; he neither waited nor escaped in time; he doubtless foresaw that life with Sextus Pompeius or with Brutus would be a repetition in worse company of the miserable life that he had endured in the camp of Pompeius before Pharsalia.

It has become the fashion to praise Cicero as a man and a writer, and to disparage him as a statesman and a thinker; and recently his reputation has been exposed to the attacks of writers who take the side of accomplished facts in what may be called a vindictive spirit. Cicero failed as a politician, and it is rather difficult to see how he could have succeeded; and resentment at his failure takes the form of contempt for his blindness in not seeing before trial that his ingenious and well-intentioned plans were impracticable. Besides, his political career was disfigured by faults which seem natural to advocates who play a leading part in politics; for all Cicero's great political faults have their parallels in the career of Brougham, who was in so many respects unlike Cicero. There was the same obtrusive fertility of suggestion, the same readiness to patronise,¹ the same want of fixity of political purpose—due in both to the same disposition to follow their changing personal interest and their changing personal views of the public good, rather than principles held in common with others—the same want of spontaneous respect for the dignity of those with whom they had to act—sometimes disguising itself in fulsome praise, sometimes expressing itself in wanton epigrams—the same giddy elation at the culmination of the career, the same tendency to be guided by petty vindictiveness when high station seemed irrecoverably lost. In both, too, there was the same disposition to take refuge in intellectual interests and in the display of

¹ The word is exact if taken in the etymological sense as marking the disposition of the advocate to treat every politician on his own side as his client.


certain. The question is rather—Do we mean, when we say ‘The sun will certainly rise to-morrow or not,’ that either branch of the alternative is in the nature of things equally possible? than—Do we mean, when we say ‘Cicero will certainly speak in the senate to-morrow or not,’ that either branch of the alternative is equally likely?

The question of Divination is connected by Cicero himself with that of Fate; but the discussion is much more interesting, for here the Stoical argument is a curious anticipation of much modern argument in defence of orthodoxy. Divination is defended because man needs a revelation of the will of higher powers; and it is assumed that it follows from the general doctrine of providence that there must be a provision for the need; and the universal belief in some non-scientific means of ascertaining the future is treated as its own justification, just as the religious instincts of mankind are appealed to now as a sufficient ground for assuming what they are alleged to affirm. This in turn is supplemented by a reference to history for all the wonderful predictions which are supposed to have been fulfilled beyond the power of mere rational foresight. Cicero’s reply to these arguments is less modern than the arguments themselves, for the science of his day had not the pretension to give, even in the distant future, a complete explanation of all the elements of

sneers at the art of the *aruspices*, which was not a native Roman form of divination. He treats his own mystery of augury as a matter of simple, venerable routine. He is not ashamed of the wisdom of his ancestors, who established a discipline that neither needed nor admitted rational verification. He justifies them by one very pregnant remark, that the Roman state used divination to allay, not to create, religious anxiety. When something unaccountable and alarming happened, the authorities took the time-honoured means to find out something mysterious to do, and when it was done the public had as good reason for being reassured as they had had for being alarmed; but there were few if any Roman precedents for seeking guidance for practical action in supposed indications of the will of heaven rather than in sound human judgment. But, this concession apart, his criticism is worthy of a countryman of Ennius; he is full and ingenious upon the theme that out of many guesses some must be right; remarks that the most extraordinary predictions require to be better attested; proves that the alleged revelation is far from satisfactory; that it is given, if given, very capriciously; and that it is hard to see how those who receive it are the better for it.

In the more fundamental question treated in the 'De Natura Deorum,' Cicero's attitude reminds us of Hume's in the 'Dialogues on Natural Religion': in both the author means to give the sceptic the best of the argument, and in both there is too little reverence left to protect the defenders of the faith from his flippancy: in both the sceptic thinks that faith has a better foundation in tradition than in argument, and in both the sceptic is represented as arguing against his real opinion, and in Cicero against the author's opinion too. In Cicero the traditional view is not represented at all, while the Epicurean who represents the all-sufficiency of common sense has no equivalent in Hume. Here, as in the work on 'Divination,' the orthodox argument is the most modern part of the whole; all the commonplaces of 'natural theology' appear, and besides we have some clever Stoical dialectic, to prove that our idea of perfection must necessarily be subordinated to the highest reality; and consequently, as there can be no higher reality

than the universe, we must affirm of the universe every perfection we can think of, including that of being a rational and immortal animal. The sceptic turns his main strength against what the Stoic has in common with Paley. The Stoic deity was a watchmaker who lived in his watch, and Cicero is distinctly of opinion that many parts of the universe are grotesque and offensive, though he feels that the impression made by the beauty and majesty of the whole is irresistible. Besides, a future state of retribution was not then an article of natural theology, and consequently the difficulties connected with the inequalities of fortune among men reinforced those connected with the general struggle for existence with greater effect than now. Besides, the Stoics never mastered their Heraclitean physics, and did not know what would become of their deity, when the periodical conflagrations which Heraclitus foretold arrived, and were embarrassed between their own conception of the universe as a stable *organism* and Heraclitus' conception of the rational fire as the eternal *process* by which all transitory beings appear and disappear. The Epicurean by comparison gets off easily; he is allowed if he likes to persist in his tissue of arbitrary assertions, after it has been shown that they are arbitrary, and do not in the least amount to a rational explanation of men's traditional ideals.



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Epicurus is more severely treated in the moral works, though we find frequent *ad hominem* arguments based on the strictness and simplicity of his personal practice, and the vigour with which he denounced excess and insisted on the happiness of the philosopher even in the midst of pain. But the happiness of the Epicurean philosopher had a purely physical basis. The founder of the school had said, quite consistently, that he could be content to live if he lost his sight and hearing, and even his taste and smell, so that he could keep his appetite and susceptibility to sexual pleasure, while if he lost these life would really not be worth having: Cicero took the last stipulation out of its context to be shocked at. In spite of this injustice, it must be admitted that the 'De Finibus' compares favourably with almost any English ethical treatise of the eighteenth century. In one respect it is decidedly superior: both the

than good? How if a man recognised the direction in which activity was desirable, and saw that with his natural endowments activity in that direction would be ineffectual? The only reply that a Stoic could make to such criticism was to repeat his demonstration that normal voluntary action was the adequate object of rational choice, and that the ideal standard must be maintained at any cost. Here, too, the Academic has to give up the ideal, at any rate as a standard; excellence is generally ranked above success, and real excellence the Academic is content to rank highest: but real excellence, he insists, is seldom really unsuccessful. It is also very seldom attainable, and he doubts whether it can be the object of every life to attain it. Carneades thought it surprising that no one had taken up the very defensible position that life had no end at all for a man beyond itself: that for a man to get what was fit for him, and to do what he was fit for, was the chief good, or at any rate there was no other, beyond the simple play of human faculty in human intercourse. The way of expressing this was curiously technical. Discussion had brought to light certain natural prerequisites to both virtue and pleasure, such as eating, drinking, moving, sleeping, talking, learning (for no one can live without instruction). Now all these seem good in their place for their own sake, apart from anything to which they may lead. It is impossible to imagine any further good which does not include and presuppose these first gifts or needs of nature; and though it seems natural to treat them as means (was this why Carneades did not affirm for himself that they were the end?), it is hard to prove that any end which we pursue by them yields more than themselves.

The interest of the treatise 'De Finibus' is purely speculative; the interest of the Tusculan Disputations is purely practical. One of Cicero's pupils after another puts forward some one of the evils which the natural man fears, and Cicero demolishes his objections with much affectionate earnestness and a certain parade of what is meant for Socratic dialectic. This is a very poor substitute for the real interchange of thought between equals which we have in Cicero's other works. Landor might have been less ready to praise the method of Cicero's Dialogues at the expense of Plato's, if he had suspected that the continuous speeches

consistent doctrine than Benthamism, has no place for public-spirited activity. The true Epicurean is simply a Lazzarone clothed and in his right mind, and aware of his advantages; and Cicero had considerable experience of the false Epicurean, whose activity, so far as he could give an account of it to himself, was simply a means to accumulating the materials for an old age of coarse indulgence and extravagance, and naturally maintained that even Epicurus had cause to blush for such disciples. In life, as Cicero and serious people generally understood it, there was no room for 'pleasure' derived from some material object of enjoyment, or for 'gladness,' the vague irrational exhilaration that depends upon the physical state, and generally interferes with any steady activity. Both were set down quite correctly as 'disturbances of the mind,' and were separated rather too absolutely from the tranquil satisfactions which attend the gratification of natural appetites, and the successful activity of our powers. The enjoyment of a cheerful meal differs in kind from the enjoyment of a debauch, though if we watch the transition it is impossible to fix a point at which the difference is more than one of degree. The same may be said of the difference between temperate enjoyment of success and the half-crazy exultation which was not uncommon in the ancient world and is not unknown in the modern. The question whether the 'appetites' were to be moderated or abolished was really for Cicero a question whether it was right or possible to take the enjoyment of the debauchee at rare intervals or in safe doses—a theory which commended itself to a good many respectable Romans who did not study philosophy.

The point at which Stoicism was really open to criticism was not so much that it made too little allowance for natural feeling (though Cicero thought it might have made more), but that it took no account of success. It was difficult to maintain that the results of action were really indifferent. If a patriot saved his country, the act was its own reward; it required nothing further in the shape of popularity or praise or self-complacency; but how if a citizen did his duty and failed to save his country, and perhaps by doing his duty, and ignoring that other men were certain not to do theirs, did, so far as could be calculated, more harm

'Religion of Humanity' that the best part of the lives of those who have lived for others still lives on in others; and few disciples of the school have expressed the feeling so simply and so well. This was supported in him by the philosophical hope of a personal life for the glorified spirit, set forth with enthusiastic eloquence in the magnificent dream of Scipio.¹ Cicero did not live to see the two thoughts which comforted him popularised by being combined in the faith or fiction of apotheosis, for he obviously treats the position of Antonius, the flamen of Divus Julius, as a very sorry joke.

Something has been said already of Cicero's political treatises; it should be added that in the 'Laws' the actual laws are in decidedly archaic Latin, and that very great stress is laid on the importance of keeping the character of Roman worship unchanged. Its ceremonies were valuable, both because they cost little money and because they cost much time and care. Plato's exclusion of poets was replaced by an exclusion equally respectful of the New Academy; happily there was no need to exclude the loungers of the Garden. We have lost most of the discussion on justice in the 'Republic,' but in a sense we can see it was an advance on that with which Plato's 'Republic' opens. Carneades did not outrage good sense and common experience by an ideal portrait of an unredeemed successful villain, whose prosperity should make it doubtful whether it was worth while to be just. He confined himself to illustrating a position, which has never been refuted, that in actual society there is a real conflict of interests; that one man's advantage rightly understood may be incompatible with the rights of another or with the good of the community, and then asking for reasons to prove that a man is to be just against himself. The reply to these objections, so far as we can judge from the fragments preserved to us, was mainly an appeal to our natural sociability and to all that is expressed by the modern phrases of 'solidarity' and 'social organism.' Of course, so far as the analogy which the latter phrase suggests holds, it would be decisive; in the individual organism

¹ Preserved by the sagacity of Macrobius from the wreck of Cicero's *Republic*, and more valuable than all that has been recovered by the diligence of Cardinal Mai.

were often extracted from Greek treatises, as, for instance, the speech of Velleius in the 'De Natura Deorum,' from the works of Philodemus, a contemporary Epicurean, of which large fragments have been discovered at Herculaneum. Still, so far as he apprehends the question (and he generally apprehends it as well as any man of the time), Cicero succeeds in giving the force with which conflicting views appeal to the instructed practical judgment. But the Tusculan disputations are a work of despair. When Cicero wrote them, Italy was given over to Caesar and the host of tribunes and centurions who had conquered licence in his train. Everything but good conscience seemed lost beyond recovery; and Cicero strove to convince himself, in convincing the young yet uncorrupted by the world, that to keep a good conscience through everything is enough, and more than enough, that to know this is our main concern, and that glory and success and all externals are so secondary that the inquiry as to whether they add anything more or less to virtue only serves curiosity, if indeed it does not lower courage. Even the style is affected by the reckless earnestness of the writer, and becomes more animated and pathetic and at the same time less pure. The discussion whether *vita beata* will mount the rack with the philosopher is a model of the careless personification which misses being picturesque and succeeds in being illogical, and it is one of the praises of Latin literature that it generally abstains from this slovenly sort of personification, and only personifies to make a direct and vivid appeal to the imagination.

The smallest treatises, the 'Laelius' and the 'Cato,' are probably, like the 'De Officiis,' founded upon single Greek works which Cicero adapted with a well-founded confidence that as a great writer he could improve the style, and that a Roman of rank ought to be able to improve the substance. There is the same impatience of mere discussion which meets us in the Tusculan Disputations. Laelius and Cato are lecturers, with a youthful audience, and their pleasure in it is no doubt a reflection of the generous pleasure Cicero was still able to take in the young. One interesting feature in both is the anticipation of the thought which is beginning to console a few rare spirits for the certainty of death. Cicero felt as strongly as any disciple of the

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no one organ can thrive really at the expense of the rest, just as no outward prosperity can compensate for injury to the health of the body, whence Plato had argued that for no earthly gain could it be worth while to injure the health of the soul. Unfortunately neither analogy is exact, and the analogy to which Plato appeals has a false look of exactness which has led Plato and others into much unreal rhetoric. We do not know whether Cicero's rhetoric was unreal, though we do know from his own boasts in the 'Laelius' that it was earnest and elaborate.

Of the rhetorical works only the 'De Oratore' need detain us, for, admirable as the 'Brutus' is, with its fine exact and generous appreciation of scores of forgotten speakers, there is little to say of it here beyond the extracts already given. The 'De Oratore' is certainly the most finished of all Cicero's treatises, and the coming and going of the secondary speakers is admirably managed to bring out the dignity of the principals and to convey an impression of the lofty courtesy of the highest Roman society. The scenery of the dialogue, so to speak, is on a level with Plato, except at his very best, although there is much less play of thought, as indeed the subject suggests less. The real subject is the double function of the orator, as a public speaker and an advocate. Crassus, the greatest orator before Cicero, brings out the conception of the public speaker as a man who must be first of all perfectly virtuous, then perfectly wise, a master of the philosophy of Greece and of the truer, more practical teaching of Roman sages like Laelius and Cornelianus and the elder Cato. He must have a competent knowledge of everything that can come under discussion, though subordinate sciences, such as civil law, will be studiously kept in their proper place. It must be remembered that at Rome there were no newspapers, no sermons, hardly any books; that the general public was not in the habit of reading such books as there were. When a famous citizen spoke on public affairs in the assembly, or on an exciting case before the courts, he might if he pleased put himself forward to supply in his own person an equivalent for the many forms of instruction and entertainment which the Romans lacked, each of which in our own day forms the basis of a separate profession. On the other

and, the parties and perhaps the court might think what was very interesting to the *corona* (the ring of spectators who gathered round the parties and their respective adherents) rather superfluous, for the *corona* could go away at pleasure, and the parties and the court were bound to remain. There was obviously room for a more business-like, less pretentious, less discursive style of speaking than that which Crassus cultivated, and it is of this style that Antonius constitutes himself the theorist.¹ The discussion as to the comparative merits of the two styles is indecisive, and only serves to bring out the conception of each, and to show that really able speakers, whatever their ideal of their profession may be, have necessarily much in common; perhaps too to show that Cicero could idealise his predecessors in a way to bring out their characteristic excellences and veil their defects. He was glad to be able to deny that his Crassus was less wordy and his Antonius more copious than the originals. The contrast is important from another point of view: it is clear, both from the 'Brutus' and the preface of the lost translation of the speeches of Æschines and Demosthenes in the case of Ctesiphon, that Cicero's reputation in his later years was not uncontested. A school of Atticists had grown up, mostly purists in politics as well as in style, who wished to exclude everything superfluous and get rid of amplification and emotion, and be simple, business-like, convincing, and elegant. They probably failed to realise that there had been occasions, and perhaps were still, when it was worth while to electrify the court by passionate pleadings; but generally eloquence was directed not to gain the suffrages of the court, which even in important cases might consist of a single judge, but to influence the audience, and the Atticists were quite right in thinking that this trait was anything but Attic, for an Attic orator had never occasion to separate the audience and the court. They were also probably right in thinking that for practice in Roman courts in ordinary cases, Lysias was a better model than Demosthenes.

¹ It seems that Cicero intended also to make Antonius the representative of the theory of Aristotle (set forth in a lost dialogue), and Crassus the representative of the theory of Isocrates.

hand, the invective loses, because it is clear that Cicero's honest convictions might have slept if Antonius had been willing to keep terms with him. For this reason the speech stands below the invective against Piso, which makes no pretence of serving any purpose except Cicero's hearty contempt for a vulgar blusterer who had done him what injury he could, and had been foolish enough to challenge an altercation with him after his fortunes had mended.

Of Cicero's letters it is not easy to speak as they deserve within moderate compass; they have always a charming air of frankness and dignity, even when the writer is embarrassed and has to calculate the effect of every word. The long series of letters 'ad Familiares' are all more or less of this category. The letters to Atticus show how great the strain must have been, for they prove his need of entire unrestrained expansion, and his need of leaning upon another judgment. In both points the correspondence reminds us of Dickens' letters to Forster: it is also the clearest proof of Cicero's fundamental honesty, and of how little he was really the dupe of his vanity, and of the miscalculation which led him to exaggerate his public services in the presence of the public.

CICERO'S CONTEMPORARIES AND SUCCESSORS.



the most interesting, contains the writer's views of style in the largest sense, illustrated by choice morsels of his own composition. This was an innovation which filled him with uneasy pride: his Greek models and his Latin rivals had always drawn their illustrations from approved and recognised classics, which was tantamount to a confession, from his point of view, that they were unequal to practise the art which they professed. He thinks it as absurd to teach oratory by a series of extracts from other speakers as for a sculptor to teach sculpture by exhibiting fragments of the work of other sculptors, or for an athlete to undertake to train a runner by standing still and discoursing on the performances of celebrated runners in the past. The second comparison diminishes the arrogance of the first, for the author, whoever he was, cannot have been a celebrated speaker; he makes a merit of writing on the subject at all, as he has private affairs to attend to, but he is fond of exercising himself in speaking, and expects Herennius, who likes exercising with him, to improve with such opportunities. He is not exactly a teacher of rhetoric, but a private gentleman, studious of the art and recognised among his friends as accomplished in the practice of it. Probably if asked why he declaimed at home oftener than he spoke in the courts or the assembly, he would have said that his station did not call upon him to be a conspicuous politician, or his temper to force himself into politics. His authorities are all the famous orators from Lælius to Crassus, which naturally leads us to think that he was a mature man when Cicero was a youth; on the other hand, there are traces which might lead us to fancy that he knew of Cicero and did not admire him, and knew of Lucretius and agreed with him. It is certainly strange that a Roman who had not read Lucretius should enumerate not only the fear of death but religion among the motives of crime. It is also curious that somebody who was not Cicero should have a son Tullius and a wife Terentia. Phrases like 'Et inimico proderas et amicum lædebas et tibi non consulebas;' 'Nec reipublicæ consuluisti nec amicis profuisti nec inimicis restitisti,' look like criticisms of Cicero's conduct in the decline of his fortune. His refusal to be on the Campanian domain commission was

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CICERO'S CONTEMPORARIES AND SUCCESSORS.

A curious and interesting relic of the beginning or the end of the age of Cicero is the treatise on rhetoric addressed to Caius Herennius by an unknown writer, probably Cornificius, who used the same Greek text-book as Cicero in his two books 'de Inventione.' He follows his model much more closely than Cicero, and is uniformly, or almost uniformly, didactic and dogmatic, where Cicero is apt to lose himself in discussion. The two books of Cicero are longer than the four of the author who wrote for Herennius; they both agree that the choice and arrangement of topics is the most extensive part of the art, and when he has exhausted this Cicero pauses and concludes all of his treatise that has reached us. The unknown goes on to treat of memory and of the arts of voice and gesture, which occupy the remainder of the third book; the fourth, which is

the most interesting, contains the writer's views of style in the largest sense, illustrated by choice morsels of his own composition. This was an innovation which filled him with uneasy pride: his Greek models and his Latin rivals had always drawn their illustrations from approved and recognised classics, which was tantamount to a confession, from his point of view, that they were unequal to practise the art which they professed. He thinks it as absurd to teach oratory by a series of extracts from other speakers as for a sculptor to teach sculpture by exhibiting fragments of the work of other sculptors, or for an athlete to undertake to train a runner by standing still and discoursing on the performances of celebrated runners in the past. The second comparison diminishes the arrogance of the first, for the author, whoever he was, cannot have been a celebrated speaker; he makes a merit of writing on the subject at all, as he has private affairs to attend to, but he is fond of exercising himself in speaking, and expects Herennius, who likes exercising with him, to improve with such opportunities. He is not exactly a teacher of rhetoric, but a private gentleman, studious of the art and recognised among his friends as accomplished in the practice of it. Probably if asked why he declaimed at home oftener than he spoke in the courts or the assembly, he would have said that his station did not call upon him to be a conspicuous politician, or his temper to force himself into politics. His authorities are all the famous orators from Lælius to Crassus, which naturally leads us to think that he was a mature man when Cicero was a youth; on the other hand, there are traces which might lead us to fancy that he knew of Cicero and did not admire him, and knew of Lucretius and agreed with him. It is certainly strange that a Roman who had not read Lucretius should enumerate not only the fear of death but religion among the motives of crime. It is also curious that somebody who was not Cicero should have a son Tullius and a wife Terentia. Phrases like '*Et inimico proderas et amicum lædebas et tibi non consulebas;*' '*Nec reipublicæ consuluisti nec amicis profuisti nec inimicis restitisti,*' look like criticisms of Cicero's conduct in the decline of his fortune. His refusal to be on the Campanian domain commission was

an advantage to his enemy Clodius, an offence to his friend Pompeius, and left his own safety unprovided for. When he went into exile, it might fairly be said he neither served the state, nor stood by his friends, nor withstood his enemies. After his return, when he was inclined to revenge himself with Cæsar's help upon the nobility who had betrayed him, it might seem fair to say, '*Inimicis te placabilem, amicis inexorabilem præbes.*' What follows might pass for a scathing invective from the point of view of the thorough optimates of his conduct during the civil war.

'*In otio tumultuarius; in tumultu es otiosus. In re frigidissima cales; in ferventissima friges. Tacito quum opus est clamas; quum tibi loqui convenit, obmutescis. Ades, abesse vis; abes, reverti cupis. In pace bellum quæritas, in bello pacem desideras. In contione de virtute loqueris; in præliis præ ignavia tubæ sonitum perferre non potes.*'

The only part which an admirer of Cicero might think inappropriate in the mouth of his enemies is the first half-sentence. Though Cicero busied himself a good deal in promoting the abortive reaction of public opinion against Pompeius and his confederates, his action was hardly of a kind to be described as 'tumultuous.' All the rest would suit well enough: he was loud in criticism in the camp of Pompeius, where he would have done well to hold his peace: in the debates which preceded the war he took no part. When he was with Pompeius, he wished himself away; when he was safe in Cilicia, he wished himself back in Rome. When the confederates were united, he had a mind to disunite them or to oppose their united forces. When Pompeius was drifting into hostilities and when he was engaged in them, Cicero was for peace at almost any price. In the campaign, when he joined Pompeius at last, he was so nearly a neutral as to be almost proscribed by the ultras, who doubtless thought he would have fought if he had had the courage. Another touch is less certain in its application: it is a vigorous apostrophe to Cassius, probably the celebrated judge and author of the much misquoted '*Cui bono*,' against the impudence of a witness who makes a speech for the prosecution; which was rather a favourite device of Cicero's when he sympathised


h a prosecution that he had not courage to conduct in son.

It is needless to say that the style of the unknown is anything but an advance upon Cicero's; though pure, and clear, and even elegant, it is so dry and stiff that it is difficult to suppose he wrote for him: but we know that Pollio, one of the most celebrated makers of the age of Augustus, was, compared with Cicero, simply rough and unfinished, only reaching here and there the level of agreeable finish which Cicero constantly maintained. It is the more noticeable therefore that the writer to Herennius sets the ideal of finish very high, much higher than an English writer or speaker would set it. For instance, if it were necessary to throw the blame of the revolt of a colony on a revolutionary party at home, one would think it quite sufficient to begin a passage not meant to be particularly impressive as follows: 'Our allies, when minded to wage war upon us, would certainly have reasoned again and again how much lay in their power to do, if indeed they were acting altogether of themselves, and had not many helpers from among us, evil and daring men. For all are wont to ponder long who mean to work in mighty matters.' The author's criticism is: 'Discourse of this kind cannot hold the hearer's attention, for it is all at sea, does not grasp one point and clasp it firm in perfect words.' It is a failure, in short, in the style in which this is a success.

'Ye see, judges, with whom we wage this war: with allies, with men accustomed to fight for us, and both by diligence and power to uphold our empery with us. These, on the one part, must know themselves and their means and their resources; on the other part, none the less by reason of neighbourhood and fellowship in all things were able to know and to estimate the power of the Roman people in all things: when we determined to wage war with us, what matter was it, I say you, that made them bold to enterprise the war when they understood that far the greater part of our allies stood fast to their duty, when they saw on their own part that neither multitude of soldiers, skill of generals, nor treasure of money was ready at need, or, in a word, any matter of the matters that were needful for the service of war? If they were waging war for

The author is not satisfied with a specimen of each of the three styles which an orator requires to practise: he gives specimens of most of the different figures or ways in which a point can be put; and it is among these that we find the passages that read like criticism of Cicero. That the criticism is veiled is hardly surprising, for Cicero himself shrank from criticising his contemporaries, as we see from the amount of pressure that he describes in the 'Brutus,' before he will pay his tribute of vague eulogy to Cæsar and candid courtesy to Hortensius, and justify his own self-complacency by a deprecatory description of his own training and endeavours. Whoever the author was he had more reason to avoid challenging a collision with Cicero, than Cicero had to shun collisions with others, though Cicero lacked the best defence for his reputation. With all his endeavours he never founded a school of oratory.

The only speaker who seriously tried to form himself upon him was M. Claudius Marcellus, consul 51 B.C., who was in exile at Mytilena when Cicero wrote. He was a vehement opponent of Cæsar, and delayed his return from exile for nearly a year after he had been pardoned. He was an accomplished and very painstaking speaker, who naturally followed the greatest and most laborious of contemporary orators; and his fine voice and dignity of presence gave grace to the imitation. Afterwards



Cæsar was content with the language as it stood at its best, and only cared for the utmost attainable consistency of usage, while Cicero wished to enrich and vary the language, and in the judgment of Cæsar succeeded admirably. Being a very able man, he naturally had some share of most of the recognised merits of the day. The praise which both Cicero and Tacitus give, after they have done justice to his Latin and his general ability, turns upon something that they called 'splendour.' All the orators of Cicero's age, according to Tacitus, stand together on a far higher level than his own contemporaries, and 'splendour' is the special grace of Cæsar. Cicero is a little fuller. There was nothing tricky or puzzling in Cæsar's way of speaking, everything was clear and bright as in full sunshine; his voice, his figure, his bearing when he spoke, had all something high-bred and magnificent about them. This seems to apply to the speeches of his maturity; according to Suetonius, when young he had imitated the easy humorous vein of the elder Cæsar; perhaps the prosecution of Dolabella might have succeeded better if the prosecutor, then only twenty-two years old, had been unmistakably serious. Apparently this was not the speech by which later students judged him; and later students judged him amiss, for he took very little pains about the publication of his speeches, and Augustus had to protest with some vigour that most of the speeches which circulated in his name were an entirely inadequate compilation from the public records and private tradition. Apparently the speech for a certain Samnite, Decius, was authentic, and therefore critics fastened upon it and found it tedious; as they found Brutus's speech on behalf of King Deiotarus. Neither speaker was in a position to be passionate and effective at all hazards: when the ascendancy of Sulla or of Cæsar was at its height, the advocate of a Samnite or of a king who had sided with Pompeius was obliged to be cautious. Either speech may have been a well-considered manifesto on behalf of a defeated party, all the more valuable at the time for being too temperate for posterity. Cæsar took no pains to preserve the elaborate addresses which he issued daily when he was curule ædile and was restoring the statues of Marius. Perhaps Quinctilian, who finds in his speeches

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regrets that, after trying to make his way with the approval of the nobility and all respectable citizens, he decided to pay his debts by siding with Cæsar. He, like his father, was noted rather for energy than for skilful argument or literary culture. He was not indifferent to purely oratorical training, though according to Cicero he was more remarkable for zeal than diligence.

M. Cælius Rufus pained Cicero in the same way, though he lived long enough to turn against Cæsar as too conservative, out of an insatiable desire to fish in troubled waters. His speeches were more read than Curio's, though he filled less space in history. He made his three best speeches comparatively early, and unlike Calidius, who spoke best in defence, he was celebrated as an accuser. He prosecuted C. Antonius in 59 B.C. for his malversations in Macedonia, and L. Sempronius Atratinus; the third accused, was either D. Lælius or Q. Pompeius Rufus, who was tribune 53 B.C., and who was seditious in support of Milo. When curule ædile he delivered several harangues to the people which were all in favour of strictness of administration: one, on the variety of frauds in the management of aqueducts, had been read with diligence by Frontinus in the latter part of the first century A.D. He was celebrated both for his wit and for a certain air of elevation; he had a very happy knack of inventing details and pouring contempt upon his opponents: phrases like a '*farthing Clytemnestra*' and a '*barley-husk rhetorician*' made a reputation which it is not easy to explain. In many places it was thought he anticipated the tone which passed for elevation and brilliancy among fashionable speakers in the reign of Vespasian, who thought the average speaking of that generation tame and homely. Quintilian praises his '*asperity*': he knew how to set the minds of the court on edge against a prisoner, which is a different gift from the power of inflaming men's minds, which Cicero claims for himself and for any first-class orator. Cælius left the court cool, but he made them bitter. The longest passage we have from him is a laboured description of the trouble Antonius's concubines and centurions had to rouse him from his drunken sleep to fight Catilina. Cicero would have delighted in contrasting such behaviour with the ideal of a general officer, especially a general who had to defend Rome against a Catilina. But

the same vigour, the same rapid insight, the same decisive energy as in his campaigns, may be thinking of the brief records of what he said when his position in the state was secure: the phrase is not merely conventional, for he thinks a student might gain by studying Cæsar as well as Cicero, and so add some additional vigour to the completeness and grace which he might learn from Cicero. As a man of action he could be round and peremptory beyond the ordinary measure of speakers who lived upon the applause of an audience.

An exceedingly elegant speaker, who had, and sought, no political position, was M. Calidius; he hardly stood above the common crowd of advocates, but among them he was quite unique. If he had had the power of contagious passion, he would have been a great orator: as it was, he was a most exquisite and ingenious advocate, who never missed the real point of a case, and delighted connoisseurs by the perfect clearness of his explanation and by the felicity of his diction, which seemed perfectly natural and appropriate, in spite of an abundant display of ornament of all kinds, rhetorical figures, musical cadences (which were never obtruded), and metaphors which came in without effort. He dealt much in aphorisms of a kind whose application it was difficult to discover, until they had been enunciated in his smooth, easy, transparent language. He is only known by the high praise which Cicero gives him, which perhaps is higher because he had once treated him very cruelly in open court. Calidius accused one Cn. Gellius of an attempt to poison him, and set forth the case with his accustomed neatness and precision; Cicero said what was to be said in reply, and then told Calidius he was a great deal too cool about such a charge to have believed in it. While making it he had never slapped his forehead or his thigh, he had not so much as stamped his foot; so far from moving the court, he had almost sent it to sleep.

The generation who were young when Cicero was celebrated included three considerable speakers who passed away while still young: C. Curio, M. Cælius Rufus, and C. Licinius Calvus. Of these Curio was upon the whole the most important as a politician, and perhaps not the least effective as an orator. Cicero

court that they all knew there had been bribery, and that all knew that they knew it. He concluded as usual with a prayer: that Jupiter and all the immortal gods might do him good as surely as he was persuaded in his mind that there was evidence to convince any child of Vatinius's guilt. And this speech was not only animated by intense and acrimonious conviction, but adorned with a choice vocabulary and with plenty of skilfully veiled aphorisms. His cadences were for the most part severe: that is to say, the proportion of long syllables with consonants was large, and the short syllables were made to depend unmistakably upon the long; the voice was not allowed to play among a number of short open syllables, and then rest upon two or three long syllables at the end. It was quite a wonderful phenomenon when, in defending Messius, who had been accused three times over, he condescended to cadences like '*Credite mihi iudices non est turpe misereri*,' which were soft, not to say incoherent, compared with the ringing phrases in which the eager tones had travelled in serried movement from one strongly accented syllable to another. The severity of method which Calvus adopted in his speeches against Vatinius had probably been instinctive. Afterwards he made a system of correcting himself and retrenching superfluities, till he became meagre and tiresome; but to the last he was always well before the public, and was an effective critic of Cicero.

In this work he was joined by another uncompromising republican, M. Brutus, the nephew of Cato, the nominal leader of the conspiracy against Cæsar, who though he gave him office refused him a career. Cicero, who was a correspondent of Calvus, in spite of oratorical jealousies, was intimate with Brutus, who also criticised his speeches with quite as much candour as friendliness. Brutus was very rich, very well educated, and very industrious: and though there were one or two stories which suggested that he was avaricious, he was thought to be upon the whole a very high-principled and consistent man. Cicero thought it tragical that a man with such a training should have no chance of speaking in the courts or the senate and making himself felt as he deserved, at a time when Cæsar's single will decided all the questions which had hitherto been settled by

there is not a hint of this in Cælius: he is content with a finished picture of a contemptible sot. Coarse as the description is, it is quoted with approbation by Quintilian, and was not one of the passages which savoured of the shabby diction and disjointed, ill-fitting phrases that marked Cælius as still one of the ancients.

Like Cælius, C. Licinius Calvus marks a stage in the transition from Cicero to the eloquence of the days of Nero. Both were born in the same year and day, and Calvus too distinguished himself young: he was twenty-seven when he accused Vatinius (54 B.C.), and though he lived some five years longer, none of his other speeches were worth reading. He was the son of C. Licinius Macer, himself an acrid politician, and a zealous if not effective speaker, and a diligent historian. Like his father, he attacked all that was foremost in the state. But where his father had attacked the nobility, he attacked Cæsar and Pompeius, against whom he also made war with epigrams in the manner of his friend Catullus. In the same spirit he lent himself to the growing public which was tiring of Cicero, as their predecessors had tired of Hortensius. He dwelt on the contrast between Cicero's exuberance and the terser energy of the Attic orators. Cicero had been considered Attic compared with the Asiatic exuberant luxuriance of Hortensius; but Calvus was determined that his Attic purism should make Cicero seem Asiatic in his turn. As late as Quintilian's day there were still some who preferred him to Cicero. The most definite testimony of his power was the acclamation of Vatinius, who could not refrain from starting up in court with a cry, 'Pray you, judges, am I to be undone because he is eloquent?' Fragments from his speeches against Vatinius are remarkable for their intensity of conviction. He began: 'I am going to accuse the boldest man of our city of faction: he is rich and mean, with an evil tongue.' He dared him to harden his impudent forehead to say that he deserved to be made prætor before Cato. If he was acquitted it was not only the law of embezzlement but the law of treason, not only the law of treason but the Plautian law (against sedition), not only the Plautian law but the law against bribery, not only the law of bribery but all laws and judgments altogether, that would be brought to no effect. He told the

self that, as he could manage a case nicely, he came to have many cases to manage, and, having many cases to manage, he could not manage them so nicely. He was very painstaking, and argued his cases more thoroughly apparently than any other speaker. He was famous for 'diligence,' as Calvus was famous for 'judgment'; he was also famous among his admirers for harmonious cadence, the one ornament that he did not eschew. It seems he corrected himself into being dull, as Calvus corrected himself into being meagre; he overloaded his speeches with arguments of all kinds, and was afraid of superfluity of everything else; he came so very far short of being as brilliant and agreeable as Cicero that he seemed to belong to an earlier generation. Many of his speeches were on charges of poisoning which were brought against Greek rhetoricians and other adherents of Caesar, and show what a venomous atmosphere of scandal and suspicion pervaded the city after the campaigns of Mutina and Philippi. It was noticed that he was the first orator of consequence who had ever pleaded before the *centumviri*, a court which seems to have represented the jurisdiction of the *comitia centuriata*, and was specially concerned with questions of inheritance. He defended the heirs of Urbinia against a claimant who professed to be her son, and who could find no better advocate than T. Labienus,¹ who was extremely unpopular among all the large class who hoped for a revival of respectability and prosperity under Augustus, because he insisted upon dwelling on the seamy side of things. Consequently Pollio was able to make it an argument that the other side must have a bad case since no decent counsel would take it up.

Messalla, like Pollio, began to speak before the war of Pharsalia. In his first case he was opposed to Sulpicius Rufus, the first jurist of the age of Cicero, and a not unsatisfactory speaker. But the greater part of his activity fell after he had reconciled himself with Octavian, by whose favour he rose to be consul in the year of Actium. He had the honour of completing the reduction of Aquitaine, and was rewarded

¹ The son of Caesar's lieutenant, who had joined Pompeius on the outbreak of the civil war.

the friction of public opinion, personal and family influence. 'Public business' was at a standstill in the sense in which Romans understood it, and Brutus was just beginning to enter public life when the crash came. He had the opportunity of defending Appius Claudius, his father-in-law, and of delivering a speech in his honour at his funeral, and these were the only speeches he made under normal conditions. He defended King Deiotarus in Cæsar's camp at Nicomedia, and harangued the people from the Capitol after the slaughter of Cæsar, and published his harangue after sending it in vain for Cicero to correct. Cicero thought his speeches in general listless and disjointed; there was no flow of passion to carry the hearers from one head of the discourse to another; the diction was perfect, the disquisition a masterpiece of ingenuity, there were plenty of brilliant points well put: but Cicero said that in Brutus's place he would have written with more heat. Brutus's coldness did not come from want of courage. He wrote a speech in rivalry with Cicero to show how Milo ought to have been defended, taking the line that, as the republic was well rid of Clodius, Milo was not to blame for putting him out of the way.

Brutus was born three years before Calvus, though his reputation, such as it was, came later: he was born ten years before C. Asinius Pollio, sixteen years before M. Valerius Messalla. Pollio lived almost to the end of the reign of Augustus, and Messalla lived half way through it. Both were reckoned the last orators of the old school. The triumvirs were far more oppressive than Cæsar had ever been, but when the proscriptions were over 'public business' went on again at Rome. Pollio, like Calvus and Brutus, was dissatisfied with Cicero as an orator, and both in his speeches and his histories attacked his political honour as well as his oratory. His own ambition was versatile: he was not only an historian and an orator, but a writer of tragedies, and both as a tragedian and as an orator his tastes were antique. Accius and Pacuvius were to be traced in his speeches and in his plays. Having from the first been an intimate and at first almost an equal of Antonius and Octavian, his position in the state was independent of his literary and oratorical gifts which he exercised mainly as accomplishments. He said him

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with a triumph; but to the last he stood somewhat aloof from the new monarchy. He was not in any sense in opposition; but his position was very like that of great nobles under the Republic, who had more dignity than influence. This position affected his oratory in a curious way: he always began in a tone of deprecatory irony: he had weak health, he was not a match for the counsel on the other side in ability or influence, the court must not expect much from him. He had really his full share of patrician pride; he was most exact in the refinement of his Latinity, and when he went to hear M. Porcius Latro, a celebrated declaimer, he admitted that he was eloquent, in a language of his own, which was not Latin. In spite of his deprecatory beginnings and a general want of energy, his speeches had an air of distinction and refinement worthy of his ancient and illustrious house. Compared with Cicero, he was mellower and more agreeable¹ (were there readers who found Cicero's endless eager display a little crude and oppressive?), and he took more pains with his vocabulary. Festus illustrates this by quoting a passage where he called a bad woman 'this decay and destruction of all the house.' The same half-archaic, half-metaphorical use of *tabes* was common in Sallust; but Cicero, though on his guard against any approach to vulgarity, and quite sufficiently ready to admit a metaphor on its own merits, was so much opposed to archaism and caprice as seriously to limit his vocabulary in some directions and throw him back upon the commonplace.

¹ 'Mitior et dulcior.'

CHAPTER III.

LATER HISTORIANS OF THE REPUBLIC.

LATER ANNALISTS AND MEMOIR-WRITERS.

WE know comparatively little of the annalists and historians of the period between the Gracchi and Sulla except their names, and whether they wrote in Greek or Latin: for the most part they were little quoted after the age of Cicero, who found them, upon the whole, unreadable, though on one occasion, when he was trying to occupy himself with literature in the interval between the African and the Spanish war, he expressed his vexation at not having the history of Vennonius: perhaps he wanted it for his work on the ancient orators.

§ 1. The most important, and probably the earliest, was Cn. Gellius, whom his namesake Aulus quotes now and then for odd phrases, while Dionysius of Halicarnassus seems to have taken him for his principal source of the early history: and others had done so before him, for on one occasion he quotes Gellius and his school, perhaps Greek litterateurs and grammarians like himself, who were attracted to a writer so copious that he filled two books or more before he came to the rape of the Sabine.¹ There were at least thirty books altogether, and it is generally held that they are not to be regretted, for none of the other sources of Roman antiquities bear out the numerous details of ancient law and usage which it is held that Dionysius took from him.

§ 2. M. Æmilius Scaurus, the well-known Princeps Senatus, wrote three books on his own life which Cicero compared to Menophon: they were full of grammatical oddities, like *sagittis*

¹ The prayer of Hersilia, the wife of Romulus, when the Sabine women parted the combatants, came in the third book.

P. Rutilius Rufus, whose orations have been already, wrote an autobiographical history of his, apparently both in Greek and Latin, during his Smyrna.

Q. Lutatius Catulus, the successor of Scaurus, with Marius the glory of conquering the Cimbri, wrote of his victories addressed to his friend the poet Furius Quintilian reproduced Cicero's compliment to Sc also wrote four books at least of what he called *Historia*, perhaps in opposition to the *Historia Sacra*.

Rutilius and Catulus both belong in one sense to of Sulla, but they made their reputations before he while Cn. Aufidius, almost the last of the Greek blind prætorian who had a keen sight in letters, as C was a contemporary, if we may trust Velleius Pat Q. Claudius Quadrigarius, L. Valerius Antias, and L. Sisenna.


§ 3. The first of these has sometimes been identified on very clear grounds, with a translator of Acilius Glab judge by Plutarch, also began his history with the Rome by the Gauls—at least he stated that the before that date were wholly untrustworthy. Nothing of the date of Quadrigarius except the mention Velleius. His history did not go back beyond the Rome by the Gauls, and extended at least to the

abridged and heightened. Still, when all is said, it is probable that invention, still half-unconscious, counted for a good deal. For instance, the older legend knew of thirty Sabine women, each of whom gave her name to one of the thirty wards of Rome, each of which probably corresponded to one of the thirty districts of the Roman territory. This is guess-work on the face of it, though, as each of the wards had a name that was exactly like a woman's in form, the guess lay near at hand. But what are we to think when Valerius knows of exactly five hundred and eighty-three? It would be a favourable conjecture that some antiquary had made a list of just so many families as old as Romulus: if so, it followed that each of them must have had a mother, who, as the inmates of the asylum had no wives, must have been a Sabine captive. Besides, we are familiar with the habit of comparatively modern historians, who state motives and results without evidence and without a sense that they are inventing or even drawing inferences; it would not be strange if this stage which we are just leaving behind had been preceded by a stage in which concrete facts were asserted with the same innocent confidence.

It is certain that Valerius Antias did not trouble himself about documents: for instance, he told the story of T. Quintius Flamininus, who executed a prisoner under sentence to please a favourite, without reading Cato's speech against him.

His reputation, which Dionysius of Halicarnassus witnesses, must have been due to his being so much fuller than the rest, for his style was undistinguished, and the grammarians cite him so little that it seems as if he wrote the common language of the day at a time when every author who respected himself liked to display his acquaintance with previous literature and his theories of grammar. The one exception to this is of a nature to prove the rule. Gellius (probably after Valerius Probus) gives several instances of the reduplicated perfects like 'momordi,' 'spopondi,' which Valerius wrote with an *e*, though the stronger vowel held its ground in later literature. This is just like the tendency we find in the literature of the early eighteenth century to substitute the familiar weak perfect for the exceptional strong one, 'catcht,' for instance, for

can be drawn from his name that he was not a native Roman though his family no doubt belonged to the colony. The latest date mentioned in his history is 91 B.C., and there were at least seventy-five books of it. For the early history of the republic he was certainly the principal source of Livy, who for the most part reports his monstrous numbers without comment or suspicion. Later on, when he can compare him with other writers he exclaims at his exaggerations, even when they admit of some defence; for instance, a Greek writer says that on one occasion the Romans captured sixty scorpions large and small: Valerius says they captured six thousand large and thirteen thousand small. Now if Silenus was speaking of the engines and Valerius of the bolts to be discharged from them there would be no contradiction, for three hundred and thirty or forty bolts is no an excessive average for a single engine. He owes his bad name to Livy, who used him more than other writers because he was fuller, though he seems to think that his scale of numbers is above theirs. Vanity cannot have been the motive of his exaggerations, as the losses of the Romans when defeated—*e.g.* at the battle of Orange—are quite as astounding as the losses of the enemy when the Romans were victorious. It is not possible to account for all his numbers on one theory except, indeed, we think they were invented. None of them



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at greater length, while the *Funer* and *Tyrann* have been shorter, for the story of Numa and his Picus and Faunus drunk comes in the second book. The twenty-first dealt with events which happened 156 years later than Livy's.

§ 5. L. Cornelius Sisenna was a much more personage, but not so popular as an historian. Cicero, our chief authority about him, gives us the impression that he had a sort of claim to be a superior person, and the energy to carry it through: he had a chance in the Republic, he was the junior of Sulpicius and the senior of Hortensius, both eclipsed him in turn. He was a sort of an orator, a sort of an historian, in Cicero's judgment a better than any of his predecessors; he was also a grammarian and a novelist. As an orator he made himself ridiculous by affected diction; he thought that common words had no value, and he substituted coined words, like 'sputa', which any court hack could rally him upon. His historical work of his later life, probably composed after 78 B.C., we know by a decree of the senate, he was prætor in 78, certain whether it went back to the first years of the Republic, it is clear that he wrote of the beginnings of the city, but it may have been in some separate work; it may also have been an introduction to his principal work on the Marsian

recognised him killed himself. He enlivened his history with doubtful stories, as we learn from Ovid, and, besides, he translated the Milesian tales of Aristides, which were licentious adventures. Fronto recommended him as the most elegant of licentious writers, but the quotations from his tales and from the history are extremely meagre, so that it is difficult to judge what merits either had. What struck Cicero besides the affected archaism was an incompleteness of training; it seemed as if the only Greek author he had read was Clitarchus, who wrote a romantic history of Alexander the Great. What struck Gellius when he read him, if he read him, was his fondness for adverbs in *im*, like 'fluctuatim' and 'saltuatim' and 'vellitatem,' which occurs in a passage where Sisenna announces his intention of preserving the unity of subject at the expense of the unity of time.

§ 6. A contemporary and friend of Sisenna was C. Licinius Maer, like him an orator as well as an historian, who apparently did not keep up the kind of respectability which Sisenna did. Cicero speaks of him always with a sort of bitter respect; there was no denying that he mastered his cases thoroughly, but he had no manners, and no character, and not much style. As an historian he was ingenious, but he lacked Greek culture, and his insertions of speeches and letters were nothing but a display of impudence.

He seems, like Gellius, to have busied himself with such learning, often doubtful, as could be collected from purely Roman sources. Dionysius quotes him twice in company with Gellius for not paying proper attention to chronology: the first case is not a very bad one; it is simply that Tarquinius Superbus is made to fight at the battle of Lake Regillus, when Dionysius calculates he was ninety-six at least. Livy complains that he extols his own family too highly, because he narrates that the author of the Licinian Laws named a dictator when consul with the laudable object of disappointing a colleague who wished to stay at Rome and hold the elections to make sure of being returned again. In general Livy quotes him with more respect, because he was the first writer who had consulted the Libri Lintei or lists of magistrates which were

preserved in the temple of Moneta, having himself been a mint commissioner. These citations throw little light on the general plan of his work, and the only really interesting fragment has been preserved by a late Greek grammarian. In this Macer explains that Romulus instituted the festival of the Brumalia, at which he kept open house for such as had no house of their own, and advised the senators to do the like, because he had been taunted with having had no house of his own in his childhood: but the writer is aware that the institution dates from a time when there was no work to be done in winter, and many who had no means of living through a winter without working. It is a mere accident that he explains this by an incident in the early life of Romulus, for Licinius ascribed everything to him systematically, even the year of twelve months which general tradition ascribed to Numa.

§ 7. Another writer who, like Licinius Macer, referred to official documents was Q. Ælius Tubero, whose historical labours had begun when he was in Asia on the staff of the younger Cicero in 60 B.C. His history had an edifying character, but we do not know much else of it, not even whether the author finished his work or left it to be finished by his namesake Quintus. Livy quotes him as appealing to the Linen Books on the question of the consuls of the year 323 B.C. Macer quoted them too, and they differed, but Livy does not make it clear whether Tubero read the books differently or trusted them less.

§ 8. The fashion of Greek memoirs lasted longer than that of Greek histories. Sulla was engaged up to a few days before his death on the twenty-second book of his Memoirs, which were addressed to Lucullus, and Lucullus himself in his youth cast lots whether he should compose in prose or verse, or Greek or Latin, and, as the lot fell upon Greek prose, composed his recollections of the Marsic war in Greek, taking care to prove that he was a Roman by inserting a few solecisms.

§ 9. More important were the chronological tables of T. Pomponius Atticus, which bore the title of *Annals*, and were full of the most laborious synchronisms. Every Roman

magistrate was given with the wars and events and treaties of his year of office, and he even contrived to introduce pedigrees upwards and downwards. In the same spirit he wrote family histories of the Junii and the Marcelli, at the request of the families; which proves that the family archives were not very well kept, and that there were extraneous materials for completing them.

It seems that in his Annals Atticus was anticipated by his biographer Cornelius Nepos, whose first name is unknown. He was a native of the region of the Po, and lived somewhere between 94 and 24 B.C. His first work was written in the lifetime of Catullus, according to whom it was the first attempt of the kind in Italy. It consisted of three volumes of chronological tables, which traced everything from the beginning of the world to his own time, and was regarded as a collection of nursery tales in the fourth century (Auson. *Ep.* 16), for all the deities from Saturn downwards were treated as men and women whose adventures had to be given under the proper dates.

He wrote elaborate Lives of Cato and Cicero, in the latter of which he was thought by Gellius to have made mistakes; and the elder Pliny, of all writers, taxes him with credulity for the strange tales in his geographical work on the marvels of foreign countries, in which by-the-by he gave distances without giving directions. He attempted poetry, to judge by the younger Pliny's citation, as an outlet for passions, which he did not allow to disturb his life. But his real work was biographical: he wrote a book of Examples, which seem to have been specimens of ancient and modern virtue, for Suetonius quotes him as saying that at the siege of Mutina Octavian never drank above thrice at supper.

The same tendency shows itself in the only work of which we have large fragments—'The Lives of Illustrious Men': this fell into several divisions, the lives of generals, the lives of poets, grammarians, historians, and each section was subdivided into those who were Romans and those who were not, in order that readers might compare the two and discover which set the best example. Out of this collection we have nearly or quite

entire the section on foreign generals, and the lives of Cato and Atticus from the section of Roman historians. In the former of these the author refers to his fuller *Life of Cato* for further details.

The lives of foreign commanders fall into three divisions—the Greeks, the kings who were also generals, and the barbarians Hamilcar and Hannibal; Datames¹ curiously enough figuring among the Greeks. The selection is rather capricious: Brasidas and Aratus, who surprised so many citadels, and Philopœmen and Cleomenes III. are omitted. Herodotus is not used for the *Lives* of Themistocles and Miltiades: probably Nepos thought the latest Greek book the best. He is very fond of extolling frugality. Agesilaus is praised for not enriching himself in the least by his victories, and going back to his shabby old palace at Sparta without a wish to improve; just as he is praised for trying to earn money as a condottiere for the state after the disaster of Leuctra: as a matter of fact, his services in that line fall at a very much later date, and little or nothing is said of the abortive resistance in Peloponnesus which practically occupied the interval between Leuctra and Mantinea. On the other hand, Cornelius is careful to explain that Agesilaus was not really a king any more than Pausanias or Hannibal (for we learn from him that the title of king was still attached to an annual office at Carthage). There is a good deal of caprice in the *Life of Hannibal*. We learn nothing of his tactics, but a good deal of his more or less fabulous stratagems—how he eluded Fabius by turning oxen loose with lighted faggots tied to their horns, and how in his old age he neutralised the naval superiority of Eumenes over Prusias by teaching Prusias's seamen to throw clay jars full of live snakes aboard Eumenes' ships. Some historical points are given which we do not find elsewhere, as that Hannibal was deprived of his military command at the instance of the Romans before his judicial reforms at Carthage, and that before Hamilcar put down the rebellious mercenaries,

¹ A Carian of the fourth century B.C., who did the Great King considerable service against rebellious satraps, till, being in a position to rebel himself, the king procured his assassination.

the Carthaginians had applied for help to Rome and had been promised they should have it.

In the same way we learn that Phocion was brought forward by Demosthenes because he was dissatisfied with Chares, and about Phocion we learn little else, for apparently his reputation for 'virtue' in the sense of being incorruptible by money was better known than his military efficiency and political insight, both of which though limited were above the average.

The Life of Pelopidas is equally meagre, for the author fears that he shall be betrayed into general history, and besides his favourite sources gave him little information. He complains that Pelopidas was unknown except to professed historians. Epaminondas was better known. Cornelius tells almost as many anecdotes about him as Plutarch, though he tells much less of what he did to make history. One difference is worth noticing: Plutarch makes him say when dying that he leaves two daughters, the victories of Leuctra and Mantinea, while Cornelius makes him reply to Pelopidas, who urged him to marry and leave children to the state, that he left one immortal daughter (the victory of Leuctra), who was better than a son like Pelopidas' own, whereupon Cornelius observes upon the tendency of all great men to have degenerate sons, as if it were an ascertained fact.

The Life of Atticus is the fullest and most interesting; it was written before 27 B.C., when Octavian received the title of Augustus. The Life explains the way in which Cicero clung to him much better than Cicero's own letters, for so many appeals without response give one a stronger sense of Atticus' selfishness than of his sweetness of nature. Cornelius does not disguise the selfishness, but he shows the sweetness of nature which marked Atticus both in his home and his friendships. Still clearer is the impression of his prudence: he entertained every Roman of rank who came to Athens, and this involved an extra expense of between only 2*l.* and 3*l.* a month. Cornelius had seen his accounts. No doubt the item *penus* for keeping the store-room full was considerably heavier than *sumptus* for such casual outlay. What Cornelius specially admires is that he increased his fortune fivefold without making any difference in his

style, and that he preferred training valuable slaves to buying showy ones.

§ 10. The position of Varro is one of the puzzles of Roman literature. He was a contemporary of Cicero and Cæsar, and they both looked up to him: he was beyond dispute the most learned of the Romans, his reputation lasted through many changes of literary fashion. Seneca recommends him as edifying, and St. Augustin quotes him as instructive on all subjects, and we do not know in the least what sort of a writer he was, except that Seneca and Quintilian were right in affirming that he was not eloquent, and that he was immensely methodical in his enormous compilations. For instance, his twenty-five books on the Latin language were divided into three parts, etymology, how words were fixed upon things, which filled seven books; six books on declension; and twelve books on syntax. The work from the fifth book onward was dedicated to Cicero, in redemption of a promise which was grudgingly fulfilled after all; for instead of an elaborate dedication, he only observed parenthetically that this part of the work was addressed to him. We have books V. to X. in an unsatisfactory state, and they give an impression of the work of a laborious amateur; and his frequent allusions to other parts of the work strengthen it. There was a book on what could be said for etymology, and another on what could be said against it, while the latter part of the treatise on etymology turned into a list of rare words in prose and poetry.

His three books on agriculture were finished when he was eighty-one. The first is on vegetable crops of all kinds, the second on live stock, the third on preserves of birds and fish: they are in the form of dialogues, each addressed to a separate friend, though all three are addressed to his wife. These represent the latest and the smallest part of his writings. In his youth he had written to Accius, the tragic poet, on the antiquity of letters. Besides many other grammatical works resumed in his great work on the Latin language, he had written upon the Roman poets. He wrote, too, nine books 'de Disciplinis,' on the 'seven liberal arts,' and medicine and architecture, which were used by Martianus Capella, and fifteen books on civil law, which are believed to have been the foundation of the work of Pom-

nus, a celebrated jurist of the reign of Augustus. To say nothing of minor works, like the two calendars for the use of husbandmen and shipmen, also the twenty-two speeches, mostly no doubt funeral encomiums, and thirty political memoirs, and the account of the three campaigns in which he served as lieutenant of Pompeius against the pirates, against the Thracians, and against Cæsar and Marius, he wrote three enormous collections: forty-one books on antiquities, of which one was introductory, twenty-four were on human antiquities since men existed in societies, before they instituted marriage, and the last sixteen on divine antiquities, in which he laid down the principle that of three kinds of theology, political, poetical, and physical, the former, which contained the doctrine of authorised rites and ceremonies, was far the most valuable; seventy-six books of edifying dialogues on various subjects, each identified with some mythical or historical character; 150 books of satires in the vein of Menippus, in which prose and verse were mingled at random, and biting plainness of speech did duty for wit. These last were a work of Varro's middle life, for they were in hand 60 B.C., thirty-three years before his death. The only other of his works which needs mention here is the 'Imagines,' in fifteen books, one of which was a preface, while the other fourteen contained parallel lives of illustrious Greeks and Romans, each of which was illustrated by a portrait, probably only in outline. The work was published afterwards without illustrations. Varro, though he survived Cæsar some seventeen years, was born sixteen years before him, and this explains the rugged, archaic style of all his fragments: he grew up before the new fashion of cultivation, and he never conformed to it. Cæsar, on the contrary, in language as in everything else was a model of elegance from the first.

CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES.

Of Cæsar's oratory, what little can be said has been said elsewhere. As an historian he is without an equal, and it may even be said that Hirtius, the best of his pupils, is without

a superior. Cæsar himself is the one character in his age that we can at once like and esteem. Cicero was amiable, and in spite of his weaknesses and pettinesses respectable for his steady, conscientious insight and public spirit. Cato was impracticable: Pompeius was ungenerous: few of Cæsar's own adherents had a scrap of character in private life: they were rapacious, corrupt, or debauchees. Cæsar himself had a reputation in his youth for gallantries of all kinds, which was probably much exaggerated by the shameless licence of language, which itself implies that the general standard of conduct is low; but the two most respectable of his opponents testify that this was his only vice. Cato said as far back as his consulship he was the only man who came sober to the overthrow of the state. Cicero said, when he had established his authority in Italy, that the sobriety and diligence of the monster were incredible. Perhaps the bitterness of which there were signs towards the end may have resulted from the excesses of his early manhood: although it is sufficiently accounted for by labours much greater than those under which exemplary statesmen have been worn out at the age at which Cæsar died by violence, still in the hopeful contemplation of large schemes.

It is certainly wonderful, when we consider how thoroughly revolutionary and unscrupulous Cæsar's career was, how blameless it was from all points of view, except that of the believer in the divine right of the Roman nobility, or in the divine right of the natives of Gaul to be made war upon under the rules of the Geneva convention. He never gives us the impression which his modern eulogists do, of his having trampled upon a great many things, once properly sacred, but then obsolete and cumbersome. The distich of Euripides, which it is said he often quoted,¹ is itself a sign that he had a tolerably easy conscience. He could hardly help feeling that his situation was irregular, when he was asserting his personal rights, at the cost of a civil war, against a partner who had all the constituted authorities upon his side, except a few tribunes of

¹ 'If men must sin, the fairest prize of sin
Should be a throne: else piety is well.'


the commons. At the same time he had always been scrupulously fair and generous in his dealings with Pompeius, and, when his selfishness made the jealousy of the nobility effectual, Cæsar's proposals were still conspicuously liberal and disinterested, if we admit that he had a right to make proposals at all, if we do not imagine that it was his duty to obey the senate and the consuls, as ordinary subjects obey a sovereign.

He insists more than once in the Gallic war upon his own clemency, and this surprises a modern reader, who takes the tremendous lists of killed and prisoners literally. By the common law of war, which Cæsar applied without change on a very large scale, it rested practically with the soldiers whether quarter should be given. Captives were liable to slavery unless protected by an express convention. The large bodies of Gauls who from time to time engaged Cæsar no doubt exaggerated their own numbers, but the superior arms of the Romans, and the gregarious courage of the Gauls, made the fighting unusually bloody. The captives supplied prize money enough to defray the cost of conquering Gaul, to pay Cæsar's debts, to enrich his army, and to keep the nobility quiet. And yet Cæsar's boast was not an empty one. Those who were neither killed nor taken in battle (by Cæsar's statistics they must have been a minority of the male population) were allowed to retain their lands and a good deal of their institutions, and were treated with considerable forbearance by the representatives of the conquering power. The first experience of Roman rule had often been like the experience of the natives of Ireland; the first experience the Gauls had of it was more like the experience of the natives of India. It is true that the poor and distant tribes of the north-west were treated more harshly than the tribes of central Gaul, which had given greater provocation, but the same reasons of military convenience told in favour of Aquitania.

Cæsar's clemency to Romans, though not uncalculating, was more disinterested: it sprang from a native generosity which no opposition could tire, no treachery exhaust. The enthusiasm of his followers was boundless. The great oath of chief lieutenants, from Antony downwards, was *'ita vivo*

Cæsare moriar.' They wished to leave their leader in the world when they died, as other Romans wished to leave their children or their brothers; if they lost him, the world would be empty to them, just as it would be to a father who had lost his children. Napoleon's marshals were weary of him: he said himself, 'When I am dead, *on dira ouf*;' but Napoleon was cynical, and there is not a trace of cynicism in Cæsar. There is not a word in his writings, or in the anecdotes about him, to indicate that he despised or disliked his fellows, and this is wonderful, considering his immense superiority, and also his entire unscrupulousness. Another contrast is, that he is extremely generous in his treatment of his subordinates: he never throws the blame on their mistakes, and, when he has to narrate their failures, excuses them as far as possible, without stating or implying that there is a fault to excuse.

His great work was written year by year for seven years, in the intervals of his campaigns, with an ease and rapidity which astonished Hirtius. It does not profess to be a history, but only materials for history; though, as Hirtius and Cicero judiciously observe, the materials were so excellent that no intelligent historian ventured to use them for a work of his own. Cæsar's Commentaries are our history of the conquest of Gaul, and few parts of ancient history are nearly so well told; but they are not




he established with the conquered tribes in Gaul, how much of their institutions he left to them, how much authority he claimed for himself or his representatives over the native tribes. He leaves it certainly to be understood that the only occasion on which he exercised anything like jurisdiction was in what might be called state trials; but in general he tells us nothing, and Hirtius, his continuator, tells us nothing, of his civil administration. Napier, in writing of the Peninsular War, intended to write before all things a military history, yet he tells us much more in proportion of the relation of Wellington to the Inquisition and the Spanish Constitutionalists. Nor can it be said that Cæsar confines himself rigidly to military history; he describes not only the Germans, with whom he was the first civilised writer to come in contact, but the Gauls, who were pretty well known from other sources—as Strabo thinks, at much greater length than was necessary to make his narrative intelligible: in fact, he seems to use the avowed incompleteness of commentaries to enable him to say just as much as he wished. As a military history the Commentaries are full; they tell us, with a frankness that perhaps is intended for disguise, the motive of all Cæsar's movements, great and small. There is nowhere any attempt at picturesqueness. The surrender of Vercingetorix, one of the most romantic scenes in ancient history, is dismissed in a couple of words; we only know the details from Dion, a writer of the third century A.D., whose authority Mr. Long treats as suspicious, though he accepts his statement that Vercingetorix was executed after Cæsar's triumph.

Cæsar's narrative, both of the Gallic and of the Civil War, is ingeniously arranged to clear himself from the charge of ambition. He tries to show that he conquered Gaul and the Roman empire almost by accident. Apparently the migration of the Helvetii and the Germans under Ariovistus, for neither of which he was responsible, determined all that followed: he owed it to the old treaty with the Hædui to save them from that double peril; and the jealousy which his successes aroused compelled him to subdue one set of tribes after another. His expeditions beyond the Channel and beyond the Rhine he is willing to represent as simple acts of bravado, with hardly any

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His great work was written year by year for seven years, in the intervals of his campaigns, with an ease and rapidity which astonished Hirtius. It does not profess to be a history, but only materials for history; though, as Hirtius and Cicero judiciously observe, the materials were so excellent that no intelligent historian ventured to use them for a work of his own. *Cæsar's Commentaries* are our history of the conquest of Gaul, and few parts of ancient history are nearly so well told; but they are not



established with the conquered tribes in Gaul, how much their institutions he left to them, how much authority he reserved for himself or his representatives over the native tribes. It leaves it certainly to be understood that the only occasion on which he exercised anything like jurisdiction was in what might be called state trials; but in general he tells us nothing. Hirtius, his continuator, tells us nothing, of his civil administration. Napier, in writing of the Peninsular War, intended to write before all things a military history, yet he tells us much more in proportion of the relation of Wellington to the Inquisition and the Spanish Constitutionalists. Nor can we say that Cæsar confines himself rigidly to military history; he describes not only the Germans, with whom he was the first Roman writer to come in contact, but the Gauls, who were very well known from other sources—as Strabo thinks, at a greater length than was necessary to make his narrative intelligible: in fact, he seems to use the avowed incompleteness of his Commentaries to enable him to say just as much as he needed. As a military history the Commentaries are full; they tell us, with a frankness that perhaps is intended for disguise, of the motive of all Cæsar's movements, great and small. There is nowhere any attempt at picturesqueness. The surrender of Vercingetorix, one of the most romantic scenes in ancient history, is dismissed in a couple of words; we only know the details from Cassiodorus, a writer of the third century A.D., whose authority Mr. Hume treats as suspicious, though he accepts his statement that Vercingetorix was executed after Cæsar's triumph. Cæsar's narrative, both of the Gallic and of the Civil War, is obviously arranged to clear himself from the charge of ambition. He tries to show that he conquered Gaul and the Roman empire almost by accident. Apparently the migration of the Helvetii and the Germans under Ariovistus, for neither of which he was responsible, determined all that followed: he referred it to the old treaty with the Hædui to save them from the double peril; and the jealousy which his successes aroused compelled him to subdue one set of tribes after another. His expeditions beyond the Channel and beyond the Rhine he is obliged to represent as simple acts of bravado, with hardly any

definite object except to prove to his Gallic allies the abundance of his resources. It is the same in the Civil War. If Pompeius would have agreed to the necessary arrangements securing a second consulship to his colleague, all would have been well. In his narrative Curio plays decidedly a smaller part than in the story which became traditional among the Roman aristocracy, who believed, rightly or wrongly, that that ingenious adventurer had made agreement impossible by bringing proposals of his own before the people at a time when there was a prospect of passing an acceptable compromise through the senate. In the same way Cæsar gives us to understand that he had decided to raise the siege of Gergovia, even apart from the unsuccessful assault in which he lost seven hundred soldiers and forty centurions. He hints that the assault was carried much further than he intended, and that within the limits he intended it was suggested by the force of circumstances. It is in fact very remarkable, considering that he was his own historian, and so much to tell us of his motives, how little he tells us of his plans: he hardly wishes to claim credit for making any. It is true that for the most part, except towards the close of his career he was very much overmatched; but so was Napoleon in the campaign of Marengo, although this campaign was planned in a country of roads and maps, more favourable, therefore,

The style is perceptibly more archaic than in the more business-like parts of the narrative ; one might almost suspect that Cæsar was condescending to show that he appreciated the finer parts of the old annalists ; for Cæsar was a literary connoisseur, and found time to write upon grammar, and spent all the evening, when he visited Cicero after Pharsalia, on philological discussion. The greater part of the Commentaries, however, have been written without any Latin model ; for Sulla and Lucullus wrote in Greek, and though Cato's history was disproportionately full when he came to speak of his own services, he cannot have written on anything like so large a scale. The only Greek work which Cæsar can have had before him as worth imitating would be the 'Anabasis' of Xenophon, a writer much more naïve and egoistical, and whose one achievement in life was his help to Chirisophus on one long and difficult march, which, remarkable as it was, had more significance for political history than for military. Cæsar must therefore be considered, through the greater part of his work, a thoroughly original writer, doing with mastery what had never been done before. Now and then we have a sort of hitch : for instance, the manners and customs of the Germans are described twice over, once when Cæsar has to tell of his campaign against the tribes driven across the Rhine by the Suevi, and once in contrast to the Gauls, as a prelude to the campaign against the Treviri and their German allies. The latter description is full and systematic, and both are delightfully unprejudiced : he praises them for things that would shock a Roman, without any intention of satire. For instance, the Suevi are so tall because they live much more upon milk and mutton than upon corn, and spend much time in hunting and exercise every day, and perfect freedom of life, with no business and no lessons, and doing nothing against their will from boyhood up. He also mentions, without the least embarrassment, that the Germans were much more 'virtuous' in the technical sense than the Romans : it is a simple peculiarity, like the belief that no number of cavalry who used saddles were a match for men who, like themselves, rode barebacked. A more curious trait is that the Germans prohibited the importation of wine, not because it tended to

raid upon Africa very tenderly: he dwells more upon his enterprise and gallantry, and upon his reasons to be sanguine, than upon his failure to utilise half the resources at his disposal. Of course due stress is laid upon Juba's cruelty to the captives, whom Attius Varus, one of the least incapable of the lieutenants of Pompeius, failed to protect, after they had surrendered to him upon the ordinary terms. The murder of Pompeius is narrated much more coolly. Cæsar speaks with more feeling of the treasure of Ephesus, which fortune gave him the opportunity of saving twice. The only trace of emotion is that Achilles, the Egyptian commander-in-chief, who received and slaughtered Pompeius, is called a man of singular daring. Perhaps, too, if the war had not been prefaced by an assassination, the account of the forces under Achilles might have been less caustic. 'They were such that their number, their character, their military experiences might appear above contempt. He had twenty thousand of them under arms. They consisted of Gabinius's soldiers, who had come already into the custom of the life and licence of Alexandria, had unlearned the name and discipline of the Roman people, had taken wives, who had in many cases borne children. These were reinforced by an assortment of pirates and bandits, from the provinces of Syria and Cilicia, and the neighbouring regions. There was a strong muster, too, of outlaws and exiles: all our runaways had a sure refuge at Alexandria, and a sure livelihood: they had only to give in their names and be put on the soldier roll, then if any of them were challenged by his master the soldiers rallied and brought him off; for they bore their men out in violence, because all were in the like fault, and each thought to fend off his own peril. These were the men who had used themselves to demanding the execution of courtiers, to plundering the goods of the rich, to beset the king's house to get their pay raised, to drive one from the kingdom and bring in another, all after the old use and wont of the army of Alexandria. Besides there were two thousand cavalry. All these were veterans of more than one of the wars of Alexandria: they had brought back Ptolemæus the elder to his kingdom; they had slain the two sons of Bibulus. They


been in his favour, if it had been free, and was of ill-regulated ambition of Lentulus and the jealous Pompeius, who was supported by his second. There is an ingenious insinuation (endorsed to some extent by Cicero in his bitter letters to Lucceius) that Lentulus was going to be a second Sulla, and was hesitating and was ready to make his own bargain with Cæsar. Beyond this, and one or two gibes at Cato, the nature of the aristocracy. The conduct of Domitius, who fled from Marseilles after being pardoned at Corfinium, to fall at Pharsalia—rejoicing, as he says, to have escaped a second pardon—only more strongly notes how apt that ‘ferocious scoundrel,’ as Dean Milner called him, was to leave his troops in the lurch.

Cæsar does not decide whether Pompeius ever would have fought because he had no choice or because it was his policy from the first. He lays some stress on the alacrity with which the south and central Italy pronounced in his favour, but does not discuss or extenuate the curious attachment of the southern provinces to their neighbours to the cause of the senate, or the inexplicable devotion of Campania, where all the great estates, to the cause of the nobility. While passing on such points like these, Cæsar misses no opportunity of setting himself up as the champion of law and order against the lawless proceedings of factious aristocrats. He dilates

aid upon Africa very tenderly: he dwells more upon his enterprise and gallantry, and upon his reasons to be sanguine, than upon his failure to utilise half the resources at his disposal. Of course due stress is laid upon Juba's cruelty to the captives, whom Attius Varus, one of the least incapable of the lieutenants of Pompeius, failed to protect, after they had surrendered to him upon the ordinary terms. The murder of Pompeius is narrated much more coolly. Cæsar speaks with more feeling of the treasure of Ephesus, which fortune gave him the opportunity of saving twice. The only trace of emotion is that Achilles, the Egyptian commander-in-chief, who received and slaughtered Pompeius, is called a man of singular daring. Perhaps, too, if the war had not been prefaced by an assassination, the account of the forces under Achilles might have been less caustic. 'They were such that their number, their character, their military experiences might appear above contempt. He had twenty thousand of them under arms. They consisted of Gabinus's soldiers, who had come already into the custom of the life and licence of Alexandria, had unlearned the name and discipline of the Roman people, had taken wives, who had in many cases borne children. These were reinforced by an assortment of pirates and bandits, from the provinces of Syria and Cilicia, and the neighbouring regions. There was a strong muster, too, of outlaws and exiles: all our runaways had a sure refuge at Alexandria, and a sure livelihood: they had only to give in their names and be put on the soldier roll, then if any of them were challenged by his master the soldiers rallied and brought him off; for they bore their men out in violence, because all were in the like fault, and each thought to fend off his own peril. These were the men who had used themselves to demanding the execution of courtiers, to plundering the goods of the rich, to beset the king's house to get their pay raised, to drive one from the kingdom and bring in another, all after the old use and wont of the army of Alexandria. Besides there were two thousand cavalry. All these were veterans of more than one of the wars of Alexandria: they had brought back Ptolemæus the elder to his kingdom; they had slain the two sons of Bibulus. They

had often waged war upon Egyptians. Such was their military experience.'

There is little or nothing of the archaisms of the more elegant passages of the Commentaries on the Gallic War, nor is there much of the elaborate structure of the level narrative. The style is at once less careful and easier, more animated and more monotonous: there is not so much endeavour to make a complicated statement clearly in a single sentence: fewer paragraphs open with an ablative absolute, followed by a deponent participle: perhaps, too, there are fewer of the rather naïve sentences in which each clause ends in a verb of the same tense and termination. There is also less piety; we hear more of fortune, and decidedly less of the immortal gods: perhaps Cæsar felt it incongruous to boast of their blessing in a civil war, and throughout the tone of the narrative is less cheerful, sometimes it is almost querulous. One may instance the description of the opposition of the famous tribune Metellus: Cæsar does not say a word of his own designs upon the treasury, and gives us to understand that he was baffled in everything. Still more noticeable is the way in which he treats the two unsuccessful engagements before Dyrrhachium: he will not allow that the first was a defeat, the second was only a slight one; such as it was, it was due to a



Hirtius, who narrates the sequel of the Alexandrine war, finds it necessary to explain, with an air of sympathetic frankness, how natural it was for the Egyptians to make a last effort to keep the Romans out of their country. 'It was but a few years since Gabinius had been in Egypt with an army: Pompeius had fallen back on Egypt in his flight; Cæsar had come with ships and troops: the death of Pompeius had done no good, it had not prevented the stay of Cæsar. Unless he were driven out, Egypt would be a province, not a kingdom; and that must be done betimes, while the tempest and the season of the year shut him in, so that he could receive no help from over sea.'

Hirtius is less enthusiastic than Cæsar as to the valour of his comrades. Cæsar never, after the first German campaign, records such depression as seems to have taken possession of the forces that held part of Alexandria, when Ganymedes had brought sea-water into their cisterns; and the distress at Ilerda had been at least as severe, and lasted longer. He obviously admires the versatility of the Alexandrines, who in all that belongs to street-fighting seem to have been able, with the advantage of their superior numbers, to hold their own, and something more, against Cæsar, who was superior both in the field and in regular sea-fights, even when he had none of his soldiers aboard, as the Rhodians manœuvred and fought better than the Egyptians. Not that Hirtius cares to depreciate the Egyptians, though he cannot help exclaiming at the truly kingly dissimulation of young Ptolemæus, who cried at parting with Cæsar, and had to be consoled with the prospect of an early meeting, as soon as the pacification had been arranged which his subjects professed to desire. Apparently they were tears of joy, for as soon as he was free he threw himself into the war with as much energy as his subjects, who only pretended a wish for peace in order to get him out of Cæsar's quarters.

The Alexandrine War is not the only subject of the book, which carries the history of the Civil War from the point at which Cæsar's Commentaries leave off to his return to Rome after the victory over Pharnaces. This gives the book a very episodic character, for the operations in the south of Spain had no connection of any kind with those in Egypt; and the check of

Domitius, who was compelled to fall back into the province of Asia, after an unsuccessful engagement with Pharnaces, did nothing to add to the dangers of Cæsar, or to hinder the advance of the army under Mithridates of Pergamos which ultimately relieved him. The result is that Hirtius has to tell each story separately, without attempting to link them together. First we have the history of Cæsar's combats, till the final settlement of affairs in Egypt; then the affairs of Pharnaces, until Cæsar was ready to deal with him; then Cæsar and Pharnaces are left to wait till the end of the book, while we hear of the performances of Gabinius and Vatinius and Octavius, on the coast of Illyricum, and, at much greater length, how Cassius made money in his province out of everything, even a conspiracy to assassinate him, and how at length he had to leave the province to a successor, who might very well have dispossessed him by force, as half the province was already in revolt against his authority. As Cassius and his treasure were swamped at the mouth of the Ebro, because his pride would not allow him to retreat by land, the affair ended without immediate consequences, and might have been passed over, although it contributed, not very remotely, to the second Spanish War, which Hirtius intended to relate in due course. Still the episode might have been curtailed if Hirtius had not owed a brother officer an ill-turn. He writes candidly and cleverly: one phrase is worthy of Tacitus, where he says that the news of Pharsalia forced a little gladness out of Cassius, '*lætitiâ exprimebat*'; though he takes more words than Tacitus would have taken to explain why the gladness of Cassius was not spontaneous. Tacitus too would have carried the art of damaging candour to a person he dislikes much further; he would have been undeniably fair, without taking so much visible pains to be fair as Hirtius. In his own way Hirtius is not without literary ambition; he tries to be ingenious about the perfidy of the Alexandrines, and eloquent about the tyranny of Pharnaces, who seized the most beautiful of both sexes for his harem, inflicting a punishment, says Hirtius, worse than death. He is a good conservative, and disapproves, like his chief, of the recurring efforts of the mob of Rome and its would-be leaders to use Cæsar's victory as an

tion of disorder. His style is more elaborate than that of 'Civil War'; it is modelled upon the full, serried order of 'Gallic War.' It comes a little short of their sublime air of impartiality; Cæsar's own explanations of his conduct never in the least like apologies, he never seems to boast of his achievements. Hirtius visibly admires his commander always, sometimes defends him. He deserves credit for his freedom from Cæsar's few mannerisms, such as the frequent use of *factus* in the 'Civil War,' of *ea res* and *quæ res* in the 'Gallic War'; but there are a few traces of imperfect education—phrases are used without a clear perception of their real meaning. *Inferre moram* or *inferre cunctationem* are used and natural by themselves, or even together, but they do not justify such a sentence as *Neque vero Alexandrinis in gerendis negotiis cunctatio ulla aut mora inferebatur*. It rested with the Alexandrines to delay or not, and Hirtius probably means that they chose not to delay; but what he says would almost imply that there was nothing to hinder their being energetic.

The narrative of Hirtius is continued, by an inferior hand, to the end of the second Spanish war, which is probably as far as Hirtius meant to go; for there were no serious military operations between the battle of Munda and the death of Cæsar, which he fixed as the period of his history. The continuator's work is in a very fragmentary state, and leaves off abruptly in the middle of an harangue in which Cæsar rebukes the people of Gades for their persistent disaffection; informing them that, even if they had been able to compass his death, they would still have had to deal with the valour of the Roman legions—which were strong enough to pull down the heavens. It is noteworthy that the speech is in *oratio recta*: throughout the Commentaries of Cæsar and Hirtius almost everything is put in *oratio obliqua*, as if set speeches were so much of a literary ornament for such simple memoirs. Together the books on the African and Spanish wars show a long though ill-regulated ambition of fine writing. The author or authors are uneducated, and they do not care for simplicity; they are not exactly pretentious, but they wish to write like a book.

The author of the 'African War' still imitates Cæsar pretty closely in everything but ease and elegance. He is rough and cumbrous, and a little over emphatic; for one thing he is very fond of the historical infinitive; he indulges, like Hirtius, in technical words, like *brachium* for a flanking work, which Cæsar does not employ. The book has an interest, because the author was not of the rank of Hirtius, and does not identify himself with Cæsar. For instance, when some of the worst officers were dismissed soon after landing, the writer feels that it served them right, yet seems to think that Cæsar almost descended to sharp practice in availing himself of such a little petty bit of a cause as the conduct of Avienus, who filled a whole ship with his stores, his household, and his riding horse and sumpter animals, without bringing over a single soldier from Sicily. He admires Cæsar's clemency, but the admiration is rather Platonic; he does not seem shocked when he tells us how the soldiers after Thapsus cut down the troops of Scipio, under the eyes of Cæsar, who vainly begged his men to be merciful, though he thinks the veterans went rather too far in attacking the nobles and knights who served in Cæsar's army, and were called *auctores* by a curious piece of slang. It was natural enough that an army in a civil war should wish for some personages of position at its head, who should not merely act as generals, but give their official and personal authority to the cause. And Hirtius uses the word quite commonly in the singular; but it was an easy extension of the term to call every one whose presence in the camp was a credit to the cause an *auctor*. The writer does full justice to the difference between Cato and the majority of the Pompeians, though he has great satisfaction in showing that Cato had no hold upon the mass of the population, whom he had to protect from the leaders on his own side. Scipio, on the other hand, is treated rather ungenerously; we are not spared a single instance of his arrogance, or of his subservience to Juba, but we hear nothing of the remarkable gallantry of his end. The writer shows generally more animosity to the Pompeians than enthusiasm for Cæsar; he is still loyal, but the fatigue of the war, that is constantly renewed throughout the Roman world, is too

much for him; he contrasts Cæsar's energy in Gaul, and in the earlier stages of the Civil War, with his dilatory strategy in Africa.

The Spanish war is even less satisfactory; the text is shamefully mutilated, and, even apart from this, the narrative is obscure: more than once we come upon repetitions, or what look so like repetitions as to suggest that we have a compilation in which more notebooks than one have been used. There are almost as many anacolutha as in Thucydides, and there is little attraction of any kind to compensate for the faults of style, except that the situation is still more freely discussed from the point of view of the rank and file than in the African War. Especially we learn the frequency of the desertions, and the treachery of the deserters to the side they joined. Another striking point is the absence of all political motive on either side. Pompeius professed no programme except filial duty, and Cæsar hardly troubled himself to assume a public character; the war itself became possible because two of Cæsar's commanders had a quarrel, which Hirtius narrated at the close of the Alexandrian war. It was carried on with the utmost ferocity on both sides, and now and then even the writer is shocked, although he relates without comment the mutilation of two bearers of Pompeius' despatches, and the slaughter of 30,000, and perhaps something more, of his troops, at the bloody battle of Munda. He reminds us at intervals of Cæsar's clemency, rather as if he were proud of it than as if he admired it; otherwise we might almost forget that we had to do with the conqueror of Gaul and Pharsalia. We hear more of the diplomacy of even Pompeius than of Cæsar's, whose only political acts are to be detained in Rome for the shows, and to harangue the senators of Gades. It is further noticeable that the writer is fond of quoting Ennius, and that he uses the adverb *bene* with adjectives simply for emphasis, just as the French use *bien*.

SALLUST.

Sallust attached himself, like Cicero and Cæsar, to the Marian party, and appears to have been pretty constant to his

choice. He was born in 86 B.C., the year that Sulla captured Athens; he died four years before Actium, in the forty-ninth year of his age. When he was thirty-five or thirty-six, he was expelled from the senate, nominally on the ground of his immorality in private life, really, as he chose to believe, because he had been zealous as tribune of the commons against Milo, the pet bravo of the aristocracy, in the year that energetic citizen put an end to the career of Clodius. He resolved to retire into private life, and, being still young and ardent, was too proud to subside into the life of slothful ease or the mechanical round of farming and hunting, which were the natural alternative for a man of family shut out from public business; consequently he devoted himself to history, until the victory of Cæsar enabled him to resume his official career. He was, after some subordinate employments, made governor of Numidia, a province that Cæsar had no reason to spare, and there he acquired a fortune at the expense of the provincials, who complained in vain of a partisan of Cæsar. On his return he was able to buy magnificent gardens in Rome, that long retained his name. There he lived a life of strictly legal luxury, which did not disgrace the tone of injured virtue which he affected in his writings. An unfortunate man of spirit and ability is naturally censorious, and Sallust had some right to think himself too good for his contemporaries. But when the moral standard rose, it became the fashion to contrast Sallust's writings and his life as if it were a mockery for him to talk of virtue. By virtue he meant very much the same as the Italians of the Renaissance, the habit of keeping worthy objects in sight, and being strenuous in pursuit of them. His quarrel with the time was, not that men indulged their animal nature, but that they were subject to it, not that they enriched themselves without being scrupulous as to the means, but that they shamelessly sacrificed the state to their own gain, and, still more, that they thought money made the man. His philosophy really extends no further than the easy propositions—that the mind is more important than the body, that wealth and rank derive their value from the personal worth of their possessors, and that extreme party passions are pernicious to the state.

He wrote a continuous history of Rome from the consulate of Lepidus and Catulus, which has only reached us in insignificant fragments, with the exception of two speeches and two letters; and two separate works upon the conspiracy of Catilina and the war of Jugurtha. His name has also preserved two schemes on the theory of a democratic monarchy, purporting to be letters addressed by him to Cæsar, and a school exercise on a fictitious brawl in the senate, where Cicero and Sallust (who were really on bad terms) were supposed to have assailed each other with hard words. This last work is old enough to make it probable that the imputations on both sides were supported by the current scandal of the day. Otherwise the speeches have very little interest, and what Sallust says has no resemblance whatever to his real style, which is imitated stiffly, but not so unhappily, in the hortatory letters to Cæsar. It is known that he left genuine orations, which the elder Seneca thought might be read in honour of his histories, which proves they were not worth reading for themselves.

His histories, on the contrary, had the highest reputation. There was a considerable party, at any rate as early as Martial, who recognised him as the prince of Roman historians. His natural rival was Livy, whose enormous bulk must always have deterred readers; nor is it likely, to judge by the remains of the fourth and fifth decade, that the whole fourteen approached the excellence of the first and third, while Sallust always appears master of his materials, and his quaintness and archaism were increasingly attractive in the post-Augustan age.

It is uncertain whether the episode of Catilina did not properly belong to the histories, for they certainly covered the period of his conspiracy, and it would be quite in accordance with the practice of the time, as appears from a letter of Cicero to Lucceius, for a writer who meant to treat the events of so many years to pick out one episode for immediate publication. The preface shows clearly that it was sent out by itself by the author; the close looks as if it was to fit into a continuous work; the narrative leaves off quietly, without any attempts to recapitulate its lessons. Instead, we have a few lines on the temper of the victorious army, which are finely conceived and expressed, but

was not without a liberal tribute to the personal gallantry of Marius and the desperate courage of his followers, he concludes with these words:—

For the Latin army of the Roman people won a joyful and a glorious victory. For all the best at need had either fallen in battle or gone away with heavy wounds. Many, moreover, went some distance out of the camp to see or spoil, as they found the carcasses of enemies found some a friend, and some a great enemy. There were some too to recognise a private citizen. So through all the army there was a varied sort of pleasure and good of mourning and joy.¹

The close of the Jugurtha is yet more remarkably abrupt. The author narrates Sulla's character at length because he will not be obliged to speak of him again, and therefore it seems that the narrative went no further than the end of the war with Jugurtha, although the war with the Cimbri and Teutones was not immediately as he is careful to remind us. Sallust does not speak of the first triumph of Marius, nor of the numerous moments of the execution of Jugurtha: he only speaks of the interview which followed the interview where Sulla rescued Jugurtha by the stratagem of Bocchus. 'The

¹ *Ab Urbe Condita*, lib. vii. c. 10.

consul at once. From that season the hopes and the prosperity of the state lay all on him.'

Probably the abruptness is calculated in both cases. Seneca the younger observes: 'When Sallust flourished, clipped sentences, and words that dropped before the reader was ready, and short obscurity, all passed for finish.' It agrees with this that in the construction of his works he should aim at raising rather than satisfying expectation. The brevity of Sallust, as Scaliger points out, is easy to exaggerate. Quintilian boasts that his countryman has outdone Thucydides; that in Thucydides it is possible to remove a word here and there without obscuring the meaning, and in Sallust it is impossible. But Thucydides never writes for the sake of writing, his digressions are always subordinate to the main subject; whereas in Sallust the main subject is a peg to hang disquisitions and portraits upon.

The 'Jugurtha' and 'Catilina' have been called party pamphlets in the disguise of history. But Sallust is too serious for a pamphleteer, too disinterested for a partisan. He dislikes the nobility without caring for the commons; he has no enthusiasm for Marius or even for Cæsar. He is an historian, we might say, for want of conviction enough to be a politician; he is able to air his spleen without committing himself to any measure, to any cause, for or against any person. He writes almost as sympathetically of Cato as of Cæsar, and one cannot be sure that, in pitting them against each other as the two great statesmen of the day, his only object is to depreciate Pompeius and Cicero. Of course he despised both; his homage to Cicero as an excellent consul is hypocritical, his homage to Cato is intended to be insulting to all other conservative politicians. But there was much in Cato that he admired and liked. Cæsar was too modern for Sallust, who is always regretting the good old days of poverty and concord, and bewailing the civilisation and luxury which had followed upon the conquests of Rome. Not that he believes very heartily in the old Roman discipline: his theory of national greatness is, that the superiority of Rome over Greece was built up, like all superiority, by the virtue of a few; and his quarrel with the nobility is, not that they oppressed the commons, or that they were burdensome to the

world, but that they made it impossible for young men to rise by 'good behaviour.' His ideal was a state of things in which good conduct, steady imitation of the best qualities of the best men, should at once and infallibly secure the recognition of superiors and the admiration of equals. That envy should wait upon success was less distressing, but success ought to be surely and honourably won by those who were capable of it. According to Sallust, he himself had contracted one stain from the evils of the time: when he was young and foolish he had given way to ambition. He had tried to push his own way, and pull down others because he had not been promoted in due course. He has no admiration for the campaign of prosecutions with which ambitious young nobles opened their political career as soon as the tribunate had been restored by Crassus and Pompeius to its original power. What he does admire is the model conqueror at the head of his army in an enemy's country, keeping up discipline and protecting the weak, proving the superiority of a poor republic to a rich monarchy, and of training to numbers. He admires the conqueror because he practises all the virtues which are too commonly lacking in the statesman: political stability would be possible if only what is learnt in war were not habitually unlearned in peace. There is an evident effort throughout to extol pure intellect: the achievements of the Athenians were nothing to those of the Romans, but the Athenians had great historians. The historian's own career, he feels, ought to be as glorious as the career of those who make history, for it has difficulties of its own, and the historian may claim some share in the deeds which he inspires, as well as in those which he narrates.

With all this high sense of his vocation, he cannot be called a satisfactory historian. Thucydides makes the revolution of the Four Hundred perfectly intelligible, though he had to collect his information in exile: even a superficial and prejudiced writer like Xenophon explains the different stages through which the revolution of the Thirty passed to its collapse. It is impossible to explain the conspiracy of Catilina by the help of Sallust. He never quite decides the fundamental question whether Catilina ever intended, if left to himself, to rebel at all.

assumes a conspiracy on the faith of Cicero's informants, and narrates facts like Catilina's last words in the Senate, his offer to Catulus, and his refusal to appeal to the slaves even after he had taken the command at Fæsulæ—which seem to point plainly to some policy which could be supported by avowed means. What this policy was we are not told, though it would have been easy to inquire. Sallust speaks as if he had been intimate with Sempronia, a daring woman of quality who interested herself in Catilina as Cæsar, if all tales were true, interested himself in her. But if Cæsar knew what Sempronia would tell, he had reasons (which Sallust respected) for reserve: he had found it worth while to attract followers whom he had to disappoint when his success came. Perhaps Catilina would have disappointed some of *his* followers; perhaps full account of his enterprise might have exhibited him rather an unsuccessful anticipator of Cæsar than as a degenerate pupil of Sulla. We get hints every now and then that the atrocity of Catilina and his confederates was very much exaggerated in the interest of Cicero: the narrative is carefully arranged to minimise any services that Cicero might be thought to have rendered. We hear little or nothing of the enthusiasm or respectability which he claimed to have evoked, something, but not too much, of the sympathy which Catilina left behind him, until the adroit disclosures of Cicero about the plans for taking the city were rewarded with a revulsion of feeling, which lasted at any rate till after the execution of Lentulus and the other conspirators, who had compromised themselves with the plebeians. One omission is very noticeable. Sallust says nothing one way or other of the remarkably small number of the victims of a plot which he assumes to have had many ramifications. He hardly cared to ascertain facts, he was so occupied with reflections; and perhaps he could not have gone into detail without compromising many who had attained a respectable rank among the opponents of the nobility. The complicity of Crassus is hinted more than once; it was believed at the time, and Sallust gives no opinion of his own. He gives Cicero credit for not allowing any of the informers (whose confessions we are to understand he dictated) to bring any false accusations.

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tion against Cæsar which Catulus and Piso wished to have brought.

Sallust throws his strength much more into the analysis of the conditions which made Catilina's enterprise possible than into an exact estimate of its extent, or its aims, or its method. So far as he has a thesis, it is that Sulla was the worst of revolutionists, that Catilina is to be judged as an abortive Sulla rather than as a degenerate Gracchus. He comes back again and again to the thorough egotism of the politicians of his day, whose professions, whether they called themselves aristocrats or democrats, were only the instruments of their personal ambition. The aristocrats were just as selfish and corrupt as the democrats; their only claim to superior respectability was that they were in favour of keeping things as they were. The majority of the young, we are told, were in favour of Catilina even when they were not implicated in the conspiracy, out of impatience at the narrow timid cliques who had almost all the power of the state in their hands. Besides, the supremacy of Sulla had stimulated all kinds of disorderly hopes; the cruelties of Marius and Cinna had been prompted by vengeance, the cruelties of Sulla had been prompted by greed, and therefore were more easily imitated. Common soldiers had become senators, with wealth to keep up their rank: many, it is true, had spent quickly what they had gained easily, but were only the more ready to begin again; while many who had been ruined partly by confiscations, partly by the harsh working of the law of debt,¹ were naturally disposed to think any change must be for the better, especially if it were violent.

Another and more permanent cause of disorder, upon which Sallust lays more stress than Cicero, was the character of the Roman proletariat, which was largely recruited from the failures of the rest of Italy, sometimes because the doles of the capital,

¹ This appears from the manifesto of the Etrurian insurgents, who tell Marcius that the harshness of the money-lenders and the prætor had prevented them from taking the benefit of the law and saving their personal liberty by giving up their property, and appeal to the admirable precedent set within recent memory, with the good-will of all good men, of issuing brass coins at the value of silver in order to facilitate the payment of debts.

public and private, seemed attractive, sometimes because, having nowhere else to go, they drifted thither. Cicero is always especially bland and conciliatory in his language to 'citizens of the more slender sort,'¹ and gives us to understand that it was only Clodius who taught them to make a trade of disorder; according to Sallust, even Catilina found the lesson ready taught. The reason that the mine which Sulla laid was fired when it was, did not lie deep, if we may trust Sallust; Catilina was driven to his destruction by a guilty conscience—he had poisoned his son to make room for his mistress. The absence of Pompeius had given the nobility a temporary preponderance, which they used unsparingly; and the commons, and all who traded on their discontent, were ready to rally round any chief who would break the yoke which it seemed had been shaken off. He supplies also a more prosaic explanation. When Catilina had been prevented from standing for the consulate by an unfair manœuvre two years before, he had contemplated killing the consuls and sending a partisan to seize Spain. The consuls were not killed, according to the story, because Catilina gave the signal before his friends were ready; the partisan was sent to Spain with a regular though lower commission, procured by the influence of Crassus and of 'many excellent citizens who thought he was to be trusted,' as a counterpoise to Pompeius, whose Spanish friends put Catilina's friend out of the way. There was an end of the first conspiracy. As to the second, Cicero, who had been inclined to coalesce with Catilina, had secured his own election by retailing the wild talk of the silliest of Catilina's intimates, and was hard at work improving them into a foundation for a formal charge of high treason. Still Catilina kept the peace till he knew that the election had gone against him once more; he only left Rome when he saw that the Senate was willing to accept denunciation as an equivalent to proof. Sallust speaks of the 'craft and cunning'² of the consul as quite on a par with the devices of the conspirators.

On one point Sallust's judgment is decisive against some modern theories. Catilina's enterprise, whatever it was, had no serious chances. He would have raised a formidable civil war

¹ 'Tenuiores civium.'

² 'Dolus atque astutiæ.'

ship on the ruins of the constitution. Brilliant as Catilina was, he was only a storm-bird and it is curious how exactly the greater part of the character gives him fits a more brilliant adventurer, at once more noble, less criminal, and more mischievous—the de Retz. ‘A body to bear fasting, chill, and heat; a manner beyond belief; a spirit bold, subtle, and changeable; no semblance or dissemblance soever, greedy of knowledge, lavish of his own, burning in desires; eloquence scant; a great unfurnished spirit, full of incredible, high-reaching wishes.’ Catilina suffers for the wilful neglect of his body in the perversion of his instincts; de Retz, who treated his more kindly, reforms.

But Sallust, who is always eager to assert the spirit over the flesh, mentions Catilina’s appearance with praise, just as he admires Jugurtha for keeping the hardy habits of his nation instead of wasting himself in luxury and pomp. From most points of view the ‘Jugurtha’ is an improvement on the ‘Catilina.’ The same points are the exordium, but they are made better; we get more of a piece of eloquence instead of a frigid heap of words, some of which are impressive and some are bald. The translation is translated, as showing the best side of a character, and does not bear late prosperity faultlessly. ‘The rain

good behaviour. But if, being taken of evil desires, it falls into perdition of sloth and bodily pleasures, after brief use of deadly delights, when strength and time and wit have ebbed away by reason of dulness of heart, then men cry out against the weakness of nature, and each in his plea lays his fault upon dumb things. But if men had so much care for good things as zeal to seek what touches nor shall profit them, ay, and brings much peril too, then they should be not ruled by chance but rulers over chance, and go so far in greatness-as, being mortal, to attain eternal glory; for as the race of man is made up of body and soul, so all things and all our pursuits follow, some the nature of the body, some the nature of the spirit. Therefore a beautiful countenance and great riches and strength of body, with all and whatever else is of this fashion, come to nothing in short space, but the excellent feats of the spirit are immortal like the soul. In a word, as to the goods of the body and of fortune, as their beginning so is their end—they all have their rising and their setting, and only increase to wax old; but the spirit eternal, incorruptible, the ruler of the race of men, sways all things, possesses all things, and is not possessed.¹ Wherefore their depravity is more wonderful who, given up to bodily joys, spend their time in sloth and luxury: while their wit, than which is nothing either better or greater in the nature of mortals, they leave to rust and wither without culture or diligence; and that, when the devices of the spirit are so manifold, and high renown is won by all.' Then comes an apology, less querulous and more dignified than that in the 'Catilina,' for being an historian, not a statesman.

Here he breaks off his rhetoric and begins his history, with an imitation of Thucydides: he writes the war of Jugurtha for something the same reason as Thucydides writes the war of Peloponnese. Even the escalade of the castle by the Mulucha is described with an eye to the Platæans' escalade of the lines of circumvallation; the garrison of Zama watch the fight between Metellus and Jugurtha as the Athenians in the camp watched the last battle in the harbour of Syracuse; the Punic books,

¹ This allusion to Aristippus proves that Sallust felt no vocation to renounce pleasures, only to subdue it.

said to belong to King Hiempsal, remind us of the most learned of the Peloponnesians, who are introduced in just the same way as vouchers for a piece of antiquarian information not very accurate or relevant. At the same time, as contemporary Egyptian inscriptions of the thirteenth century B.C. are held to prove that Armenians at any rate joined Libyans then in an invasion of Egypt, there may have been some real foundation for the tradition which reached Sallust in its latest form. If we could trust Sallust, who did not know Punic and was therefore dependent upon interpreters whom he did not cross-examine, the Africans reported that Hercules died in Spain; and then his army broke up, and the Persians, Medes, and Armenians crossed into Africa and settled along the range of Atlas from west to east.

But in general the digressions do not overpower the narrative as in the 'Catilina': the question whether we are reading a history or an essay does not arise. For one thing, the thesis that the venality of the nobles was to blame for all the trouble which arose about Jugurtha is easier to prove than the thesis that the Sullan restoration was to blame for Catilina: for neither the events to be narrated were more varied and spread over a longer time. The conspiracy of Catilina did not furnish matter for a book, when authors were unwilling or unable to go

was due, as Sallust says, less to care for the republic than to hatred of the nobility. In the same way, it seems that it was only the energy of Memmius which secured, first that the death of Adherbal should be avenged by war, and then that the convention with Bestia which Scaurus had sanctioned should be set aside. On the latter occasion Sallust professes to give one of the many harangues of Memmius, which is full of elaborate imitations of the self-devotion of the younger Gracchus; for the rest, he appeals throughout to passion, not to interest, and hardly even to dignity. 'Slaves bought with money refuse unjust orders from their masters: will you, Quirites, born to empire, be patient under slavery? Ay, but who are these who have seized upon the commonwealth? The wickedest of men; men of bloody hands and monstrous avarice; men most guilty and withal most proud; who count faith, dignity, duty, ay, all honour and all dishonour, but as merchandise. Some have slain tribunes of the commons, some have brought you to unrighteous judgment, many to slaughter; that is their confidence, so the greatest villain is the safest for his villany: your cowardice bears the burden of dismay, due to their guilt; the same desires, the same hatreds, the same fears unite them all in one. Among good citizens that is friendship, among bad citizens faction. If you so took care for liberty as they are on fire for tyranny, certainly the commonwealth would not be laid waste as it is now, and your favour would rest upon the best, not upon the boldest. Your ancestors twice over withdrew themselves and sat down in arms on Mount Aventine to obtain justice and establish their majesty; and you, do you not think the liberty you inherited from them worth an earnest struggle, and that the more hearty, the more shame there is in losing what is won than in never getting at all? Some one will say, What, then, do you advise? Vengeance on those who have betrayed the commonwealth to the enemy; vengeance, not by blows or by violence, both more unseemly for you to inflict than for them to endure, but by the courts and the evidence Jugurtha will give against his accomplices. If he has surrendered, he will obey your orders. If he despises them, then no doubt you will put the right value on that strange kind of

... and ... of ... which brings to Jugurtha ... enormous riches, ... and ... and ...

The ... part of the history is decidedly the most ... like most military ... It is not clear what the ... and that of Adherbal ... corresponded roughly ... to that of Com ... how much of the kingdom of ... is careful to explain ... or how ... by Metellus ... made a voluntary ... what was the situation of ... in the latter stage ... though the ... which divided the dominions ... Then again we are told that fighting ... this is dismissed in ... the preparations for a march of ... necessary to reach Thala, ... of the Roman deserters, ... for the sake of which Metellus had

... Metellus or even

rendered,¹ and sell the rest of the population as slaves, was another offence against strict law, for which Marius was not to blame; it would have been inconvenient to leave a garrison, and the inhabitants were not to be trusted without. According to the Roman fashion, all military disasters are minimised; there is never an estimate of the loss either of the Romans or the enemy; in fact, the loss of the Numidians, it is admitted, was generally insignificant; they generally were beaten when they came to close quarters, then they dropped their arms and ran away. It is quite possible that before they were broken they inflicted as much loss as they suffered in the final charge which saved the Roman army. Marius in his speech on sailing for Africa is made to say that the army ought to be largely reinforced, for in spite of its energy it had been unfortunate. As Metellus had taken out reinforcements only a year before, we must assume that the soldiers were worn out by marching and the climate, and perhaps, at the time when Marius came to Italy to canvass, demoralised by the failure of the attempt upon Zama, which may have been costlier than Sallust cared to admit.

Apparently Marius was a more popular and more lucky commander than Metellus, more liberal of his booty to the soldiers, and more willing to share their fatigues; for it is hinted more than once that Metellus, though he restored discipline without punishments, was stricter to his soldiers than to himself. It does not seem that Marius was abler in other ways; he relied more upon force, and less upon diplomacy. Sallust does not say whether Sulla, who managed all the negotiations with Bocchus, was the choice of Marius or of the nobility; it is clear that the adroitness with which Sulla humoured Bocchus decided the war; for the last recorded operation of Marius was an unsuccessful attempt upon a castle held for Jugurtha by deserters. All this Sallust leaves to be implied, which is strange, as he does not admire Marius particularly, and is careful to explain that in the quarrel with Metellus there were faults on both sides. It was wrong of Metellus to set his face against Marius' candida-

¹ The Roman law of war was mild in one respect. When a town surrendered at discretion, it forfeited all claim to its institutions or public property, but the free inhabitants were safe (except, perhaps, the instigators of the war) as subjects of the arbitrary dominion of Rome.

ture ; it was almost worse of Marius systematically to disparage his commander and even relax discipline. When Marius was consul and had a right to use his own judgment, Sallust is suspicious of the freedom he allowed to the army, though he admits that no harm came of the indulgence. In fact Sallust treats the war throughout as an episode in the quarrel of the nobility and commons, and upon the whole he will never let the nobility be in the right. Their decision not to entangle the state in the quarrel between Jugurtha and Bocchus, and to mulet Jugurtha rather than to depose him, was defensible upon the merits of the case, and Bocchus did everything to help the Romans that a sworn ally could have done, till Jugurtha threw himself on his protection. But Sallust will only see that the nobility were venal, and Jugurtha a better paymaster than Bocchus ; and if Bocchus had obtained a treaty when he first asked for it, the war would have ended sooner.

The summary of the speech by which, according to Sallust, Jugurtha induced Bocchus to join him is rather like a rough draft of the letter which Mithridates wrote to the king of the Parthians in the like case. Both Jugurtha and Mithridates dwell upon the antipathy of the Roman people to kings, and their unwillingness to tolerate any power except their own. Mithridates adds the further consideration, which his career suggested to Sallust, that mankind at large are indifferent to liberty and only desire a tolerable despotism, and that for this reason the Romans will never allow a king to gain enough power to promise relief to their discontented subjects. This is almost the only trait in Sallust which shows that he had considered the way in which the government of the senate affected the provincials.¹ He is much more concerned with the reaction of so many new and rich dependencies upon the constitution of the civic community at Rome, and he lays much more stress upon this than upon the economic change which followed the

¹ He is very little impressed by the ominous fact that the Allobroges were ready to join Catilina, and does not hint that the massacre of the Roman garrison at Vacca was due to their own insolence, though Plutarch tells us the commander was spared because he alone had given no offence ; he only mentions the oppression of the allies in Africa as a proof that the armies of Rome were not formidable to the enemy.

second Punic war. He never notices that over large districts of Italy the yeomanry were ruined without the fault of the nobility; what he does notice is, that the nobility had changed their habits and enlarged their desires, so that they always felt the pressure of a separate interest from the interest of the state. According to him, it was only the fall of Carthage which removed the last restraint from the greed of the few and the envy of the many. The Gracchi were too extreme; Memmius finds irony in the best way of meeting the charge that they were aiming at a monarchy. Sallust himself thinks that the nobles were justified in opposing them, if they could have done so by fair means, and that the Gracchi were the only members of the aristocracy who referred 'true glory to unrighteous power.' This speculative looseness is characteristic of Sallust: he is sententious and aphoristic, and fails to be profound. His speeches, when he tries to imitate Thucydides, are generally empty; he only applies copy-book maxims to the situation. He does not succeed, as Thucydides does, in unfolding the possibilities of a policy or the interests of a party by means of a speech too penetrating ever to have been delivered; he is only effective in the region of taunts and allusive sarcasm. Cato's speech in favour of the execution of the conspirators is exceedingly dull and unreal; it turns upon the thesis that vengeance is a necessary means of self-defence, just like the great speech of Cleon on the Mytilenean revolt; but where Cleon in spite of his passion brings out the true intellectual aspect of one side of a political problem, Cato only falls into ludicrous exaggeration of the peril to be expected from mercy. His argument is that unless the criminals are executed they will carry out their crime. Cæsar's speech is persuasive and statesmanlike, and so much better than Sallust's speeches in general that it is natural to suppose that in substance it is Cæsar's. The speech of Macer in the *Histories* is an elaborate and skilful cento from Demosthenes' speeches against Philip, who is replaced by Sulla. One point is successfully heightened: Demosthenes tells the Athenians that the state doles, which they thought more valuable than a spirited foreign policy, were like the messes given to the sick, just enough to keep them alive, but not enough to make a whole

man hearty. Macer tells the Romans that the dole with which the Senate tried, too successfully, to keep the commons quiet was just the same in amount as a prisoner's rations, who was dieted to keep down his spirit.

The style of Sallust is remarkable upon two grounds. He is the first writer of Latin prose who attaches himself to a single Greek model; he gets his points from the whole range of his reading, which was tolerably extensive, but his method is the method of Thucydides; he cultivates irregularities, especially in comparisons, at a time when two greater writers had done everything in their power to make Latin the most regular language known. He also is the first Latin writer deliberately to try to reverse the natural development of style. He goes back to Cato, as Spenser went back to Chaucer. He was dissatisfied with the vocabulary as purified by his contemporaries, and thought words and phrases which were half obsolete more picturesque and telling than the refined dialect of the day, which, as Cicero saw, was always verging upon insipidity—and Cicero himself was criticised as early as the reign of Vespasian for not having a sufficiently choice vocabulary.

Sallust had considerable posthumous influence. L. Arruntius, a grandee of the reign of Augustus, copied and exaggerated his mannerisms, and Tacitus certainly owes very much to him; it might be said that Tacitus writes as Sallust ought to have written. In Sallust the abruptness and impatience of expression shows that the writer is excited; the crudity and redundancy of matter shows that he is immature. Of all that is in his mind he leaves nothing for the reader to divine, though he is careful to avoid what he thinks the tedious parade of orderly, elegant, harmonious exposition. His matter masters him, but he remains master of his diction. In Tacitus the matter is more completely mastered than the diction. He is temperate and self-controlled, and Sallust declaims with the *naïveté*, if not the simplicity, of a schoolboy, even while he affects the pregnant brevity of an experienced statesman. The description of the treason of Bomilcar is a fair specimen of this crude subtlety. 'At the same time Bomilcar, who had pressed Jugurtha to begin the capitulation, which he gave up through

fear, both being suspected of the king and suspecting him also, was fain of a new world, sought a device to destroy him, wearied his spirit night and day, till at last, with trying everything, he took to his help Nabdalsa, a nobleman famous for his great means, acceptable to his own people withal, who had been wont often to lead armies apart from the king, and to perform all business which was left over when Jugurtha was weary or taken up with greater things, whence he got both glory and great means. So, by counsel of both, a day was set for this plot, and they agreed the rest should be made ready at the time as things might require. Nabdalsa set out for the army, which he kept, as ordered, well within the Roman winter quarters, that the enemy might not waste the land at will. When he, struck down at a deed so great, came not at time appointed, and fear began to hinder the matter, then Bomilcar, being troubled both by his desire to achieve his undertaking, and out of fear of his partner lest he should leave his old counsel and look out for new, sent letters to him by faithful men; wherein he chode the man for sloth and cowardice, adjured him by the gods he swore by, warned him not to turn the rewards of Metellus to his own destruction. Jugurtha's ruin was at hand: all that lay in doubt was only whether he should perish by their valour or Metellus', so he had better ponder in his mind whether to choose reward or torment. But the letter came, just when Nabdalsa, weary with his bodily exercise, was resting on his bed, where when he had taken knowledge of Bomilcar's words, first care fell upon him, and then sleep, as is the way with a troubled spirit. Now he had a Numidian to manage his business, who was faithful to him, and acceptable, and took part in all his counsels but the last. He, hearing a letter had come, judged by old custom there would be need of his work or wit, so went into Nabdalsa's chamber; as he lay asleep, the letter lay at random on a pillow above his head. The other took and read it through, then when he knew the plot set off at speed to the king. Nabdalsa, waking soon after, when he found no letter, and was informed by deserters of all that had passed, first essayed to overtake the informer. After that proved vain, he went to Jugurtha to appease him,

said the perfidy of his client had forestalled him in executing his own intention, besought him with tears, by his friendship and all his faithful service aforesaid, not to hold him suspect concerning such wickedness; whereto the king gave gentle answer, contrary to that he bare in his mind. As soon as Bomilcar and many more whom he knew to be partners in his plot were slain, he had bridled his anger, lest some sedition should arise from the business.'

PART III.

AUGUSTAN AGE.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS.

THE literature of the reign of Augustus has two distinct characters—it represents the highest elaboration of form ever attained in Latin, and the highest elevation of thought; afterwards there were efforts to surpass it in both directions, which had a shortlived success in the judgment of contemporaries too excitable to distinguish between inspiration and an ambition reckless of good sense and good taste. As Plato said long ago, it is not the musical man but the unmusical who tries to do more than the musical has done. To imagine that Lucan is sublimer than Vergil is like imagining that Young is sublimer than Dryden, or Chateaubriand than Bossuet. In many ways there is a closer resemblance between the literature of the reign of Louis XIV. and that of the reign of Augustus than between the literature of the age of Augustus and that of any other so-called Augustan age. For one thing, both periods are an interval of rest, of splendour, of order between a time of misery and anarchy and a time of petulant licence in private, combined with much capricious repression in public. Again, both Augustus and Louis survived the best of their prosperity and of the men of genius whom it had inspired; both, it may even be said, were not unlike in what was one of the deepest things in both, their sense of public duty; both felt called upon to be reformers

and restorers, and were perfectly serious in the endeavour to subject others to obligations which, till late in life, they evaded for themselves, though this fundamental similarity is disguised by the contrast between the frank pomposity of Louis and the ironical simplicity of Augustus, who suspected the splendour of his own reign, and regretted the austerity of days of innocence and poverty which were irrecoverably gone. Both, during the central period of their reign, were honestly idolised or idealised, as we like to put it, by the men of letters, who saw them at work and did not know how little of their work would last. It is true that Bossuet, who admired the Grand Monarch as sincerely as any one, and believed in his system heartily, was penetrated as profoundly by a sense of void and nothingness at the bottom of all things; but neither he nor Pascal imagine that their pessimism is due to anything in the circumstances of the time. The Augustan writers are clearer-sighted; they generally write more or less in a tone of hopeful penitence, but their sense of guilt depends upon definite national sins, the wasteful horror of the civil wars, and the final disappearance of the old thrifty household discipline. Again, the ground of their confidence is more definite. Augustus to them is not simply a great, prosperous, and religious ruler: he is the representative of the historic spirit and mission of Rome. And the sense of the grandeur of Rome survives even in Livy and Ovid, when the faith in moral restoration has died away. It would be possible to pursue the parallel into detail. Racine has often been compared with Vergil: there is the same blending of pathetic grace and dignity, but perhaps less independence of feeling, certainly less manliness of tone; the courage of Racine's heroes depends too entirely upon their faith in their ideals.

There are sides of Horace that La Fontaine does not touch, and they are precisely the best of Horace: his brooding aspirations after inward peace and purity, his short jubilant flights into an upper realm of triumphal calm; but his disinterested insight, his kindly shrewdness and gaiety, his unworldliness, are all more or less reflected in La Fontaine, who has something of the spleen of Horace, of which Boileau received a double portion. Boileau certainly owes more to Horace than to Juvenal,

d in France the ode on the capture of Namur may be held rank with the odes on the conquest of the Grisons and the *prol.* Ovid finds his representative as a story-teller in La Fontaine, as a wit in Molière, whose range is wider, and who takes some approach to a serious purpose, but who after all takes most as much interest as Ovid in the dissection of the foolish husband. Another parallel which at first sight is less obvious is ally closer; both the position and the spirit of the author of *Telemachus* are like Livy. There is the same grave and gentle intelligence of some of the most important among the permanent conditions of well-doing and well-being, the same dreamy blindness to the shifting conditions under which well-doing and well-being can be actually realised at a given time, the same pity for the poor, the same distrust of wealth, the same respect for authority, the same romantic regrets for an imaginary past, when life was simpler and virtue easier. There is nothing in the age of Louis XIV. like the effrontery which in Ovid alternates with sentimental and insincere regrets for the good old times. One must go back something like a hundred years, to Montaigne, to find an approach to the way in which Ovid glories with undisturbed amusement in his shame; and even Montaigne has nothing so impudent as, 'I, the great Naso, the poet of my own naughtiness.'¹ There is nothing like it in the literature of the Augustan age, which upon the whole is decidedly more virtuous in tone than the society to which it was addressed. There was a general feeling against the self-styled republicans, who made their business to expose all the hollowness and hypocrisy of respectable imperialism. This licence was probably itself a survival from the period of anarchy and disturbance which lasted for twenty years from the death of Cæsar to the battle of Actium, and was most acute for the eight years which passed before the complete defeat of Sextus Pompeius.

For eighteen years out of the twenty Octavian and Antony had exercised a practically secure supremacy throughout the Roman world, but they possessed only power without authority. They could decide military or financial questions without consulting any will but their own: their immense patronage gave

¹ 'Ille ego nequitie Naso poeta meus.'

many sufficient motives to propitiate them by honourable or dishonourable means, but no one felt that they were the legitimate rulers of the state, and they themselves had no adequate reason to attempt to regulate civil relations or to interfere with private life.

The comparative barrenness of this period is a sufficient answer to the theory that the Augustan age, like the age of Louis XIV., only expended the energy which it had inherited from the Republic. In fact the suppression of independent political life contributed in another way to the literary movement; for men of letters were no longer depressed by the feeling that the work-a-day world and its numerous natural leaders were practically of much more importance than they were; the poets of the Augustan age saw nothing above them but the narrow circle of the ruler and his intimates, whom it was easy to invest with superhuman attributes. At the same time there was the full stimulus of a stream of important events; as the events were more important and more certain than the processes by which they came about, it was easier to idealise them; and when idealism had once set in it was easy to confound projects and achievements. Wordsworth was a scrupulous realist, but the account of the French Revolutionary war that we should gather from his poems would be quite as untrustworthy as that which we should gather of the reign of Augustus from the Odes of Horace. That the ascendancy of Augustus was disadvantageous to eloquence in the law courts is probably true: it must be remembered that the pompous struggles of the law courts were an unmitigated nuisance to everybody but the advocates. The forum, which was not much too large for an exchange, was, besides, the natural resort for loungers; and it was no convenience to anybody to have it blocked up by noisy and often quarrelsome knots of disputants, whom it was a point of honour to detain as long and excite as highly as possible. Before the war of Pharsalia, when the Republic was still to recover from the rivalry of Caesar and Pompeius as over from the rivalry of Marius and Sulla, measures taken to keep the forum quiet by limiting the number who could take, by excluding the attendance of those who were feared to give their hangers-on a good character

erally to take means that the pleadings should be to the court, not to the public. Now the court was naturally eager for despatch, and the greater part of those who attended to back their friends found the duty less the orator whose celebrity and influence they sought to make was already a master of his business. The judges were either busy men or young idle men, who preferred to spend a good part of the morning in idleness as they could, and when at last they came into a hurry to get the case over that they might be off to dinner. Still, so long as the majority of the magistrates were wisely chosen, the self-importance of the advocates made themselves of consequence enough in the eyes of the public, and the consequence in the state was practically irreducible. When office came to be conferred by the emperor instead of the reward of administrative work, oratory had to conform to narrow conditions, to be an ornament rather than the basis of a career for two or three in a family rather than an indispensable instrument for every man who wished to have a career. The change was from the first to poetry, for the people who had upon the whole been devoted to orators in the forum were glad to listen to poets in the baths, which from the reign of Augustus began to number and splendour: and the great majority of those who had a gift for oratory deserted politics and real cases and declaimed upon imaginary themes—also in poetry. They made a profession of eloquence; if their position was to be amateurs, they declaimed in their own homes; if they received their friends only, if they were aristocratic, while if they were vain or liberal they declaimed to the public. But the practice of declamation came in the place of the practice of reciting poetry, which is alluded to in the writings of Horace, who half boasts that he is too busy with it; and so might almost as well not be a poet and neglect to advertise his poetry in the way that poets advertised theirs.

They were no longer independent: they did not maintain the independence they had done from Ennius to Valerius Cato, by

also to make a certain profit by the sale of their last change never went far, but Horace towards the life says that mediocrity in poets is intolerable, not to men, but to booksellers, as if poets had more booksellers than other men or gods. In the days of a poet might refuse a presentation copy to an bookseller because he did not choose to interfere with his own profit: and it is clear that a considerable number of copies must have been issued (slave labour being tolerated) as the common fate of unsuccessful poetry was to waste in the fire: now a single copy would naturally be used in the fire, while a bookseller would send his surplus to the public baths or to the grocers, just as unsold books used to be sent in England to the trunkmakers who was voluminous and could not find a publisher, or burnt upon a pile of his own MSS., or at least spread the report. When books sold, they generally went to a few who kept libraries for their own enjoyment, a comparatively numerous class of schoolmasters and scholars who could not content themselves with consulting at the library attached to the temple of Apollo at the Antheion, or at an humble imitation of the museum of Alexandria.

There were a few years when it seemed as if royal patronage might make literature remunerative—but this was under the influence of Mæcenas, which lasted

of Domitian, perhaps as late as the days of Hadrian, poets expected to be semi-sacred pensioners, as they have been at the courts of the princes of the heroic age of Greece and Scandinavia; as they are still at the courts of the princes who trace their descent up to the heroic age of India. In the age of Anne, for similar reasons, poets had something of the same experience; and during the reigns of the first two Georges they were haunted by the same expectations. In England the bookseller took the place of the patron; at Rome, when the hopes of patronage were finally given up, the profession of poetry was given up too: educated men of position still wrote verses for their own amusement, and obtained thereby a kind of reputation: teachers of literature competed solemnly for the prizes established by Nero and Domitian, and there was no feeling that it was incongruous or undignified for grown men to write prize poems. The truth is, that the Romans were too matter-of-fact to spend much labour without prospect of return. The second and third centuries, which witnessed the practical extinction of poetry, were the classical age of jurisprudence. The reign of Augustus is, in the history of Roman literature no less than in the history of Roman life, a splendid exception.

It falls naturally into three periods—the period of confusion; the period of splendour, which lasted more than thirty years; and the period of decline, which lasted only seven. The first, which has already been described, ended with the battle of Actium, and the literature of the period was still a continuation of the literature of the republic. Cassius of Parma, one of the leading poets of the period, attached himself to the cause of his namesake. Cinna, another poet, who was killed at Cæsar's funeral by mistake for his namesake who had joined in killing Cæsar, left a reputation which daunted Vergil. Calvus the orator, a friend and imitator of Catullus, was the only poet but Catullus that the fashionable singer of the day or his copyists cared to know. Beside these, there was a certain C. Licinius Anser, whom Vergil chose to gibbet at the same time that he paid his respects to Varius and Cinna: he was nothing but one goose more besides such swans as these. When we come to Furius, who anticipated Dubartas with such choice figures as 'O'er the

looked to the approval of a more limited, a more influential public.

Of the new poets who made their mark in the Augustan age, Varius was the most distinguished. His 'Thyestes' we do not know when, of which only one insignificant fragment reached us, was thought to be one of the two or three plays which stood on the level of the best Greek tragedies. Varius thought more of his faculty of writing pamphlets on the events of the day in heroic verse, which sympathetic readers found as spirit-stirring as the *distich* has been preserved by Horace, and identified with the *scholiast*, which is hearty and vigorous but not refined.

Tene magis saluum populus velit, an populum
Serset in ambiguo, qui consulit et tibi et urbi,
Iuppiter !

Varro Atacinus, who was born in Gaul, and took his name from the Gaulish river Atax, was perhaps a more successful writer. He was versatile, he wrote satires, elegies, and epigrams, as well as an elaborate translation of the 'Argonautica' of Apollonius Rhodius, the most important of his works. This contained a beautiful night-piece, in connection with the sorrows of the Trojan War, which Vergil appropriated and improved ; and this is freer and better than anything before the day. The satires are practically only known by the fragments.

work of the author's old age, for Horace, who succeeded in satire after Varro failed, did not live to see the death of Licinus; and it is surprisingly pithy for an old man:—

Marmoreo tumulo Licinus jacet; at Cato parvo
Pompeius nullo: quis putet esse deos?
Saxa premunt Licinum; levat altum fama Catonem,
Pompeium tituli: credimus esse deos.

The only other poet of this generation who need detain us is Cornelius Gallus, the first Roman prefect of Egypt, whose love-affairs were over before Actium. He wrote elegies on his love of Lycoris, otherwise known as Cytheris, which Quintilian characterises as 'austere:' there was no artificial adornment of phrases or metre, and the writer trusted simply to his passion and tenderness for his effect. His self-absorption made him exacting: he subjugated Lycoris, who was glad to escape him. He made a more permanent conquest of the tender sympathies of Vergil. In practical life his aims proved less fortunate; he was overbearing as a governor, and was recalled for excesses of authority; and at the first signs of Augustus's displeasure on his return he committed suicide.

CHAPTER II.

VERGIL.

To all posterity Vergil has always been the great Latin Poet, and it is better to understand if possible on what his reputation rests than either to explain, repeat, or refute the expressions of the impatience with which, for the last hundred years, English and German critics have regarded his greatest work. For it is not unlikely that a hundred years hence that impatience may seem as inexplicable as the contempt with which the virtuosi of the first half of the eighteenth century regarded the remains of mediæval architecture.

Even this inquiry is difficult, for the Romans were much better skilled in the criticism of oratory than in the criticism of poetry; and the best possible statement of what they found to admire is not too much to guide us in appreciating what they spontaneously admired more than we. The 'Æneid' has a charm and a power which later Latin epic poetry has not, which Alexandrine epic poetry has not either: the extent of this charm and this power has to be learnt from the mere force of the impression which Vergil made, first upon the Romans and then upon the whole world of the Renaissance, as the greatest classical poet, who lay at the foundation of all liberal culture. Its character we have to ascertain as we can for ourselves. Some of its elements are obvious enough: the sustained splendour and harmony of versification, the nobility of tone which is never overstrained, and hardly ever collapses, the rare union of elevation and pathos, have always been recognised. Then, too, the immense tact and felicity with which the antiquarian learning of the poet has been employed makes an impression of its own, not less effective for not being displayed. The national interest was, we may think, stronger for the

Romans than for us, but the national interests of the Roman of the Augustan age were coextensive with the interests of civilisation. And something is due to Vergil's unique position: he is the first writer who really mastered the Latin hexameter, and his work retains much more of the freshness and simplicity of the pre-Augustan period than that of any other Augustan poet; and when we compare him with his successors, his simplicity is as remarkable as Pope's, and is due to the same cause. The form is elaborated for its own sake, but the matter is still simple: it has not undergone the unmeaning elaboration which we find in later poets, who are always haunted by the ghosts of vanished effects, and so are never simple, and almost always tame. It is the more important to attend to this, because the rich harmony of Vergil and Pope undoubtedly made simplicity more difficult to their successors, and because Vergil had a very extensive and not very favourable influence on the future of Latin; which lost more in clearness, solidity, and regularity than it gained in picturesqueness and variety by the obtrusion of fragmentary phrases and constructions which every writer who had been educated upon Vergil imported into the language of Cæsar and Cicero.

Perhaps to all these elements of Vergil's greatness we should add another—his unworldliness. He seems always a spectator and never an actor in the drama of his time; he is like a visitor from another world, profoundly touched by what he sees of the sorrow and labours and achievements of this, but not otherwise concerned with them. His poetry is full of emotion, but the emotion is always contemplative and impersonal: it is not merely that he feels his own life separated, like Lucretius's or Horace's, from the coarse passions and desires of the crowd—he despises these much less than they do—but that he hardly seems to have a life of his own apart from his intelligent and respectful sympathy with the life of others. His impersonality is not the impersonality of Homer or of Shakespeare, who simply show us the world as it stands; Vergil yearns over the spectacle which he spreads before us.

It may almost be doubted whether the sober pensive spirit of Vergil, which is too refined and elevated for discontent, is not

likely to have crossed the Alps than the Apennines.

Mantua itself stands on a plain, but there seems to be no reason to think that Andes, the village where Vergil's parents were born, was upon the hills that run up from the Mincio towards the Apennines. They appear to have been simple, flourished for they were able to send their son to Rome to learn rhetoric and philosophy. The latter alone, however, for almost alone of his contemporaries he was a philosopher. And what attracted him in the teaching was not the special aspects of Epicureanism, but the simplicity which it held out, in common with all philosophy, to the young, passing neophytes from sordid cares and passions. On its speculative side, what attracted him was the simplicity of nature, combined with a very impressive picture of the 'reign of law.'

There is always a stage in the progress of knowledge when science seems to offer the imagination a wider atmosphere than it has found in the world of sense, bounded by ignorance and harassed by alarms. At this stage the imagination cannot live for long upon results, and before the attempt is abandoned, some very interesting poetical effects have been produced. In Vergil's case this was heightened because the poet is divided between science and sympathy for traditional piety. At the same time we expect that this sympathy would have determined the official religious philosophy of the period; but Stoic philosophy, edifying, was always in danger of making

the benefit of men. Then, too, the Stoic doctrine of providence was really only tenable upon the artificial hypothesis that the chief purpose of the world was to produce and maintain a few chosen spirits, capable of finding the chief and adequate end of life in endurance or activity, irrespective of results; for Italy in Vergil's day had long left behind the stage (which every society leaves behind sooner or later) when the visible distribution of good and evil among mortal men commends itself spontaneously to the judgment of intelligent and kindly lookers-on.

It does not seem that Vergil ever took more from Epicureanism than a faith in the uniformity of nature, and a preference of concrete explanations of fact to a parade of verbal optimistic dialectics. Nor was there any real inconsistency between the meteorology which he took from Epicurus, the psychology which he took from Plato, and the views of national history and destiny which he inherited from his ancestors, who believed them to be guided by national deities. Eclecticism is only offensive when it is systematic: that a learner should be influenced by many teachers, and take from each what each knows best, is natural and right, if he has not the pretension to prove to each in turn that what he has taken is all that is worth taking, and that the only way to give a complete and coherent account of the universe is to piece together fragments of discordant traditions and theories.

It is curious that we know next to nothing of Vergil's purely literary education: we are sure that he must have been powerfully influenced by Lucretius, and when the 'Georgics' were written it is likely that the influence may have been passing away, and the 'Bucolics' are written under the fresh influence of Theocritus. But Vergil was born in 70 B.C., and the earliest of his ascertained poems cannot be earlier than 43 B.C., and may very well be a year later, and it is difficult to believe that he had been idle till then. His fastidiousness has left it uncertain what, if anything, among the pieces which have come down to us as the work of his early years is genuine, for the appendix to his poems has not his authority nor that of his representatives. They are quite unlike his certain writings, and it is seldom possible to trace any points of connection and transition,

Vergil certainly did write a poem on a gnat, which he read, and complimented the memory of Lucan that before he was at the age when Vergil wrote the 'Pharsalia.' Consequently we have to suppose that the poem on a gnat which we have is not Vergil's, but composed in rivalry with him; and this at a late date, when another Octavius than the heir of Julius Caesar was invoked to prosper the labours of the poet. Another poem of the 'Catalecta'¹ is addressed to a patron, Octavius, who died leaving a work on Roman history which the writer admires. It is tempting to identify the patron of the gnat with the patron of the other poem, but the singer of the gnat addresses his patron as 'sanctus', which would have been a *gaucherie* as applied to Augustus when he had entered upon his inheritance. And, though Augustus was incapable of this,² it is more likely that, if we have the gnat, he addressed it to some townsman who was going to rise by the side of his illustrious patron. The poem itself is pretty but tedious. An old man, who has been woken by a gnat, describes the gnat, and the gnat's ghost comes back with news of the war beyond the Po, which moves the old man to perform a funeral in its honour. There is little or no connection between the parts, and the description of a summer morning and reflections on the happiness of country life are devoted to a disproportionate length. The writer has no idea of the gnat's life, and his knowledge of the war is limited to the fact that it is going on.

rivalry with him, or was intended to be mistaken for a lost poem of his. On some metrical grounds we should be inclined to think the poem later than Vergil's age; but the early works of a great metrist are not always the least finished, so far as smoothness of surface goes. The 'Ciris' is a poem which certainly dates from a time when Vergil had not determined the definite form of the Latin hexameter. It is an interesting idyll of the same type as the 'Epithalamium of Peleus and Thetis,' addressed to Messalla by a poet who wishes to devote himself to the study of philosophy. There are numerous imitations of Catullus, both in metre and matter; and in the philosophical introduction there are reminiscences of Lucretius. It seems to have been a sort of rule in poems of this kind to frame two legends together, and accordingly the introduction contains a sketch of the story of the Homeric Scylla, with a lamentation, quite Vergilian in spirit, over the hardship of children suffering like her for the sins of their parents, before relating the legend of the Scylla of Megara. The only difficulty in ascribing the poem to Vergil when under the influence of Catullus is that we do not know how he can have been brought into relation with Messalla before the latter was reconciled to Octavian; and the 'Ciris' is certainly not an advance upon the 'Bucolics.' Two other poems of less pretensions are thought less unlikely to be genuine: one is a copy of elegiacs to a Syrian barmaid; the other is a little didactic poem on salad, said to be imitated from the Greek of Parthenius.

Almost all the 'Catalecta,' including the elegy on the young Octavius, are more or less of the school of Catullus. There is one direct parody on the dedication of the 'pinnacle,' perhaps with a shade of sarcasm in it, as if a muleteer past work were no more uninteresting than a waterlogged yacht. One elegy, addressed to Messalla at the height of his reputation, after his Aquitanian triumph, is rather in the manner of Propertius, who we know looked forward with enthusiasm to the appearance of the 'Æneid.' It is a fine and spirited poem; but if Vergil wrote it, he did wisely in excluding it from the collected edition of his works. The same may be said of an elegiac vow to Venus to secure her blessing on the 'Æneid.' In fact, the only poem

for by Quintilian.

Whatever we believe of the tentative or in which posterity rightly or wrongly ascribed to 'Bucolics' have all the character of a fresh beginning all the *naïveté* and indecision of a timid and inexperienced. There is abundant charm and very little master compares them with Theocritus, one feels how below his model Vergil is in command of his material not feel the same, to anything like the same extent compares the author of the 'Ciris' with Moschus may be due to the fact that Vergil was coming time before a real public: the 'Ciris' upon the first exercise of an amateur, which the writer only the friendly pressure of Messalla. Part must the disturbing influence of the writer's personal situation years when the triumvirs had to provide for All the agrarian laws of the Republic had dealt with the public domain of the Roman city, and domains of other Italian cities untouched. It is in these much property was held upon tenure of absolute ownership, which gave the occupier perfect title against his fellow-citizens, but not authorities of his city, nor against the authorities of the mount city Rome. The triumvirs were less scrupulous the Gracchi: they confiscated the domains of as

to include Andes, where Vergil's farm lay, and for the first and last time in his life Vergil was startled into practical activity. He addressed himself to Pollio, and his influence with Octavian procured an order which reinstated the poet. But the soldier who was in possession declined to be ousted; and after the war of Perusia, when Octavian and Antony were at variance, Pollio was superseded, and the new commissioners would do nothing for a friend of Pollio. The poet had to take refuge for some months in the villa of Syron, from whom he had learned philosophy. After a short time he was indemnified with an estate near Naples, and left a large fortune behind him at his death, which is more than can be said of any other member of the group of poets who enjoyed in different measures the favours of Augustus and Mæcenas.

It is probable that we owe the 'Bucolics' to this crisis in the life of the poet: his sentimental interest in his paternal acres was quickened by the prospect of losing them; and, when he had once struck the happy vein, he was not inclined to abandon it too soon, especially as he was dissatisfied with his first experiments in epic poetry. He can hardly ever have been an energetic farmer in his own person, and his parents, when they gave him a city education, did not look forward to his settling down on the farm. Consequently we may quite believe that 'Tityrus,' although a slave, was practically the joint owner of the farm, paying a share of the produce to Vergil, and maintaining himself and the rest of the household with the remainder. This hypothesis would make the first and ninth Eclogues consistent, and dispense with some rather frigid allegory which would be necessary if in the first we had to identify the shepherd with the poet. But, after all, there is enough unreality. A pastoral poet always lends his peasants the sentiments with which their life inspires him, and envies them the country as in all probability they envy him the town. But Vergil's sentiment is even further from reality than this: he never asks himself, and we had better not ask ourselves, whether he is writing of Sicily or of Lombardy: pines and poplars, mountain caves and water meadows, blend in his imagination; and one might almost say that the chief value of

the country life of Lombardy to him is that it enables him to feel Theocritus, who reproduced real country life more perfectly than any other literary poet; for Wordsworth, by his very fidelity, often lays himself open to mere literary criticism. In one sense, the greater part of the 'Bucolics' is a mere rifacciamento of Theocritus; and it is easy to point out how much more definite and coherent the original is than the copy, even apart from the question which is most like nature. Yet, after all, the 'Bucolics' of Vergil have a charm of their own—a soft playfulness, so tender as to be almost grave, which makes them upon the whole the more enjoyable reading of the two. They have taken a place in Latin literature which the clever and more stimulating work of Theocritus failed to take in Greek, and in modern times all pastoral poetry derives from Vergil, not from Theocritus. The truth is, that the temper in which we find pastoral poetry enjoyable is not a temper in which we care for true or keen perceptions. Theocritus always remains at the point where perception is passing into enjoyment, but Vergil begins when the transition is completed.

There is one other element in the 'Bucolics' beside this naïve enjoyment of the holiday side of country life, which probably did as much at the time for the author's reputation, though it only serves to puzzle and annoy posterity. Vergil, like Theocritus, carries on a war of allusions through the 'Bucolics' against his literary rivals; though, with questionable tact, he tries to mask his own personality, and sometimes theirs, under the names of shepherds. Bavius and Mævius are notorious, for Vergil named them, and his commentators have preserved anecdotes enough to damn them to an immortality of fame. 'Codrus,' a rival whom he half esteemed, is generally supposed to be an anagram of Cordus, who is identified again with a certain 'Maurus Iarbita,' who may even be the same as 'Iollas,' who appears as the rival of the poet in the favour of Pollio's cup-bearer, better known as 'Alexis.' But though there is a certain dexterity in putting the polemic into the mouth of shepherds, the polemic itself is tame, and the best that can be said of Vergil is that he did not allow himself to be entangled like Pope in an endless series of ignoble quarrels, though the

temptation for both lay in a fastidiousness which had a noble side.

When we turn from Vergil's relations to his rivals, to his relations, to his patrons, we are struck, not exactly by his independence, but by the liberality with which he distributes his homage. We should hardly find out that Octavian was a greater man than Pollio, or even that Pollio was a greater man than Varius. Even when the monarchy was established, it never had the effect which an hereditary monarchy has of limiting individual ambitions: and when the monarchy was still a thing of the future, it stimulated every individual ambition, as a prize within the reach of all. It seems quite natural to us that a pastoral in honour of the dead Cæsar should represent Nature mourning for him, as it mourned for the dead Daphnis,¹ and to find that he too is thenceforward to be a blessed presence in Nature. The apocalyptic anticipations of the 'Pollio' seem natural too: all that was worst in the world had been uppermost for a generation, and enough good was left to expect that the turn of the righteous would come, though men could find no hope within the sphere of sober politics, and turned for comfort to signs in the stars of heaven, and to such echoes of eastern prophecy as had reached their ears. But what is strange is, that all this miraculous hope should have settled on a newborn child of a second-rate partisan, who happened to be consul at the time, and consequently much ingenuity has been wasted on the search for a child of higher destinies than Pollio's own.² At the time, it was not strange, as all the family of the Asinii were celebrated for generations for their spirit.³ When Augustus was discussing his possible successors, he mentioned Asinius Gallus as coveting a station which was too great for him. Of course Vergil had special reasons for idealising Pollio's position and his prospects; so, too, he idealises Cornelius Gallus, who succeeded him as land commissioner in Lombardy, in the last

¹ A personification not so much of the perishing summer sun as of the Sicilian herdsman's joy therein.

² The best perhaps among many bad guesses is that the poem was composed on the chance that the first-born of Octavian might turn out a boy. Julia was born while Pollio was in office.

³ Perhaps this is the best word to translate 'ferocia' in the context.

and perhaps the most beautiful of the Eclogues. All the gods of Arcadia come to console the love-lorn poet when his lady has forsaken him to follow a rival to the wars. The poem suggested the august procession of the superhuman motif in the *Lycidas*, which in its turn suggested to Shelley the pageant of Adonais. The poetry is so rich and tender that it would be churlish to remember either that Milton was not a shepherd, or that the deserted Gallus certainly would not spend his time in roaming about Arcadia. Vergil's woe is so far beyond the occasion which the author of the poem knew how to treat as it deserved as to invite a guess that the poem is really a dirge, written after Gallus' death, and amends for the enforced suppression of the panegyric on him which it is said once closed the fourth Georgic. The assumed date of the poem is 36 B.C., when Vergil may already have been meditating the 'Georgics'; but the actual title of the 'Bucolics' is *Eclogæ* or *Selections*, and a date may be made at any time. Do we know when the selection was closed? Is not the solemn opening¹ more appropriate to a poet was returning after an interval of many years to a genre of poetry which he had abandoned? If so, there would be something in his prayer that the little which he says may be fit for even Lycoris—and a sterner reader—and in the way in which he dwells on the danger of the cold shade of evening and in the danger to the singer; and there would be admirable boldness in the way where he speaks of his growing love to his friend, who was devoted to him already when he wrote of his real sufferings. The poem is after all romantic, and needs to be interpreted with much fuller life of Vergil than we possess; for, however we interpret it, the writer's imagination has been inspired by feelings rather than by facts.

There is less to explain in the appearance of Gallus in the translation of 'Euphorion' among the sensuous mystics of the sixth Eclogue, where two shepherds find Silenus asleep and bind him with flowers, while a nymph paints his face awake, with the juice of berries, and he buys his liberty

¹ Whose solemnity young Milton reasonably exaggerated in the *Lycidas*.

shepherds with songs, and of the nymph with his love. The groundwork of the poem is really the same as that of Schiller's, where the god of wine brings the god of song and the god of love in his train. But Vergil does not stop short with this as Schiller does; he counts over the treasures of knowledge and fancy, which float before his imagination, in the treacherous rapture which promises so much more than it performs. When we come to examine the list, we wish for some letters of Vergil to tell us what he had been reading when he wrote it. We can see that he had nearly finished Lucretius, and made some progress with Hesiod, and was probably deep in Callimachus, who anticipated the subject of metamorphosis. The legend which is elaborated most is the unpleasant legend of Pasiphaë: we are reminded for the first and last time in Vergil of Attis and Smyrna, the masterpiece of Cinna.

The 'Georgics' contain 2,288 hexameter lines, and they represent the work of seven of the best years of Vergil's life, from 37 to 44: the year in which they were completed was the year when Octavian was settling the affairs of the East, after the victory of Actium, which put the seal on the most laborious and most fruitful part of his work in the restoration of Italy. The temper of chastened hope and serene endeavour which breathes through them is as characteristic of the time as the lofty note of thanksgiving which runs through the serious odes of Horace, written in the seven years after Actium, when Rome was gathering with joy the harvest which had been sown in tears. Horace waited for Actium to be quite converted to the empire, but Vergil, who had never fought at Philippi, was ready to worship the new deity as soon as Sextus Pompeius had been subdued.¹ The worship was probably quite sincere, and as rational as any worship can be expected to be when the worshipper is not directly or indirectly under superhuman guidance. The feeling of reverence and loyalty was reviving under great difficulties, and in the early days of its revival it was neither easy nor helpful to separate its elements: loyalty had been the more deeply injured of the two, and much that


¹ The close of the first Georgic, with its sense of trouble throughout the world, must be early: the opening invocation is probably later.

had injured loyalty had in a way strengthened reverence. For the disturbance of all stable relations, which had gone on increasing in violence from the social war to the war of Perugia, had forced upon men the feeling that their lives were governed by incalculable, uncontrollable powers, and this conviction always makes many turn for comfort to propitiatory ceremonies; and these were precisely the most vigorous part of the religion of Rome. When things mended, reverence and loyalty revived and coalesced, and sought a visible object, which the imagination could lay hold of: men needed an earthly providence, and for a time it seemed that they had found one. Besides, the belief in immortality had reached a stage in its development when it inevitably conducted to a belief in apotheosis. In the days of Hesiod there was the choice of imagining a man living on as a ghost in middle air or underground in a world of shadows, accessible through caves and river gorges, or simply in his tomb. In the days of Pindar it was possible to think that glorious spirits passed under earth with the sun, to rise again with him sooner or later in some bright region of the west. But when science had reached a positive conception of the terraqueous globe and the sublunary atmosphere, it was plain that there was no rest for the souls of the righteous till they reached the sphere of the fixed constellations, or at least the orb of the planet of their nativity. And astrology, which was then the only form in which men could give 'scientific' shape to their belief that terrestrial life is governed by cosmical conditions, led straight to a conviction that spirits which reached the starry sphere were made equal to the highest gods. Of course an artificial belief of this kind is always in a sense unreal: it has not the strength of either a true belief or a traditional belief; but when it corresponds to a real need it is held all the more vehemently and eagerly because it cannot be held steadily. A reader now can hardly do anything but smile at the suggestion that the deified Augustus should appear as a new star, and fill the gap between the Virgin and the Scales, or the Claws as they were called then: at the time, a fanciful difficulty in arranging a star map represented a grave hiatus in spiritual science.

The religious temper of the 'Georgics' reaches its highest

slopes of Taygetus, where Spartan maids hold revel. When he comes to treat of breeding sporting dogs, his first thought is how exciting a night on Cithæron must be; and when the cry of hounds and the noise of cattle and of horses is in his ears, it is echoed back by the wood. The country deities whose knowledge is bliss are all deities of the wilds—Pan and Silvanus,¹ and the Nymphs—all dear to the imagination of poets who lived when mythology had come to be cherished by sentiment, all shapes of terror to real husbandmen, who lived when mythology was still growing out of men's dim sense of the hidden powers of the world.

All this is far short of the passion for wild nature which we know from modern writers. Bare crags to Vergil are not picturesque or sublime unless crowned with towers by human toil, but simply bleak and cruel. He hardly realises what a great mountain is like, or rather, having never thought of climbing one, he is at the mercy of the commonest illusions of perspective; the nearest pine-clad peak that towers above the horizon is the cloud-capt head of the giant, the snow-clad masses nearer the horizon are his shoulders in their white mantle, and the glaciers which run down from them are his beard which reaches his knees.² The picture has a kind of fragmentary momentary truth in its way, but it is very puzzling to readers trained at first or



fact, it might be said that Vergil apprehends nature intimately where a modern poet would aim at representing nature accurately, and a primitive Greek poet would present the broader aspects of nature vividly. Vergil is quite as refined in his observation as the subtlest modern, but he does not deal with such large masses of carefully discriminated detail, and, like Shakespeare, he makes flowers blow together which cannot be found at once in any visible garden. Still, his method has its advantages; modern word-painting would have been quite out of place in a didactic poem, while Vergil, when he is most poetical, continues to be instructive: the famous passage on the praise of Italy contains a sufficient catalogue of Italian trees; and the description of the signs of the sky at the end of the first book is as highly ornamented, though not as impassioned, as the description of the signs of the times in which it culminates. Again, the plainest and most level passages have always some imaginative phrase to relieve them: it is the frisky unyoked heifer that will trample down the flowers that should be reserved for the bees (the milch kine and the labouring oxen are sober and safe, the wild bullocks ought to be stalled up or in distant pastures). The vinedresser follows his vine up as he crops it, he fashions it as he prunes.

It is this intimate union of the poetry with the construction which makes the 'Georgics' the most masterly didactic poem in the world. Where Lucretius is a poet it may be thought that he is a greater, at least a more powerful, poet than Vergil, but Vergil is a poet always, and through the greater part of his work Lucretius has no characteristic of a poet but impassioned earnestness. It may seem curious that a writer with Vergil's exquisite skill and judgment should have written a didactic poem at all. Hesiod would have certainly written in prose, if prose had existed then: the philosophers of the fifth century B.C. were not very encouraging precedents, and the Alexandrine guides whom Vergil followed still less so. Something must be allowed for external influence: Vergil was a diffident writer, he needed the encouragement of recognition to spur him on. Pollio had to press him for more 'Bucolics'; Mæcenæ had to press him, at any rate for the second part of the 'Georgics,' consisting of

Cæsar's wars, like all his contemporaries ; he therefore fired beyond all else the imagination of practical men, and fired the imagination of literary men too, and that it was the literary men's fault. He frankly saw that it was, for the time at any rate, beyond his strength to accept another task which lay within it. And that was not exactly superfluous. The Romans had excellent manuals of agriculture by Cato and Varro ; but any rate was too purely national to be on the whole useful when many new plants of all kinds had been introduced into Italy, and neither had addressed the literary class. The literary class really seems to have been a stage at which it was no longer a course for a literary man who had mastered a scientific subject sufficiently to wish to introduce it into literature, was to write a poem upon it. A literary introduction to art or science, addressed to the general public in prose, implies a far greater continuity between the literary class and specialists than existed then.

No doubt, to a modern reader the 'Georgics' contain the worst faults that any introduction to a subject can have. They are not clear ; but they were probably clear enough to the Romans. The description of the plough has puzzled many, but any one who had seen an Italian plough could learn from the poem how to make one. And this applies to the whole of the poem. And this applies to the whole rural economy of Italy.

the supremacy of grammar: as where we are told that things neglected go back¹ 'not otherwise than he who forces a skiff against the stream by oars, if perchance he lets his arms slacken and the channel bears him down headlong to the rapids.' Here the incompleteness is partly due to the artistic tact with which Vergil shrinks from polishing too far. He values the remains of primitive simplicity which he has been able to gather from Hesiod and Lucretius, and from old rustic saws, even when he has not been able to keep them intact. There are four things that the wise vinedresser does early: he ought to be the last to gather his crop. The precepts are given with a show of archaic simplicity, but the requirements of metre have sophisticated all but the first and the last. Still they have the effect of rocks cropping up in a park.

It is probably for the sake of archaism that Vergil gave the wonderful receipt for obtaining a swarm of bees by stifling a bullock and shutting it up in a shed with four apertures, filled with scented herbs. For a panegyric on Egypt and the administration of Gallus could easily have been provided with a better introduction, and from a mere literary point of view Vergil's reputation has probably gained by the substitution of the exquisite idyll on Aristæus and Orpheus and Eurydice, which he is said to have substituted after the disgrace and death of Gallus. It might no doubt be guessed that one half the idyll, which deals with Aristæus and Cyrene, was part of the original design, as yellow-haired Lycorias, who has just become a mother, might very well be an allusion to 'Lycoris' or Cytheris or Volumnia, of whom Gallus was not yet wholly weary. As it stands it is more in accordance with the regular double structure of an Alexandrian idyll, which in the present instance may be thought to have the disadvantage, that the story of Orpheus is told at greater length and with more sympathy than Cyrene would have told it with, although she would have wished to melt her son with pity that he might humble himself more easily.

The 'Georgics' are beyond contradiction Vergil's most perfect work: in England and Germany there has lately been a feeling that they are also his greatest -- that the 'Æneid' is more or less

¹ Georg. i. 200 sqq.

of a splendid failure, and in fact may be considered an elaborate mistake, into which court influence seduced Vergil against the promptings of his better genius. It is known that he wished, on his deathbed, to have the 'Æneid' destroyed, and that he wrote to Augustus that he almost thought he must have mad to begin such a work, especially as he was spending pains upon it that might have been better employed. But this means that he thought he ought to have been studying philosophy. He was not alone in the feeling that a person past middle life ought to *faire son âme*, as the French say, which has its natural explanation in the fact that, as soon as activity begins to be impaired, there is need to dwell more than before upon large beliefs that transcend personal cravings, if the character has to be saved from the fretting of irritable impotent desire. The 'Æneid' is undoubtedly unfinished: there are half-lines and lines which are filled up in some MSS. and not in others, where it is uncertain whether a copyist supplied a makeshift, or whether Vergil's original editors took the responsibility of omitting what Vergil had marked as provisional. There are other makeshifts which we can scarcely believe would have survived a final revision, as where Latinus swears by his sceptre, 'for he had it in his hand at the time,' and assonances and ambiguities which a final revision might have removed too, though the latter are an exaggeration of the indecision which we trace in Vergil from the first. For instance, when Lausus is dead he is praised as worthy to have been happier in paternal rule and to have had another father than Mezentius: the praise is almost a tautology, because Vergil did not decide in the first half of the phrase whether he thought of Lausus as under his father's rule or ruling in the right of his father.

But it is certainly possible that Vergil was dissatisfied with the 'Æneid' because he had tired of his task, not because he left it incomplete; and there can be no doubt that it did not lie so completely within his powers as the 'Georgics.' To adorn and to versify the precepts of an art whose spiritual aspects interested him was what he could do perfectly; to make the heroic past live again is really a hopeless undertaking, which will always tempt poets who are born too late. The Italian poets who make a kind of gracious burlesque of chivalry have come nearest, per

haps, to success. Ariosto has not yet become a butt for the criticism which has overtaken Vergil, and will most likely overtake Scott before long. But for the civil war we should have had more poems like 'Comus' and the 'Ode for the Nativity,' and critics to tell us that Milton's real greatness lay there, and that 'Paradise Lost' was to be pardoned as the aberration of a noble ambition. No poet can be sure of surroundings that suit him entirely: he needs to see something like what he desires to sing, and yet his personal fitness to sing one thing rather than another is not determined by what he sees. The inspiration of Vergil and Milton was strong enough to carry them through immortal works, but these have less freshness and solidity than works taken direct from life like those of Shakespeare or Homer or Goethe, or even Burns or Jonson. Of course even Vergil and Milton bear the impress of their time; the debates of Hell and the idylls of Eden reflect the grave pleasure of refined Puritanism and the passions of the Long Parliament: the contest between Drances and Turnus reflects what Vergil half inclined to think of the contest between Cicero and Antonius; the seductions of Dido are painted more harshly because the poet cannot forget the seductions of Cleopatra, who had been the hostess and the paramour of Julius before she became the successful temptress of Antonius, and the adversary and the unsuccessful temptress of Octavian; even the rising buildings of Carthage are watched by Æneas with the eyes with which Vergil had watched the rising buildings of the new Rome of Augustus, and the voyages of Æneas, especially the voyage which he relates to Dido, remind us of the sentimental tours of educated Romans in famous seas.

Both the 'Æneid' and the 'Paradise Lost,' however, owe more to the reading of their authors than to their experience. Milton uses his reading in a way which we spontaneously admire: he recalls much without exactly imitating anything. Vergil insists upon repeating as many of the effects of Greek poetry as possible, and is anxious to have them recognised; and our first thought is that he reproduces because he cannot produce. A reference to other arts might abate this prejudice: a grand opera must have a ballet in a set place, and

the hero or heroine must die in a duet; and the hero must be a tenor and the villain must be a bass. Raphael took figures with little change from Masaccio, and Poussin was never tired of adapting figures from the antique for use in his own compositions. Vergil himself judiciously observed to critics who thought him a plagiarist that it was easier to steal his club from Hercules than to convey a verse from Homer.

A more penetrating criticism is, that the episodes may be said to overpower the poem. When one thinks of the 'Æneid,' one thinks of the capture of Troy or the loves of Dido and Æneas or the descent of Æneas to the underworld, or, perhaps, of Nisus and Euryalus or the fate of Pallas; when one thinks of the 'Iliad,' one thinks of the persons and the subjects: when one thinks of the 'Odyssey,' one thinks of the story. It is impossible to infer anything from the fact that the most brilliant episodes are to be found in the earlier half of the poem: for we are fortunate in knowing something of Vergil's method of work; he drew up a framework of the whole poem, and then wrote at any part of it which attracted him at the time; it was his habit to write two or three hundred lines in a morning, and to pass the remainder of the day in reducing them to twenty or thirty. It is not conceivable that the whole of the last six books were written after the pathetic episode of the young Marcellus was recited to Augustus and Octavia in 20 B.C., only two years before Vergil's own death, or even after 22 B.C., when Marcellus himself died.

The truth is that Vergil succeeds whenever the subject lends itself to romance or mysticism: he fails, at least he fails to interest, when it is a question of throwing himself into the homely every-day life of primitive times. His skill and knowledge are admirable even here: the court and empire of Priam are invested with all the splendour of the East; the court of Dido is equally splendid but without the majesty of age. When the poet comes to Italy, we are never allowed to forget that we are on virgin soil. Everything belongs to a world that is young and small—the woods that hang over the Tiber, the thickets that surround the lair of Cacus on the Aventine, the arms of the tribes that muster to the war, the numbers of the contingents, the horsemen who fight with one another, instead of the heroes who

gh whole armies in their chariots, though Turnus, respects is almost an Homeric figure, in this also approach to the achievements of Achilles. Again, once medley fighting over the slain hart is curiously as the Fury standing on the thatch and blowing the is real compared with the far more brilliant and description of Fame in the fourth book. In dealing direct supernatural, Vergil is at a disadvantage compared the old epic, which was written in the ages of faith : usually compelled to force the note ; the bleeding e harpies, the convulsions of the sibyl, her gasping prophecy, the serpent from Alecto's head which enters s' heart, the spirit which baffles him in his last battle, dependent upon physical horror. The grand vision is arrayed against Troy is the only thing we have to such pictures as Athene holding her ægis over Achilles ch and swelling his shout with hers ; and even here poet has the advantage of his effortless simplicity. In e gods of the 'Æneid' expose their dignity much less in it much worse than the gods of the 'Iliad.' Neptune's appearance to still the storm is majestic, but before one with him he begins to scold the winds, and stops remember that he had better calm the waves. The ous persistent hate of Juno is almost godlike tried by rd of Homeric deity, but the tedious majesty with iter bears with her reduces her at once to a shrewesome wife. The apparition of Venus in the first the way that she vanishes when fully revealed, arevised ; but she is much too skilful a rhetorician : when she looks as if she had landed from a *machina* of

er point of contact between the 'Æneid' and 'Paradise hat the poets have succeeded in one thing too well own reputation : they have fastened the main frame- eir poems in the public mind as securely as if it had original part of the tradition ; and this tells more to antage of Vergil, because the tradition upon which he longer regarded with religious respect. If it were

dignity. Ulysses goes from one place to another happens, or rather in order that he may exhaustibilities of adventure with which the Greeks were when the poem was written; Æneas is always the land appointed for him. He lands in Thrace but not for aimless plunder; he thinks to build really brought thither to propitiate the manes of Crete he tries once more to build for himself. he is tried, not by failures of his own, but by those of others; he regards the infant settlement of Helen as a temptation to envy, but the settlement of Dido in Africa as a temptation to himself, the settlement of Acestes in Sicily as a temptation to his followers. The meeting of Æneas and Andromache is much more moving than that of Telemachus with Menelaus and Helen; Dido and Calypso, for Vergil is the first great poet of a society where the passions of great ladies could be lived: her fall (for it must always be remembered as a fall) is the fall of a Roman; her commanding charm is the charm of an Egyptian; her fall is the fall of a Cleopatra without caprices.

But shifty and ruthless as he is, Ulysses is at heart a saint; and almost all saints are insipid except when they are sinners; and it is a disadvantage that the hier

the chosen remnant of Troy. It is not the choicest prerogative of their chief to be the bravest of the brave or the wisest of the wise, though he is not overshadowed by any of his followers, as Agamemnon is overshadowed by Achilles and Ulysses. But the true glory of Æneas is meant to be that he above all other men knows and keeps the will of Heaven; the condemnation of Dido and Turnus and Amata is that they are fighting against destiny. Dido rebels with her eyes open; she taunts Æneas with his name for piety, she sneers at the pretence that the Epicurean calm of heaven can be broken to make Æneas break his faith. The Italians resist, but they do not blaspheme; their offence is the blind refusal, selfish yet not ungenerous, of prejudice and passion to look beyond the obvious standard of worldly honesty which tells in their favour; they are headstrong, and that was sufficient to put them beyond the pale of the sympathy of a Roman poet and a Roman public. But the peculiarity of the position is, that while Vergil condemned them, while he exults in the future of Rome, to which they are sacrificed, he never says or feels that the power that will have it so is holy or just or good;¹ he feels exactly as we feel about people who disobey what are called the laws of nature, and he expects us to feel to Æneas almost as we feel to a man who obeys the law of God. And, besides this half-heartedness, there is a special difficulty in the case of Dido; her side of the story is treated in a thoroughly modern way, Æneas' side is treated in an archaic way; and we find ourselves complaining of his lack of chivalry in a way in which we do not complain of the recklessness of Ulysses in the 'Odyssey,' or the cynicism of Jason in the 'Medea'; that is, we expect of him the tone of conduct and feeling which has been gradually cultivated, principally by the help of Provençal poets, to meet the class of situation whose possibilities Vergil was the first to begin to discern.

The catastrophe happily is not elaborated: we are spared the scene in which Lavinia had to reconcile herself to a husband who had slain her betrothed and brought her mother to suicide;

¹ The nearest approach to a suggestion of this is in the character of Mezentius, who is a tyrant of the blackest kind because he fears not God and therefore regards not man.

we hardly learn the 'laws of unequal peace' to which Æneas has to bow according to the prophecy of Dido. The story ends even more abruptly with the death of Turnus than the 'Iliad' ends with the death of Hector.

To resume, all the shortcomings of the 'Æneid' resolve themselves into one: it is the work of a divided genius. The interest in primitive faith and simplicity, and the interest in the serene elevation of civilised virtue and the subtle questioning and patient sadness of civilised intellect, sustain and balance one another in the 'Georgics': in the 'Æneid' the attempt to embody both objectively in the same series of pictures confuses the interest as often as it heightens it; the rather that in the 'Georgics' Vergil glorified the primitive life which he saw around him, and whose limits he so understood, while in the 'Æneid' he looked back to a distant past through the distorting media of antiquarianism and mythology. Thus the episodes in the battles are excellent, but the battles themselves are often tame; because special incidents in warfare can be invented or adapted, but the general conditions of warfare have to be known. Again, in describing exciting things which are seen seldom, it is a help to refer to more familiar experiences; and so the 'Iliad' is full of similes, and as this proves that similes are the appropriate ornament of an epic, the 'Æneid' is full of similes too, of similes conveyed with exquisite taste and judgment, and wonderfully little loss of truth and power, and occasionally with some gain in suavity; there are even new similes from housewives at their wheels and bulls fighting for the mastery of the herd in the forest pastures, the one picturesque feature in rustic life in which Italy stood above Greece. But, after all, the similes in the 'Æneid' are there not to help out the description but to ornament it; the purpose which they serve in the 'Iliad' is served in the 'Æneid' by a whole machinery of abstraction and emphasis which the poet finds ready to his hand.

But the framework of the poem is of its essence: it is exactly preposterous to demand that Vergil should have written a series of heroic idylls instead. Heroic idylls presuppose that an heroic legend is already fixed and elaborated either by the

activity of living popular tradition or by a poet or school of poets whose invention is still spontaneous and half conscious; but it was Vergil himself who fixed the tradition of the journeys and wars of Æneas. Besides, heroic idylls are almost a contradiction: they either tend to come together again into an epic, or to degenerate into mere romantic prettiness. Even a purely romantic figure like Camilla gains much in seriousness and dignity when the whole story of the national strife in which she falls is told. The very picturesque combat in which Mezentius rides round Æneas and hurls spear after spear into the shield that is always turned to catch them, is admirably fitted for an idyll; but if it stood alone, Mezentius would be the hero conquered by the coward thrust that slays his horse; the steadfast endurance of Æneas in a real peril may pass for heroism when we know what he has borne and achieved, and what destinies await him.

The 'Æneid,' if finished, would still have been freer and bolder than the 'Georgics' in metre and other ways. When we compare it with other great epics, we are struck before all things with its sustained sweetness and dignity; but when we compare it with Vergil's other works and with later Latin epic poetry, we are struck with its manliness and sonorous roughness,¹ and besides by its simplicity and directness. Sophocles is not one of the simplest of Greek writers, but Ajax's blessing to his son is plain and modest beside the suggestive grandiloquence of Vergil's counterpart; but that is calm and simple beside a comparatively modest specimen of the ferocious ingenuity of Lucan. Sophocles says, 'Boy, mayst thou prove more fortunate than thy father, and like him in the rest, and thou wilt not prove amiss.' Vergil says, 'Learn, boy, virtue of me and faithful endeavour;

¹ Much of this is due to a diligent study of Ennius, many of whose lines are embalmed in the 'Æneid'; something, perhaps, to a study of a contemporary, Varius; and much of course to Vergil's own tact, which does not shrink from abruptness and elision and a plentiful use of the rolling 'r.' It was doubtless a sense of the value of the vigorous hemistichs which led Vergil to leave so many lines, especially in the second book, imperfect: he could have filled them up at a moment's notice, but he waited till he could do so without weakening them. Another effect of the resolution to be broad and epic is that epithets like *ingens* are rather over-frequent, and there is less of the precise felicity of the language of the earlier poems.

and fortune of other men.' Lucan says (by the mouth of a centurion), 'From those who must live the gods hide (how else could life be endured?) that it is happy to die.' The phrase is as contorted as the thought.

It is necessary to notice this, because Vergil's influence told in spite of his later practice almost wholly in favour of smoothness. We shall even find that during the Claudian period he was criticised as he taught posterity to criticise Ennius; and that Lucan might almost be considered as an exaggerated reaction in favour of one side of Vergil's method, the side which had been abandoned by Ovid and all who came after him, and was never fairly revived by any of the later masters of epic poetry. For Silius Italicus, who possessed the requisite simplicity, lacked the requisite energy; and Claudian, who after all comes nearest, was born much too late.

The truth is that Vergil represents almost the earliest stage at which perfect maturity of metre can be artistically attained. For instance, we think that our Elizabethan literature is primitive; but Vergil is incomparably simpler and more direct than 'Lear' or 'Catiline' or Shakespeare's Sonnets, to say nothing of 'Paradise Lost.' Words are used in their natural sense, or, if the poet's insight or caprice charges them with a new weight of meaning, what he proceeds upon is still the natural ordinary sense; he does not take words in their conventional sense and then develop and exaggerate this. The order of the words is natural; the only transpositions we find are easily suggested by the metre and emphasis: there are no inversions introduced simply for effect, and out of impatience with what is ordinary. The reason that we attend so much more to Vergil's influence than to his personal tendency is that Latin literature in its later stages never succeeded in simplifying itself with the brilliant success with which English literature simplified itself in the reign of Queen Anne,¹ and again at the end of the eighteenth century, for the movement in that direction inaugurated by Hadrian and Fronto was upon the whole a failure. Such as it was, the movement went back to the Latin before Vergil, and never dis-

¹ Compared with the literature called Elizabethan we may say that the literature of our Augustan age is artificial as opposed to natural; but it is simple compared with the quaintness and perplexity which marked the literature of the middle quarters of the seventeenth century.

guished him from the literature which sprang from him; and is not surprising that it has become possible to modern scholars like Professor Munro to charge him with corrupting the native purity of Latin, as Milton might have been charged with corrupting the native purity of English if 'Paradise Lost' had ever gained the position which the 'Æneid' gained at once, of the indispensable school-book, governing all future writers both in prose and verse, with a supremacy that can only be faintly illustrated by the ascendancy which the consecrated cadences of King James's Bible have retained over all subsequent writers in English, for the reverence which has made that ascendancy permanent has kept its influence in the main indirect. Although these circumstances have led to an exaggeration of the charge, it would be rash to say that it is altogether unfounded. The poets of the Ciceronian age do write a language which is purer and more idiomatic than the greater poets of the Augustan age, and in fact it may be observed that all poets who are familiar with more languages than one tend generally, in proportion to their poetical rank, to transcend the special characteristics of their language. The two English poets whom one naturally would turn to as specimens of racy idiomatic style are Butler and Swift, and no one would deny that Delille is a model of French purity and lucidity of diction, while Victor Hugo is a great poet who has to write in French.

Note on the Metre of the Culex.

A single metrical test is not very decisive, but, as the late date of the *Culex* has been inferred from the rarity of elisions, it may be worth while to call attention to a peculiarity which points the other way. In the *Culex*, out of 413 lines 16 (36, 38, 39, 49, 58, 62, 104, 172, 175, 213, 265, 268, 291, 348, 351, 355) end with two dissyllables. In all cases except 268 there is a monosyllable before the two dissyllables. In the 820 lines of the *Eclogues* there are 26 examples of this rhythm; in the 514 lines of the first *Georgic* 6; in 92 of the sixth book of the *Æneid* 6. In 413 lines taken at haphazard from the *Pharsalia* there are none; in 465 lines taken from *Statius Silvæ*, III. ii.-iv., there are two. In the second book of *Lucretius* there are 26 in 1152 lines—small proportion considering the general irregularity of *Lucretius*. In *Horace's Satires* the proportion is high—38 out of 326 lines in the third satire of the second book; in his imitator, *Persius*, there are fewer—30 out of 549. All this points to the conclusion that the rhythm belongs to the beginning of the Augustan age; on the other hand, in *Theocritus* the proportion is 21 in 14 lines of the first four idylls. In the first four idylls of *Calpurnius* the proportion is 20 in 460, in the next three 18 in 298, in the last four 6 in 309; and *Calpurnius*, like *Persius*, is an imitator.

CHAPTER III

HORACE

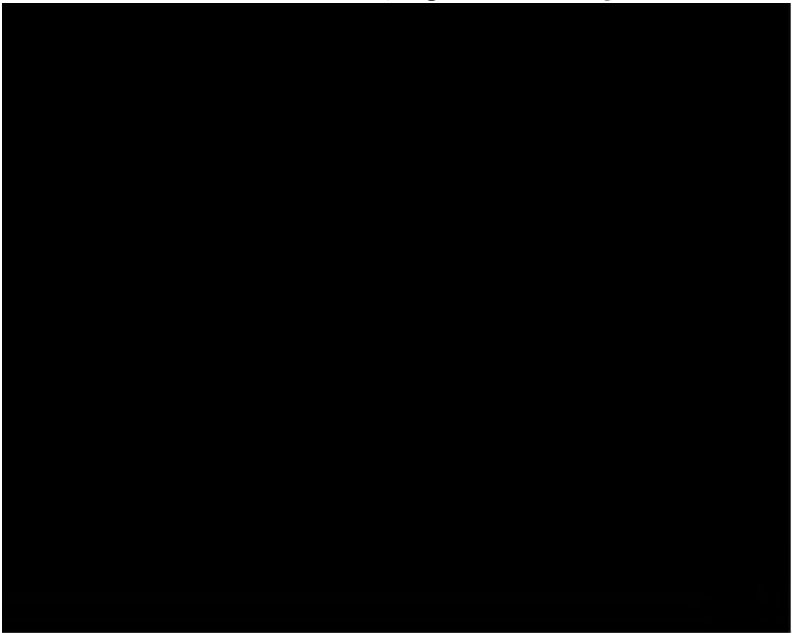
THE most versatile, enterprising, and frank of the writers of the early part of the Augustan age was Quintus Horatius Flaccus, the son of a freedman of Venusia, who made a modest living by getting in debts. The father was proud of his son, a reasonable child, of what would now be called a romantic temperament. He took him to Rome for education, and put him under the tuition of Orbilius, a noted grammarian of Beneventum, who taught him Homer. He pursued his studies at Athens, where he learned the Stoic theory of right and wrong and the fashionable academic mixture of curiosity and scepticism. His talent and good-nature gave him enough reputation there to raise him to the rank of tribune in the army of Brutus and Cassius. At Philippi he showed a lack of heroism which it pleased his friends to exaggerate, partly to imitate Alcæus, who also had a shield, and partly to prove that when he fought on the side of Brutus he fought half-heartedly. When he returned to Italy his father was dead, and the house and land at Venusia were confiscated by proscription. For three years, more or less, he lived without means, and wrote verses under the spur of want, hoping that his talent would be employed when known. Vergil and Varius introduced him to Mæcenas with a recommendation. If anything Horace had then written had reached us, it must be sought among the least important epodes and satires; but at the beginning of a great period very scanty and tentative performances may lay the legitimate foundation of a considerable celebrity, for the advance in form is easily perceptible to good judges, who

“there has been nothing like this before.’ Nine months after the first introduction Mæcenas made Horace free of his house, and by-and-bye gave him a farm in the Sabine country near Tibur. He accompanied Mæcenas to Brundisium, and perhaps followed Octavian to Sicily, in the neighbourhood of which he escaped shipwreck at some time in his life. Mæcenas went to Actium without him: thenceforward they were in constant intercourse up to the death of Mæcenas, whom Horace only outlived for a few months. Some time before the end, Horace, like Augustus, had begun to loosen the ties which bound him to a man to whom they both owed much. Horace continued to write of Mæcenas, and to him, as if he loved him, but he told him he was querulous: he defended himself against his exactions, he even offered to restore his gifts. Augustus proposed to employ the poet as his private secretary, in terms so disrespectful to Mæcenas as to be hardly respectful to Horace. The proposal was declined without offence, and Augustus continued to complain that Horace was ashamed to seem intimate with him. He would have liked to have been one of the chief speakers in the Satires; he protested against being excluded from the list of Horace’s correspondents: so Horace wrote him a letter to apologise for intruding on his political cares with literary discussions.

The genius of Horace was less impersonal than that of Vergil, who communicates little of his individual life, while Horace almost perplexes us by his free disclosures of his whole self, as a living man acting upon ideal impulses, practical inducements, animal appetites, by turn, and quite in earnest all the time in his desire to cultivate his mind and improve his character. In an early poem we learn that he had his fortune told by a Sabine witch; in the latest, most likely, of all, he asks himself seriously whether he has overcome the fear of witches, ghosts, and dreams. He makes much of all incidents that will take a miraculous colour. Pigeons covered him with leaves to protect him from serpents when he strayed far from home in his childhood; a wolf ran away from him in a wood; he was caught in a storm and escaped shipwreck; a tree fell in his grounds and did not crush him as he passed. He even professes that thunder and lightning in a clear sky converted him from

Epicureanism, which had plenty of theories to account for thunderstorms which included thunderclouds. It is even noticeable that almost all the poems which refer to his quarrel with an elderly procuress of the name of Gratidia, or as he calls her Canidia, turn upon her reputation for sorcery. All this shows that there was a perceptible vein of mysticism in Horace's temperament, which commonly accompanies a craving for enjoyment in all but vigorous men of action. Wieland began as a mystic and a pietist, to end as an Epicurean; Moore's habitual sentimentalism in literature was the other side of his habitual joviality in conduct; and, though the religion in which he was bred was more favourable than Horace's to pietism, he too gave way to a turn for humour which was often sceptical and sometimes irreverent. All three tended more or less to reverie—perhaps it might be said to aspiration—in the intervals of pleasure; and all three, prizing the mood of the moment above everything, were indifferent to what is called the serious business of life, and so ceased to respect the conventions which regulate it; and when respect for conventions has disappeared, respect for religious traditions can hardly maintain itself except when it is fortified by asceticism.

Like Moore, Horace had a Platonic admiration for austerity; unlike Moore, his taste and judgment went together in favour



in his youth the desire was strong enough to determine pursuit by the help of vanity. He complained like other poets of the time, though with as little reason as any, that the reigning beauties preferred wealth to wit; but there is no trace that he was capable of the sustained passion of Catullus or Propertius, or of the tender sentiment of Tibullus, or even the restless curiosity of Ovid, which kept him long in a labyrinth of the kind of love-affairs best called intrigues. In his maturity he no longer cared to pursue: whether the desire was gratified or no, he learned early that the fever would pass; he came to think love was a game that it was pretty to watch and ill to play, at least with players who were young and keen, and had still to be taught to lose with patience. A lover has necessarily plans and hopes, and it was Horace's ambition to live without plans: his indifference to wealth was the one feature of his character which he thoroughly approved. Unfortunately it is difficult for an impressionable, imaginative nature, constantly craving for joy, to escape the tyranny of caprice except by submission to a routine of duty, or by resolute effort to reach a high and distant goal; accordingly Horace reproached himself severely for his fitful temper and his restless wish for change. Caprices are often thwarted, and he reproached himself for irritability too: he was never vindictive, and at one time, before his position was assured, while it was still important to him to make friends and to be conciliatory, he had serious hopes of subduing his temper to a constant state of easy good-nature.

Horace was twenty-three years old when the battle of Philippi was fought; he was twenty-six before he was admitted to the intimacy of Mæcenas. During those three years he had everything in his own circumstances and in public affairs to make him anxious and uncomfortable; he had nothing to cheer him but his talents and his youth. Even if he inherited no foundation of homely virtue and good sense from the father, whose *bourgeois* precepts of prudence and probity he always loved to recall, the experience of those three years was certain to brace and harden a nature which they did not sour. One result of this was that Horace completely escaped the error of poets

like Byron and Keats, who always seem to be more or less mistaking their talent for their character. Horace is a poet for men of the world and for men: he thought habitually of practical things, of his circumstances, his neighbours, his character, his behaviour; he thought intermittently of ideal interests; he recognised the conditions forced upon him by the hardness of his early experience, perhaps too by the softness and openness of a temperament incapable of concentrating itself on any task except in solitary ease, and hardly capable of living long with any task alone. He tells us that he found it impossible to go home and write after going through the routine engagements of a man about town: it was of the observations of a man about town that he first began to write. We have no data for determining how early some of the slighter odes may have been written, but we know on Horace's own authority that he had a reputation as a satirist at a time when Varius was the leading heroic and Pollio the leading tragic poet, and Vergil was chiefly known by the soft grace of his bucolic jests and the tenderness of the 'Georgics,' then probably incomplete.

Whether Horace is right or wrong in his theory, that Lucilius founded his art upon the old Attic comedy, there can be no doubt that his own Satires are founded upon Lucilius. The two main interests of Lucilius are both represented; we still find personal and social criticism combined with literary criticism, but neither reappears without change. Horace deprecates publicity: he only writes for his friends: he never recites: his works are not for sale: it is almost an absurdity to take so much trouble when there is no reputation to be had by it. No doubt Horace was shy by temperament; he shrank from a world which he never much admired, and was not yet in a position to treat with open disdain: but he traded upon this side of his character as he traded upon his humble birth, partly to disarm envy, to which he was always extremely sensitive—the thought that people with no power to hurt him were speaking unkindly of him behind his back was always enough to vex him—partly too from a coquetry as natural to delicate talent as to delicate beauty. This reserve, whatever its cause, makes Horace very unlike his predecessor, who said his say

openly, and had not the least reluctance to be known. As Horace's detractors seem to have said, Lucilius was by comparison a man of station, who might take liberties with less offence; but Lucilius offended citizens almost as powerful as his patrons, which Horace never did. Again, Lucilius is censorious, Horace is conciliating: Lucilius had no purpose but to vent his spleen and show up rogues, and give honest men their due; he has no style; the mere copious outpouring of vigorous and sometimes witty speech was enough for his age. Horace has a purpose and a standard: he wishes to give advice and to get it taken: his personalities are all incidental illustrations of some thesis in the major or minor morals: he is anxious to show the reader his faults without making him wince, to get him to join his monitor in a good-humoured laugh at his own expense. Then too he is not only an adviser but an artist: satire, he suspects, is a poor thing at best, it is so difficult to find what a satirist can be expected to say which any sensible well-bred man might not say too without the least pretensions to be a poet. Of course he would say it in prose, but then verse by itself does not constitute poetry. All this is a reason why a satirist who respects himself should take pains with his satires, which have no chance of being valuable unless they are perfect in their kind. To begin with, the redundancy of Lucilius must be retrenched; a satirist ought to say nothing that can be spared: besides, if he is to write in verse at all, the verses must run smoothly and easily; then, whether satire and comedy are true poems or no, the satirist ought to be able to make shift to pass now and then for a poet or an orator: now and then he ought to show his breeding by keeping within his strength.

The metre of Horace hardly performs what he promises: he has not quite mastered the hexameter—the rather monotonous flow of Catullus was certainly unsuited to conversational satire; and Horace had not yet formed any clear ideal of the type of line he wishes to keep to: the lines jolt less than the lines of Lucilius or even of Lucretius, but they jolt still; there is no systematic correspondence between the pauses of the metre and the pauses of the sentence: sometimes, though not often, the order of the words is forcibly disturbed by metrical necessities. The

Satires, so far as metre goes, are written as the author could rather than as he would; for the Epistles, written after Horace had mastered the stupendous metrical difficulties of the *Alcaic stanza*, and had learned from the completed 'Georgics' and the 'Æneid' the full range and pliability of the Vergilian hexameter, are at least as easy and careless in diction and often as lively as the Satires.

Another characteristic of the Satires for which we are not prepared by the programme is that, short as they are, they are really diffuse: so far as they are dramatic, they are abrupt. The dialogue is often elliptical; the transitions from one subject to another, from one speaker to another, are so rapid and so slightly marked that a modern reader is continually uncertain whether the poet was obscure. But when the author gives us a piece of exposition in his own person, the meaning might have been put in many fewer words. The style is as much the reverse of 'succinct' as the dress of Mæcenas: we cannot say the author is prolix—he checks himself always in time: but he is fragmentary and discursive, while in the lyrics of his full maturity he is terse or condensed. Perhaps too the Satires are personal in a way the Odes are not. In the Satires Horace seems to talk about himself for the sake of it, just as he tells us that when he had a piece of writing finished he took it straight to show it to Mæcenas, without thinking whether he was at leisure and in the mood: like many reserved persons, he was never at ease unless he could take liberties: he is really afraid of the great public, but he claims all the privileges of intimacy with the reader. Perhaps ancient readers of the journey to Brundisium thought he presumed upon his privileges: the details of such a journey are unfamiliar to us, but to contemporaries they must have been familiar enough: and Horace and his friends seem to have seen very little more by the way than any other travellers. The only points which can have been fresh at the time are the sneers at the notary (Horace himself was connected with the corporation) who set up for a great man as the Prætor of Fundi, the jest that ball is a bad game after dinner for people with weak eyes, and the lively

description of a scolding match between two blackguards. Probably too they appreciated the discretion with which the writer just hints at the importance of Mæcenas's mission, which gives the zest of incongruity to the petty discomforts of his suite: and though the sort of interest of a Dutch picture is never a permanent interest in literature, it is an interest which always makes its appearance at a certain stage, and has sometimes strength enough to found a reputation.

Another satire turns entirely on a scolding match which it seems Horace witnessed when he was with Brutus in Asia: he says it is an old story, and unluckily the only point is a rather poor pun; but Horace did not make the story, and tells it with humorous exaggeration, and mock heroics were a novelty.

There is the same mixture of weakness and strength in another satire, which is really intended to invite public gratitude to Mæcenas for laying out the land near his gardens on the Esquiline for building, by a burlesque description of how the deified scarecrow he had set up there had frightened away a brace of old women, who made their living with less comfort than Dame Ursula Suddlechop, in the same doubtful way, and filled up their spare time by trying to bewitch those of their clients, generally of the opposite sex, whom they happened to have a spite against. For these purposes they found the cemetery on the Esquiline attractive, because necromancy was the most naturally stimulating form of magic at a time when it was difficult to believe in anything supernatural, except when the eerie sights and scents of a graveyard mingled themselves with the awe of a southern night. If all tales were true, there was another attraction: it was hard sometimes to come by a supper, and generally there was a supper to be found, by those who were not ashamed to snatch it, upon some grave or other. The description of the incantations is well done, though in the fifth epode the same thing is done better: but the catastrophe is not only indecent but inadequate: we were prepared for something more exciting. Priapus begins as if he were going to treat us to a burlesque epic, and instead he gives us an anecdote that might have gone in an epigram.

The most perfect of the Satires is certainly the ninth, which

takably new, both in form and substance. have to read between the lines: a story of a supposed to have been Propertius, who faster Horace and stuck to him till peremptorily cit turns out to be a panegyric of the principles cenas managed his patronage, and a defence of reluctance to give introductions. Here too the to end with a small jest, though the jest is be made the substance of the poem.

His relation to Mæcenas supplies the form of while the matter is an exposition of Horace's which comes to this, that high station is a bur Horace's temper), that any one who aims at a r foolish, and that talent and character entitle lowest station to intimacy with men of the hi is far from holding with Burns—'The rank is l stamp': he treats high station consistently as of high personal eminence. He admires M fusing senatorial rank, but he compliments hi on his distinguished pedigree: all the more p it seems his family had come down in the wor were the representatives of the old kings of paternal and maternal grandfathers had been armies; but his father had been poor and obs petty municipal contracts. Equally character

gentleman as well as behave like one. When he advised him to do a thing, it was by the example of one of the select judges, the aristocrats of his order; when he warned him, it was by the example of some neighbour who had an ill name. Horace tells us this as an excuse for the personality of his Satires, which had given offence: his reply is noticeable, that to point a moral at the expense of strangers is better than to garnish conversation with depreciation of intimates behind their backs. The charge is noticeable too: it implies that average people find it easier to stand attacks upon their faults when they can surmise a personal motive in the assailant; disinterested censure strikes them as gratuitous malice. Perhaps their resentment was heightened because the censor stood so near themselves: there is nothing the least transcendental, or extravagant, or Bohemian in the ideal of life which Horace sets forth in his earliest satires, and which, with little change, he continues to preach to the end. His preaching comes to this: some of our wishes are natural; some are the result of fashion and vanity; the first are what gives life its value, they are strongest in youth, and it is in a manner indecorous that they should survive it. All plans and ambitions which interfere with their prompt gratification are vanity and vexation of spirit: so too are the wishes with which we inoculate one another, the wishes for fortune, and splendour, and mistresses that can be boasted of. These wishes have a further disadvantage—they not only spoil our proper pleasures, but they impair our resources: to diminish one's capital is as foolish as to hoard one's income, and that is the result of expensive artificial tastes. Besides, they give every one who is not immensely rich a bad name, and Horace thoroughly agrees with his father in rating a good name high: in fact, of the two, he may almost be said to rate it higher, because he values it as an end, not as a means to a rise in station.

In truth, Horace's Epicureanism differs from Stoicism much less than we suppose: it is a difference of temperament, not of doctrine. The principle of following nature is common to both; only with Horace the voice of nature makes itself heard more plainly in normal desires than in normal activities. He goes heartily with the Stoics in their appeal to nature and reason

from fashion and tradition, and he does not come in conflict with them on the question between virtue and pleasure: his objection is that the concrete Stoic is a pretentious, quarrelsome prig. It was quite true that he did not profess to be wise; but he was always thrusting 'the wise man' in people's faces, and the wise man was a very grotesque object, a capital cobbler who had never made a shoe in his life, a king who could be hustled in the street, always in admirable health except when his phlegm was troublesome. And this ludicrous ideal was used to abolish all rational distinctions, and to prove that everybody else was 'mad': this was a sure way to spoil one of the best things in life, friendship, by cultivating an unmeaning rigorism which could see nothing anywhere but faults: whereas Horace spends great part of a satire in proving (after Plato) that we should use our imagination in idealising even the faults of a friend, as a lover idealises the defects of his mistress. Still his first satire leaves off with a fear that if he goes on he will be suspected of plundering the desk of blear-eyed Crispinus—a Stoical rival who thought himself cleverer than Horace because he wrote faster; and certainly a Stoic might have indorsed everything that Horace has been saying about the folly of people who never know their own minds, and are never content with a position which they do not really wish to change, and, worst of all, cannot hit the mean between being moneymakers and spendthrifts.

There are signs in the first book of *Satires* that Horace was still only half reconciled to Octavian: he has a great quarrel with the memory of one Tigellius, a Sardinian singer, whom Octavian and Julius had patronised, and the quarrel is managed in a way to reflect upon the patrons. It is hardly a compliment to Cæsar to say that Tigellius would sing when he was not asked, and would not sing when he was; but this might pass if it stood alone for an attack upon Tigellius. But it does not stand alone: Horace, who is so anxious to prove that his own conduct and character do credit to the discretion of Mæcenas, takes the low habits of Tigellius, who was just dead, as a text for a very plain-spoken sermon on the rules of behaviour which he recommends as a succedaneum for chastity: he congratulates himself that his book is not for the hands of the vulgar, or Tigellius

—that he founds himself upon authors whom Tigellius, and the monkey who never got beyond singing Calvus and Catullus, ever read. He tells us, in a word, that Octavian petted a man who may have been good-looking and had a fine voice, but who had no taste, and no sense, and worse than no character.

In the second book of Satires we find an advance, though a small one, towards the later attitude of the poet to the emperor. By a curious combination of circumstances, incantations had passed without any breach of continuity into lampoons; and so it was possible to imagine that the old legislation against incantations was applicable to lampoons. Horace takes refuge from this danger in the approbation of Cæsar: as Cæsar praises his Satires, they cannot be *mala carmina*. Already, too, we find that the court is looking out for poets. Horace's mentor asks why, if he must write, he does not sing the achievements of Cæsar: naturally Horace does not reply that Cæsar's achievements up to that date had been scanty, and those of which he could approve still scantier: he confines himself to the answer, which he never abandons even when an enthusiastic imperialist, that the subject is beyond his strength. But there are more unequivocal signs of independence than this: when he thanks Mæcenas for his Sabine farm which he had given him after seven years of intimacy, he is so explicitly grateful for having received all he can reasonably wish that he seems to protest against being expected to merit more. His only ambition is to get away into the country and gather his own friends round his own board, where he can insure that everybody shall be free to mix his wine as he likes it, and can lead the conversation to philosophy, to the questions whether it is riches or virtue that makes men well off, whether interest or character is the bond of friendship, what is the nature of good, and wherein it culminates. Such discussions are pointed with good old wives' tales by a neighbour, who proves for instance that we ought not to wish for riches that will make us anxious by the fable of the town and country mouse. The town mouse preaches exactly Horace's philosophy of enjoyment, the country mouse is frightened into his philosophy of prudence. And this comes at the end of a satire which sets forth

and to try to escape from its burdens: he and his personage, with visits to pay, and appointments to influence to bestow; to know some secrets, and to be them, and to have the credit of knowing all. This in his mind was that every day he lived he was made to envy; and so he simply resolved to be as independent as possible, and do what he could to hold aloof and take

The second book marks an advance in another way too: the satires are more completely planned and thoroughly finished; it is possible to assign the subject to each, and none is a mere anecdote, or string of anecdotes. The fifth, seventh, and eighth of the first book; the didactic is more unmistakable, the personalities are more so. It is obvious that the author has been laying to heart the double criticism passed upon his previous writings, that he has cut too far and cut too sharply, and that all he wrote was chit-chat. He admits that in his hands satire has become a matter of self-defence, and this can hardly refer to any of his satires; but he professes his wish for peace. Perhaps at the same time, there is some loss of spontaneity: at least there are more traces of preparation. One of his critics tells him that he has taken Plato and Menander and Eupolis and Terence into the country with him; and even without this warning, it is sure that he is translating from some Greek source when he introduces a lady who asks her lover for a ring. This occurs in a satire on the thesis that all but the free are slaves; but the thesis is treated ironically: Hor

the most irresponsible way how much the refined desires of men of the world resemble the desires of a slave. In fact, by Horace's own standard, the slave is often the wiser of the two: his pleasures are safer and cheaper, and at worst the slave's gluttony only entails a beating; he can pay for an occasional debauch by the proceeds of petty thefts: the *gourmandise* of the master ruins his health, and, if carried far, his estate to boot. Besides, not only are the masters enslaved by unreasonable desires which they have not even the manhood to avow and pursue consistently, but they are a burden to themselves, never content with their own company, trying to cheat care by wine or sleep or travel. It is noticeable that Horace is almost alone in taking notice of the restlessness of the world; his contemporaries generally thought that if they were uncomfortable or anxious they always had something to be uncomfortable or anxious about, and did not inquire as to the origin of their susceptibility.

Another Stoic thesis is that all but the wise are mad, which is treated in the same ironical way: a crazy amateur who has ruined himself by collecting is saved from suicide by Stertinius, as great a sage as any of the seven, who convinces him that everybody else is mad too, and turns him loose to lecture his fellow-madmen who suppose themselves sane. Having no business of his own, the new missionary devotes himself to other people's, and so comes to know that laziness is a besetting sin of Horace, and begins by scolding him for not writing more steadily; he concludes by a list of the other signs of insanity to be found in him. These are that he builds as if he were Mæcenas, that he dresses above his fortune, that he writes poems, which no wise man does, that his temper is horrible, that he is in and out of love with boys and girls by the thousand, till Horace cries for mercy: the interval is occupied with a denunciation of avarice and ambition and waste, in good set terms and with the inevitable parade of mythology: every parricide is madder than Orestes; Agamemnon, when he sacrifices Iphigenia, is madder than Ajax when he butchers the sheep. Mad as Horace is, Damasippus is madder, for he makes no allowance in his system for the conventional compromises,

the satire which is not ironical. He is expressing his sincere convictions in the harangue which he puts into the mouth of Ofellus, because Ofellus acted up to it. It is remarkable how convenient these convictions must have been to the government under one of whose chiefs Horace had taken service. Ofellus had lost his estate in some confiscation or other, no friend at court had procured its restitution, but the new proprietor was very willing to have his property worked by his victim, who grove almost as well as before, and took the change of circumstances very philosophically, reflecting that property was an unmeaning conception, that every one had the use of the land by turns, and no one had a real ownership: the moral of which was that young men should live hardly, and meet adversity with old hearts. Plain living is the way to high thinking: a young man who pampers himself is undermining his health, and is making a fool of himself and so destroying his character; besides which, suppose his body should require indulgence, what new indulgence can a man give his body who lives at the fashionable rate while young? Exercise and abstinence will make the coarsest food palatable, and keep up the old Roman character and temper. Even the few who can really afford to keep a fashionable table without being ridiculous should remember that a revolution may sweep away their property, and therefore while they have it they had better lay it out munificently upon public objects; for instance, it is a disgrace to a rich noble that there are temples falling to ruin. One sees throughout that Horace's tastes coincide with the interests of Octavian, who did not wish the huge fortunes of his leading associates to stimulate the emulation of the public at large, and sincerely desired to use the position which a revolution promised him to inaugurate a thorough-going reaction. The treasury was probably empty, and the funds which in ordinary times had met the censor's contracts for keeping public buildings in repair were not forthcoming: and if private munificence could be appealed to with effect, the government would reap a twofold advantage: its friends would make it popular, and it would not have to face the disappointment of a throng of greedy men of talent, like those who undermined the monarchy of July.

The eighth satire is a sequel to the fourth: the fifth contrast rather than a sequel to the second. There Horace recalled the lessons of a sturdy survivor of the old regime, the instruction of the generation which was beginning itself under the new: in the fifth he illustrates the manner to which a man who seriously cares for money is sure to conform. Ulysses has been informed by Tiresias that he will return to Ithaca a beggar, and inquires how he had better repair his fortunes. The answer is: 'Do what every clever Roman wants to make his way in Rome does: pay your court to an elderly man of fortune who is childless, flatter him, make presents, do his dirty work in the law courts, and show him out of devotion to his virtue; show your concern for him, sell your wife to him—she will gladly consent if she can get her share of the price; don't be daunted by a single failure: if there is a rickety heir, pay your court just the same; if you get no credit, and you will not have too long to wait for a conversion. Very likely your patron will offer to show you the way: say you cannot look at it, and mind you do. If, among you are one heir among many, look out for any who may inherit with you, and pay your court to them.' There are many details, but even these do not satisfy the curiosity of the poet, and, in accordance with Horace's system of abrupt termination, Proserpine calls Tiresias away before he has completed his description of the arts of the Roman fortune-hunter.

As was perhaps to be expected, the element of criticism is decidedly less prominent in the second book than in the first. It is one sign more that Horace was becoming cautious, that he had passed the stage when an ambitious man lashes out in all directions, and reached the stage when he is prudent to limit the number of enemies and to secure as many allies as possible. The transition is marked by the last satire of the first book, where he winds up his controversy with his detractors, and decrees reputations to various members of Mæcenas's circle. Thenceforward whenever he has to deal with Lucilius he is ostentatiously deferential to his predecessor: he acknowledges his superior both in rank and talent: and there we find a sneer at poor Furius, who blows

with a haggis, and then falls to singing how the Alps sputtered over with snow, or at Fufius, who sleeps through the part of Ilione when Catienus is roaring 'Mother! mother!' on the part of Deiphobus.

The Epodes are in many respects the most puzzling portion of the works of Horace, for this reason among others, that he himself says so little about them. Once he tells the daughter of Manidia that she may dispose of the slanderous iambi as she will. Once he gives as a reason for not writing that he is asked to write such different things: Florus likes odes, another likes tires seasoned with Bion's black salt, another likes iambics. He speaks too, when forty, of his hot youth, when Plancus was consul, the year of Philippi, and perhaps we are to understand that Athens was the scene of his earliest amours. The internal evidence derived from the epodes themselves is scanty. The one which opens the book seems to have been composed when Mæcenas was going without Horace to the battle of Actium, and is a pathetic exposition of the anxiety of the poet at being left behind. The ninth deals with his exultation when it was known that the campaign of Antony had failed. The sixteenth must be early. The connection with Mæcenas must from the first have involved some deference to Octavian, who would have been affronted if Horace had published his despair of the republic when he was trying to save it. When Horace was still fighting among the vanquished of Philippi—some of whose chiefs had not enough strength in the Ægean to choose between the protection of Octavian and Antony—when the landowners of Italy were making their last despairing stand for the last fragment of their rights in the dreadful war of Perugia, Horace may well have been tempted by the dream attributed to Sertorius, of abandoning Rome to seek a refuge in the happy Isles of the West. The same note of despair is struck in the seventh; the fratricidal madness of the Romans will deliver Rome to the Parthian invader, and the blood of Remus will be avenged upon his brother's city. But there is no practical recommendation of any kind. Horace is no longer the irreconcilable purist who sees no safety but in emigration, but he is not the declared adherent of Octavian: he sticks to the safe generality that civil war is a disgrace and a

to the client of Mæcenas, and prosperity had not
Horace to laugh as he does in the sixth satire at
jealousies. When he had made his way he could not
freedman's son for having been indignant that a slave
with a louder voice should be a more popular poet than
commons than his freeborn self: with his way of
thought it hard that he who was freeborn should
affronts from a slave who had made a fortune,
because he had been a military tribune on the losing side,
his rival was a military tribune on the winning side.
poems turn on lighter themes; Horace banters Nicias for
taste for garlic, congratulates him on his good luck, and
laments his own ill luck, which, he tells Mæcenas, he
interferes with poetry.

In general the Epodes, when they deal with love, have
an air of greater actuality than the later poems, and are
is not always pleasant; among other things the poet tells
the attention of an older woman who could afford to
to her lovers. As might be expected, she was cool and
and she was repaid for her exactions and her greediness
and insolent frankness. Under the patronage of Mæcenas
Horace was charming, though irritable and satirical. As
was a penniless adventurer he was attractive, yet often
bitter. And the Epodes for the most part express this
this less amiable phase, and are generally regarded

described later. The Epodes themselves are distinguished from all other poems of Horace by their straightforward simplicity. The Satires are by turn prolix and curt, fragmentary and discursive; the Odes are terse, pregnant, and antithetical. It is only in the Epodes that Horace says what he has to say plainly and continuously, in its natural order from beginning to end. He hardly seems to select; when a topic occurs to him he works it out without interruption. Neæra promises to cling to him closer than ivy to ilex, as long as the wolf shall vex the sheep and Orion, who stirs the winter sea, the sailors, and the breeze shall wave Apollo's unshorn hair. His successful rival may be richer, and it takes two lines to say this; as beauty and wisdom are less important, they are dismissed in a line apiece. Again, the catalogue of the enemies who did not injure Rome runs on for six lines continuously, and the list of the portents which must occur before the refugees return to Rome for ten; the natural advantages of the happy isles occupy sixteen, and one is surprised to find the mythological voyagers who never reached them dismissed in four.

But the triumph of the tendency to simple enumeration is reached in the second epode, where the joys of country life are recounted at length for sixty-six lines, with obvious sincerity and a wistful freshness of anticipation that are plainly the expression of the poet's own feeling, who had begun to find that to roam through woods and meadows, by streams and waterfalls, and now and then to try a little hunting, was a remedy for the discomforts of love, and to look with admiring desire not yet divorced from hope upon the family life which he was never to share. To a *blasé* reader there may seem to be something pointless in the catalogue of such simple joys: he might miss more than one pretty line by the way, and look impatiently to the end. There Horace is ready for him. All that he has been reading or skipping are the words of Alphius the money-lender, when he was so impatient to retire into the country that he got in all his money in the middle of one month, only to look out for fresh investments at the beginning of the next. When one turns back, one sees that the finale has been kept in mind throughout: the farmer's pleasure culminates in the sight of the swarm of homebred slaves, the true wealth of the house;

he does not dream of sacrificing more than a lamb at the great feast of beating the bounds, or, if he indulges in a kid, whose flesh is more savoury, it is only when the wolf has mangled it; when he snares thrushes he reflects that a thrush is a greedy bird and eats his fruit. Even the use of a wife is to serve a dinner which you need not buy. The assumption is not carried through quite consistently; it is more like Horace than a money-lender to reflect that a farmer is not roused like a soldier by the pitiless trumpet, and need not shudder at the anger of the sea, and can keep, above all, from the forum and the haughty thresholds of the great. Then, too, though the farmer's diligence in training his vines and trimming and grafting his fruit-trees is hardly like Horace, his sense of the romantic side of country life is hardly like Alphius, who again would hardly have noticed the drooping necks of the oxen, almost too tired to draw the light plough home with the share turned up.

This is perhaps the nearest approach we get in this epode to the manner of the Odes: the image is subtle itself, and made more subtle by the reticence with which it is presented; the one word *inversum* marks the exhaustion of the oxen who find the light plough hard to draw, even when it has not to be drawn through the resisting soil; but Horace is not yet sure of himself, he cannot make his points in passing; even this is prepared by an exaggerated contrast;—the sheep who have been taking their ease hurry home from pasture in a way in which they certainly do not hurry home in England. One traces slighter anticipations of the writer's later manner in the value given to single epithets, as in the line

Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pira—

the use of an epithet where a modern writer or an early Roman writer would have used a relative clause is characteristic of Augustan poetry, and still more of the poetry of Horace. Another epithet which is characteristic in a different way, and more characteristic it may be of Vergil than of Horace, is *tenaci* for grass: it is obviously the direct reflex of a purely physical impression; perhaps the nearest English equivalent would be 'matted,' which renders not the physical impression itself, but an apprehension, partly intellectual, partly fanciful, of the

group of conditions which determine it: we have not an epithet for the mere sense we have of the grass; before we can find it, we have to notice the way the leaves and stalks twine together, and then to remember that the fibres of a mat cross each other very much in the same sort of way. There are fewer illustrations to be found of the more complex felicities of Horace's later manner—the studied collocation of words to pique the curiosity of the reader, and give every word of the group a factitious yet not an exaggerated interest. The tricks and turns of construction which meet us in the Odes are alike the product of the metre and of the ingenuity needed to master it. In an artificial age a metrical effect suggests a grammatical or rhetorical effect, in the same way as in a simpler age a musical tone calls up a moral feeling. And if this seems far-fetched, it is sufficient to observe that in the Odes themselves these felicities are abundant in proportion to the intricacy of the metre. From the Epodes we may extract one or two specimens, like—

Me libertina, neque uno
Contenta, Phryne macerat.

Unde expedire non amicorum queant
Libera consilia, nec contumeliæ graves;
Sed alius ardor, aut puellæ candidæ,
Aut teretis pueri, longam renodantis comam.

One feels that the turn in the last line especially is taken from the Greek; and the same may be said of the whole poem, whose last lines we quote because the Græcism in them is more effective in Latin:—

Illic omne malum vino cantuque levato,
Deformis ægrimonie dulcibus alloquiis.

The first three books¹ of Odes belong to a well-marked period; none can be proved to be earlier than the battle of Actium, or later than the restoration of the standards taken

¹ The third book is an after-thought, explained by the opening series of odes on the several reforms of Augustus; and their effect is perceptible in the contrast between the closing ode of the second book and the closing ode of the third. In the first, which is intended to sum up his lyrical activity, Horace thinks of nothing better to say than that he feels he is turning into a swan, and knows that he will be read from the Danube to the Tigris; in the second everything grotesque and unreal has disappeared, he only dwells upon what is purely Italian—the stately ritual of the Capitol, the parched plains and roaring torrents of his native Apulia.

when Crassus was defeated. The most characteristic of them, with hardly an exception, can be proved to fall within the seven years; and upon the work of those years those who consider Horace a great poet would probably rest his claim. They belong to the middle of Horace's life, to the years between thirty-four and forty, and this is noticeable because they dwell much more upon the shortness of life than the earlier and later poems. The preoccupation with death varies very much in its strength in different ages, and in the same age among different individuals: it was much stronger in Horace than in Vergil or Ovid, and it took rather a different form. So far as Vergil felt it, he felt it as a matter for sympathy which was very nearly disinterested; it was the spectacle rather than the prospect of mortality that moved him. It would be wrong to say that Horace's feeling was selfish: the prospect of the mortality of others moved him as much as the prospect of his own; but it is still true that he was moved by the prospect rather than by the spectacle. And the time when the prospect moved him most was when his physical prime was just beginning to be over, and when his spiritual prime, which is commonly at least as fleeting as the physical prime, was just setting in. It was his rare good fortune that his spiritual prime coincided with one of the happiest and most promising moments of the spiritual life of the world. For the seven years which are covered by the first three books of Odes, Horace's relation to his contemporaries was the most favourable which a man of genius can possibly occupy. The improvement in their life was large enough and swift enough to lift him up and to carry him forward; and the spring and buoyancy of his own nature was still sufficient to keep him well above them. One well-marked sign of this superiority is a serious exultation which carries with it an exemption from anxiety. His indifference to 'rumours' would have been enviable to the author of the 'Imitation,' and he lived at a time when rumours had unusual power: great events had just happened; hardly anybody was left in a familiar and assured position. Within the Roman Empire the work of restoration was going on with results that were dazzling for the moment, and really full of solid promise for the future; but

most of those who profited by the work were lookers-on, who were not called to help and had no help to give. In fact, they often profited by the improvement without sharing it. Rome was a much wholesomer and pleasanter place to live in, while some effort was being made to restore family life among the upper classes: but Propertius was very much afraid of being called to found a family of his own. Horace, who was not a knight and did not come under the new laws, could afford to be enthusiastic. But spectators less capable of enthusiasm transferred all the restlessness which the events of the last generation had bred in them to the chances of what might happen abroad, at a time when the frontier of the Euphrates had been repeatedly violated and the frontier of the Danube had not yet been established. The loungers in the streets of Rome were full of fears of what the Dacians would do, or what might happen to Tiridates, while Horace was wrapped up with the Muses when he was serious, or was forgetting graver cares in wine or love.

His exaltation was more intelligible to his contemporaries than to us. An Italian of the Augustan age with a new type of Greek poetry to naturalise was in very much the same position as an Italian of the fifth or the nineteenth century with a new cult to naturalise. And Horace was in more exclusive possession of his field than most of the writers of the time. We have the judgment of Quintilian that he was practically the only Roman lyric poet worth reading; while in heroic and elegiac poetry there were many writers of whose success we are still able to judge, and the unanimous tradition of Roman literature assures us that many of the numerous writers of tragedy attained what was accepted as success.

Horace's method of work is not so easy to ascertain. We hardly know how much he borrowed, nor how far what he borrowed was transformed, and all conclusions must be a little uncertain, because the greater part of Greek lyrical poetry has been lost. Nor do we know the extent of Horace's obligations to other parts of Greek literature; for instance, the image of Europa at nightfall might very well be taken direct from Moschus, although it is impossible to prove that the Alexandrian and the Roman poets were not both imitating a lost Hellenic

ask whether he was a mere echo : and, if that is a
be set aside at once, where his originality lies.

For one thing, he has transformed the Alcaic
and Choriambic metres in the same way as Vergil has
the hexameter. He has given them the smoothness
which was needed in a language where consonants
much more plentiful than in Greek, sonorous vowel
thongs much rarer, while syntax was far more difficult
inflections at least as well preserved though less common
the free use of particles was superfluous. Then to
trace the influence of newly perfected Latin prose.
periodic structure which is independent of the metre
and yet always kept in harmony with it, so that the
the sentence and of the metre heighten one another.
Horace this effect is carried further than in Vergil
we may find an explanation in a peculiarity of
poetry. The collocation of words in Pindar and in
choruses of Æschylus and Sophocles is quite unusual
else in Greek literature, and is hardly explicable on
rare grounds. Still less can we suppose that such
were baffled by metrical difficulties, and arranged the
as they could rather than as they would. A possible
might be found in the difficulty of singing and dancing
which would lead to much arbitrary transposition
the more or less extemporary choral songs which

His Pindaric transpositions are utilised, like the correspondences between the metrical and syntactical emphasis, as far as a delicate and fastidious artist could utilise them; and they are only admitted so far as they could be utilised.

Another and more important debt to Pindar is perhaps to be found in the structure of the more ambitious odes. Horace wisely refused to write in metres like Pindar's, which he could not scan; and the intricate implicit harmony of plan which Boeckh and Dissen have traced beneath the apparently aimless discursiveness of so many *Epinicia* was not at all in the spirit of Augustan art. But the combination of mythology and ethical precept and political enthusiasm is in itself like Pindar, only, as we should expect in a Roman poet, the proportion of political enthusiasm is larger, for in Pindar the spirit of jubilant sympathy with the heroic and spontaneous side of life is balanced by a spirit of dry caution, not to say of timid reserve, in all that concerns its practical business. Moreover, for Pindar the glory of the state is centred in the glory of heroic houses, while for Horace the glory of individuals shines brightest in the glory of the state. Still, though there is much to limit the resemblance, such a poem as the fourth ode of the third book recalls Pindar in the method and arrangement, at any rate from the seventh stanza onward; and the third ode does so even more completely, though the resemblance is masked by the greater development of the parts of a scheme which, though simplified and reduced in its proportion, is very like a scheme of Pindar's.¹

If Horace had done nothing but write Pindaric odes in *Alcaics* on Roman subjects in a Roman spirit, this would in itself have been a kind of originality; but beside this there are many elements of interest which are due to his special share of the culture of his time. There is the constant inculcation of unworldliness, of the limitation of personal aims, and the sufficiency of virtue, which contrasts both with the party spirit and personal peevishness of *Alcæus*, and with Pindar's oscillations between en-

¹ Subordinate resemblances may be traced in the abrupt close of this ode, and in the odd antiquarian parenthesis in the fourth ode of the fourth book about the Amazonian axes of the *Vindelici*: in Pindar such a digression would not offend us, but in Horace the general finish of surface is so even and elaborate that the interruption seems trivial and we wish it spurious.

thousiasm for the assertion of the absolute worth of his patron's personality, and his sense of the necessity of caution and sobriety in dealing with others. Sometimes in preaching sobriety Pindar seems to come near Horace, but there is always a difference: the elder poet is concerned chiefly for prudence in conduct; the younger is concerned for the more inward prudence whereby a man possesses his own soul in patience and peace. Then too, Pindar idealises wealth: Horace idealises poverty. The passion of the nobility for planting and palace-building which alarmed Horace would have aroused the admiration of Pindar. And this suggests another contrast: in his Odes Horace is less independent than Pindar; he never admonishes Augustus as Pindar admonishes Hiero or Arcesilas. Where he cannot abound in the sense of the emperor, he is discreetly silent; all the progressive side of Augustus's work is passed over, and, as might have been expected, no incense is burned at the shrine of the great Julius: no enthusiasm greets the architectural magnificences of the reign which found Rome brick and left her marble. That the old temples should be rebuilt was well, but there is no hint that it was well that the new temples should be more gorgeous than the old: all that Horace cares for is that pontiff and vestal should go up to offer sacrifice in silence, as in the days of Numa.

Again, the commercial activity which followed upon the

like the temper of Lamartine and Chateaubriand—ideal aspiration without ideal activity, which is not favourable to cheerfulness or hopefulness.

The extension of commerce and military relations gives a new character to the geographical background which Horace, like his Greek predecessors, values rather more than a modern reader. To Pindar the wide world beyond was full of memories of heroes who had wandered through it: to Horace it is the waste field, to be replenished and subdued by his own fame and by the laws and genius of Rome. Every Eastern embassy, every exploring expedition with a military escort, was the occasion of poems which claimed as accomplished more than the most sanguine observer could rationally hope. But these exaggerations are never quite uncalculating. When there is an expedition to Arabia, Horace warns his friends both in jest and earnest against wishing to join it to make their fortunes. When the standards taken with Crassus were at length restored, it may have occurred to Labienus and others that the standards had been restored without the captives. Horace was prepared for such cavillers: Augustus was a god upon earth who had subdued the Persians, it was scarcely conceivable that captives should have survived, and, if any had, they deserved to be left to their fate, on the principles advocated long ago by Regulus. Perhaps we ought to read between the lines an apology for the ingratitude of Augustus, in the ode where Horace invites Mæcenas to keep with him the feast of his deliverance from the rotten tree. We know that Mæcenas was hurt at being left in ignorance of state affairs, and Horace, who had often complimented him upon his freedom from ambition, advises him to profit by the exemptions of his private station.¹ In the same way he consoles Mæcenas for the reports of his wife's infidelity by a persistent optimism, and meets the complaints of a broken-down politician and voluptuary with promises of fidelity to death and reminders of the bright days he had known, especially of

¹ Perhaps we may find a remoter allusion to the same grievance in the majestic ode where Horace defies the uncertainty of fortune, from which personally he had little to fear, while Mæcenas might with less absurdity torment himself with the suspicion that the loss of power foreshadowed the loss of station and fortune.

the applause he had received when he appeared in the theatre after an illness. In a more independent mood, Horace half adopts the grievances of Lollius, who had a bad name among historians for charges which Horace expressly sets himself to rebut. Horace had a strong imaginative sympathy with anything that looked like sturdiness. He liked to imagine Augustus a model of constancy proof against the tyranny of one and the madness of many, because he frowned on the dream of transferring the capital to the Hellespont under the name of restoring Troy. No doubt the civil wars fought out on the coasts of the Ægean had led many to see that Consular Asia was a more desirable country than Italy. But there was no effective pressure upon Augustus to anticipate Constantine: there were only exiles and loiterers in no haste to return. An ode to Munatius Plancus, one of these refugees, is a cento from the Greek with a Roman application; a Greek epithet of Argos is rather awkwardly paraphrased. In a letter to Bullatius we have the same patriotic precepts in a less ambiguous shape. There is as yet no homage to Augustus in either poem, nor in the ode on the restoration of Pompeius Grosphus, who found it easier to forget his wrongs in wine than to thank the unnamed benefactor who had restored him to the gods of his fathers and the sky of Italy, as if a Roman had no political birthright.

Manliness, according to Horace, does not imply the least attention to civic duties. There is nothing anywhere inconsistent with the hearty sneer at *opella forensis*,¹ the drudgery of the forum. The ordinary business of a young man of spirit is to exercise himself in breaking horses and hurling javelins in the Campus Martius; his ordinary pleasure is with the lass who loves and hides, and is caught because she cannot keep from laughing at the bewilderment of her lover, who snatches a bracelet or ring as a pledge that at their next meeting she will be as punctual and less coy. The doctrine that the pleasure of the moment is always to be taken in youth is not only an affair of temperament with Horace; it is a lesson of experience; he had lived with men who could never be certain of the morrow, and whose plans always failed; the worth of such lives was

¹ Unless we count his esteem for a great advocate.

ed as a matter of fact in moments and not in the long-run. Her result of this life is the idealisation of ease, which we find in a Sapphic ode to the same friend. The poem is interesting in another way, as almost the only indication of consciousness with Catullus, who denounced ease with a vehemence only less impressive than Horace's tone of intense longing, and we may note Horace's clear conviction that it is to be won by a moral effort to resist the restlessness and anxiety which are the plague of half-occupied men.

After all, the hours of gladness and the days of repose were not the whole, or anything like the whole, of life; there was always a ground of dissatisfaction and irony: the last weighty words of the great series of ethical odes at the beginning of the third book really sum up the expression of an undercurrent of feeling which flowed on beneath the poetical enthusiasm of the patriot and the bacchanal. The wounds of the civil war seem to have been always bleeding inwardly. He recurs to the subject again and again, as if the stain could never be effaced; and when Pollio took a history of them, Horace's complimentary anticipation of the result almost read like dissuasives. He shudders at the thought of the shrill trumpet ringing in his ears: he sees the chiefs laid low in the dust, which is no dishonour, and all the world subdued except the fierce spirit of Cato—the one anti-Augustan hero whose praise the Augustan poets felt it safe to utter because his opposition had been disinterested, not to say critical. He sees all the perils of the work, and he does not seem to imagine it could have lessons. For instance, though he had of the topic that true friendship which does not change with fortune is a rare distinction, it does not strike him that it is a distinction especially rare in revolutionary times, for when positions are seldom shaken, respect for them is strong enough to survive the shock. As it is, he shrinks from the subject as he generally does shrink from higher subjects altogether, partly from a sense that he himself cannot be serious without a certain lightness, and partly from a distaste for the subjects about which he is expected to be serious. He often tells us that Phœbus

The age of our sires was worse than the days of our grandsires; we, it is said, are waxen worse, and our posterity shall be yet more corrupted.'

forbade him to sing of battles and of conquered cities, and that he must leave such themes to Varius, who could soar aloft on the wings of Homer; but for once he is entirely frank, and says that Mæcenas had better write Augustus' deeds—in prose.

All this explains the shortness of the period of Horace's spontaneous activity as a lyric poet: illusions came to him late and did not stay long. He had always felt that wine and women were for youth, and he was quite in earnest with his resolution to forsake both at the proper time. He had not the constitution of an Anacreon to tempt him from his resolution. He feared the spiteful comments which he had bestowed himself on the companions of his revels who had gone on too long. When the time came to keep his resolution, he found that it made him languid and irritable. The Muse had forsaken him, and her kisses left him weak. He professed to regret his youthful inspiration no more than his youthful locks, and to think sleep a better occupation for a man of his years than writing verses. He reflected soberly on the chances of failure, and was resolved not to run the risk of exposing the decay of his powers to public contempt. He had other interests in prospect, and hoped, not unreasonably, to find compensation in philosophy. He saw clearly that character was the foundation of national and individual happiness, and that reflection and self-discipline were capable of producing great and beneficial changes in character. Besides, the mere magnitude of philosophical problems excited him: philosophy was the study of the vocation of man—how could a man live rightly without studying his vocation? how could a man who was studying his vocation fail to be well employed? Horace was quite ready to adopt from Stoicism its exaggerated sense of moral responsibility and its exaggerated condemnation of the natural man, who lives by habit or temper, not by system. But the system of Stoicism did not grow upon him: besides the objections which he felt from the first, the attitude of comparing doctrines and trying experiments was much more favourable to self-complacency than going humbly to school when he was growing old. Sometimes he thought of doing all the business which could not but come in the way of an intimate of Mæcenas heartily, and making

self a useful citizen ; sometimes he indulged his natural love of ease, and found reasons for staying at his Sabine farm or elsewhere, to arrange things to his own mind instead of trying to fit himself to the course of the world. Naturally the study was not a great success ; Horace found himself as irritable as before, and more peevish than he had been before ; the letter to Lucius Crassus contains a confession of his failure. But in spite of this discouragement he persevered ; he knew that a neglected character goes to pieces in a disgusting manner when the cultivation gives way, and that a character well trained in time stands in purity and dignity as the lower nature decays. Although he probably knew that he had no natural vocation for perfection, he was born with a weak will as he was born with weak eyes, and his inference he drew was that it was needful to take care of himself, and he probably felt his superiority to the mechanical and unprincipled absolutism of the Stoics, when he observed that it is possible to go on to a certain point, if not permitted to go further. It is of a piece with this, that in the first letter to Lucius Crassus he concludes with a resolution to go his own pace, without waiting for laggards or pressing on those in front of him. It is characteristic too, that he lays down the principle

Homer is a better ethical teacher than Chrysippus or Zeno the Stoic. This is a way of saying that what he wants is not a system of ethical doctrine, but an illustration of a very few real aphorisms. One has been often quoted which tells how kings suffer for the faults of kings—perhaps Horace attached more importance to the comparison between himself and most of his contemporaries and the worthless crowd who fill up the background of the ‘Odyssey.’ The craving for coarse pleasure, indifference to noble action, which are always general on the morrow of revolutions, disturbed him almost as much as the recklessness with which people allowed envy, anger, and ambition to grow upon them without reflecting on the misery they were laying up. It is noticeable as a proof of Horace’s scientific good sense that he does not attack the cynic who says that virtue is so much words as a wood is so much logs, but throws himself with conviction into money-making. Such a man is really not avaricious ; he is never at leisure to be tor-

mented by the craving for money, which is felt most keenly in the irksome intervals of energetic efforts to get it.

This state of mind is not favourable to literary activity, and Horace wrote little except letters, and we cannot assume that anything like all the twenty letters contained in the first book, which was published when he was forty-four—with serious doubts as to whether it was worth publishing—were recent then. Several are mere notes of introduction or invitation, and even an introduction is the pretext for the lecture on money matters to Iccius, who had philosophical pretensions, and a temperament more given to gain than Horace approved. So, too, the letter to Albinovanus seems a congratulation on his position as secretary to Tiberius in his Armenian expedition, which in one way or another is the occasion of several of Horace's notes. The letters which show most deliberate intention are the first to Mæcenas, which must be one of the latest, and the pair of letters to Scæva and Lollius on the whole duty of a retainer. That to Scæva brings out the reasons a young man of spirit has to court the great—unless he chooses to vegetate in a corner, 'for after all to be born and die without notice is no bad life.' At the same time, he must remember his own dignity, never ask for money or money's worth, either because he is really poor or because he says he has been robbed. Lollius apparently had entered upon the career about which Scæva still was hesitating; and Horace lectures him on a fault opposite to that on which he lectures Scæva. The retainer must not give himself airs of independence about trifles: if he tries to set up for being as fine a gentleman as his patron, he makes himself ridiculous: it is only a very rich man of high station who can afford to play the fool. Then too, the retainer, besides avoiding self-assertion and display, must be willing to humour his patron and to share his interests. He must be careful how he gets his patron talked about, and he must avoid the mistake which Vergil made about 'Alexis'; he must be careful what introductions he gives, and when he has given one he must defend the friend he introduces in case of need up to the latest possible moment. After all, it is a risky line of life, in which success depends very much on the retainer

ving a temperament to suit the patron ; and at Horace's age, whenever it is possible to get quietly into the country, nothing the way of advancement seems so desirable as to live the end of life to oneself in health and peace. This was difficult enough, as we see from a letter to Mæcenas in which Horace apologises, with an odd mixture of *cajolerie* and obstinacy, for his determination to prolong a five days' leave of absence indefinitely : Mæcenas would not surely wish him to risk his health in the heats of autumn ; and then when winter comes on, he will have to take care of himself and get into a corner and read. Mæcenas knew the value of his gift when he made Horace independent, and if he disapproves the use he makes of his independence it is for the patron to reclaim his gifts : they will be restored as cheerfully as they have been enjoyed. This, like the letter at the beginning of the book, looks late : that which stands last but one may be earlier : it seems to date from the days when Horace still drank hard and gaily, and had apparently not written many of his loftier odes. Another letter equally early, not earlier, may be that to Tibullus, which implies that Horace was mainly known as a satirist, and is probably a remonstrance, half literary half political, on the activity of a charming poet who to the last refused to rally to the empire. The letters to Fuscus and Quinctius about his farm are likely to be early too : in the first he observes that his farm has æsthetic attractions, which Fuscus found hard to imagine ; in the second we see that most of his friends thought more of its value than of its beauty, and turned first to the question whether it grew corn or oil, because there was a profit to be got out of oil, while corn could not be depended upon for more than a living.

Of course we have no right to suppose that the later letters were the only product of the years of comparative idleness which came between the publication of the three books of Odes and that of the fourth. In fact the superb ode to the elder Silius cannot but fall within a year or two of the publication of the three books, and if we disregard the tradition which makes the Vergil of the twelfth ode another than the epic poet we should be obliged to date that before his death. The

whole book, however, has rather the appearance of 'aftermath': the main harvest has been reaped, and the later crop, though rich in quality, is scanty. Like its predecessors, the fourth book draws its inspiration from events. The campaign of Tiberius and Drusus in the Grisons and the country towards the Danube naturally appealed to the pride of the emperor and to the sympathies of the poet: it was long since such a considerable military achievement, so wholly matter for gratulation had been wrought so near to Italy. It seemed a pledge that the dynasty would be happily carried on, and so called out the enthusiasm of those who felt anxiety for the future which they could not express, although it is half uttered in the ode which complains of Augustus' prolonged absence in Spain. Another source of inspiration was the vigour with which Augustus was following up his legislation in favour of public morality, which as Horace grew older, seemed more and more the one condition on which he could hope for real durable improvement. The enthusiasm of such a shrewd observer is probably the measure of the good effects which followed the temporary conformity to well-meant laws. The illusion was never complete, it would not have lasted; but there came one fortunate moment of complete fulfilment. In the year 737 it was decided that the Sibylline books required the celebration of games in honour of Apollo and Diana at the completion of a *seculum*, which was supposed to consist of a hundred and ten years, and to mark the extreme duration of human life. At these games a choir of children with both parents living, whose mother had only married once, had to sing a hymn; and of course Horace had to compose it. The occasion appealed to his sense of piety, which, as commonly happens with cultivated self-indulgent men in an old society, attached itself to ritual rather than to belief. The hymn is stately and solemn, in spite of an official air, which strikes a modern reader more because he has little sympathy with the fervour of the poet, even where it is most genuine, and comes nearest to the tone of the Psalms of Degrees. It looks like a second attempt, for in the fourth book we find another ode to Apollo and his sister,¹ which shows

¹ Unless, indeed, like the similar ode in Catullus, it may have been intended for some minor ceremony.

perhaps a fresher interest in the celebration, which he hoped would be a lifelong memory for the choir. In taking up the subject for the first time, he followed Greek precedents too closely, and dwelt more on topics of mere mythology than suited the occasion; though perhaps they suited Horace's talent better than the attempt to bring out the physical and ethical aspects of the worship of Apollo and Diana which we find in the 'Carmen Seculare' itself. To find a measure of his exultation as the chosen psalmist of Rome we must turn to the devout ode to Melpomene, which marks, too, a sense that occasional inspiration may lead to an enduring consecration. Whoever has been visited by the Muse is a being apart, to whom the business and the interests of the world have lost their meaning.

As this ode shows the persistence of Horace's unworldliness, others show that his hopes that years would subdue his animal nature came to little: love did not cease to torment him nor wine to cheer him, though one notices that the enjoyment of both is quieter—he speaks of being 'mellow' instead of being 'drunk': when he invites his mistress to keep Mæcenas' birthday with him, he tells her with an air of conviction that he is too old to love again, and he only asks to be accepted as a *pis aller* instead of 'Telephus,' whom 'Phyllis' would have if she were not forestalled by a lady as willing and richer. This frank recognition of unideal relations does not exclude real delicacy of feeling, but there are signs that Horace was not satisfied with himself. He had called himself a pig of Epicurus' sty: one might almost suppose that he was still thinking of himself in the memorable lines which end the second book of letters. If so, he thought it was time for him to die without waiting till

Youth that wears
Its motley better kick thee down the stairs.

However this may be, he did not become indifferent to literature because he had outlived his own literary activity: he wished to be a whetstone for other men's wit when his own had lost its edge. His criticisms are extremely penetrating, though fragmentary and not very fruitful. He pointed out shrewdly enough the most conspicuous defects in contemporary literature,

and it is possible from his criticisms to form some idea of the general condition of which these defects were symptoms: but a large and connected scheme of doctrine is necessary for a writer whose criticisms are to issue in a literary reformation. It is true that when we come to Horace's continuator, Persius, we find traces of a change of fashion among the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease. What Horace complains of is a tendency to fluent showy incorrectness; what Persius complains of is a fluent mechanical overfinish. One can account for the change from rude vigour to empty pathos by the decline of public spirit and national energy, but the eager search for refinements of verbal melody is not a necessary consequence of this change, and it is not unlikely that the fashion which ran to seed under Nero may have been influenced in some degree by writers who had half appropriated or misappropriated a precept of Horace.

The real objection with Horace lies deeper: he shows some perception that Roman literature suffered from being the accomplishment and the pastime of a class instead of being the work of trained organs of the national life. Poets formed a mutual admiration society: some elegiac poet (Tibullus?) told Horace he was a new Alcæus: the elegiac poet was a new Callimachus: if that seemed cheap praise (Propertius had appropriated it), then he was a new Mimnermus. Admission to the society was easy: everybody, educated and uneducated, wrote poetry: and it was more than doubtful whether it was worth while to convince bad poets that their poetry was bad; it amused them and hurt nobody, and Horace was too reasonable to suppose that everybody, or nearly everybody, who enjoyed writing bad poetry could learn to write good by taking pains. He has a sort of fellow-feeling for even bad poets, for the world at large despises good. The average respectable Roman was above all things, according to Horace, a man of business: compound addition and subtraction were the foundation of education, and in the character which this education developed, all the springs of feelings which express themselves in poetry or respond to poetry were dried up. Such sentimental or æsthetic interest as the man of business is capable of clings round old associations: he gets to be fond of what his fathers admired

efore him. Horace is always coming back to the grievance that the literature of the Scipionic age was popular among his contemporaries, in a way in which the literature of the Augustan age was not: it is significant in the same sense that plays like Sheridan Knowles's sometimes had a striking success. The public, if it was to listen, liked to listen to showy handling of ethical or political commonplaces, set forth by characters whose behaviour was governed by a strong sentiment of their age and station: if they could say 'How like a young man!' or 'How like a slave!' they did not miss mere æsthetic merits, gracefully conducted dialogue, telling situations, or skilfully managed plots. Then too the part of the audience which valued itself on its judgment was still at the stage of judging by the moral: Horace himself was still at the stage of respecting and accepting any success that was reached by what could be called literary means; for the public, even the instructed public, had reached the point at which their whole pleasure in a play was derived from the spectacle. So far as his advice to literary aspirants is directed to their own conscience, its burden is finish and self-criticism: nothing is to be treated that cannot be treated brilliantly; nothing that can be treated brilliantly is to be left till it is brought to its full effect. One of the topics which was most discussed was the tone of diction to be adopted: the popularity of the old-fashioned poets held in favour of archaism: there was, besides, a current of mere urbanity, catching the tone of good society and tending to a narrow fluctuating vocabulary, often half unintelligible except to the initiated. Horace lays down that the poet will not fly too much in the face of usage, and that subject to this he will avail himself of all the resources of the language. Perhaps the theory is founded upon Vergil's practice. Another point on which Horace lays stress is the *ars celare artem*: it is noticeable that he illustrates this by the skill of a practised dancer, as he illustrates the preliminary training, with which metasters were so ready to dispense, by the training of the athlete. Both illustrations are suggestive: it seems as if Horace thought of the poet as having learned to do difficult things easily when he was at his best; and when he came short

of doing his best, trying over and over till the best came of itself.

It is in the same spirit that Horace urges the Pisos to con the models of Greece by day and night: he is still without a theory of art, and can only recommend repeated and fastidious endeavour in the presence of the best results. And it is to be noticed further that he practised what he preached, for in the fourth book and the 'Carmen Seculare' we find a slight tendency to revert to the freer metres of Greece. He certainly decided that in the Sapphic a weak cæsure as in the line—

Siderum regina bicornis audi

—supplied a valuable element of variety, which might be freely used provided that the line, where it occurred, was otherwise sonorous. He was inclined to doubt whether it was necessary that the first choriambus in his favourite glyconic rhythm should end with a word; but a line like

Non incendia Karthaginis impie

did not seem to invite repetition; and the next line, which begins with an ignoble pronoun,¹ suggests that the experiment may have been partly the result of indolence—perhaps too of haste, for the poem to Censorinus was probably intended as a new year's gift. It is remarkable that Horace, who in his letters depreciates the literary achievements of his time, and ridicules the commerce of adulation which he shares, should speak *more* seriously and loftily of poetry in his Odes than any other contemporary writer; and still more remarkable, that his estimate seems to have risen as his inspiration flagged. In the early odes the feeling seems to be that the Muse admits the poet into an ideal world, from which all the sordid anxieties and agitations of the real world are happily excluded: in the later odes, the feeling is rather that the poet idealises history, that all the great men of the past whose memory is the light of the world owe their glory to the poet. Perhaps this view was suggested by Horace's knowledge that the grandeur of the Augustan age had a side which was not ideal, and that it

¹ *Ejus* only occurs here and in one other passage of the Odes; both have been obelised by ancient and modern hypercriticism.

ed a special effort to see, and a special power to show, the side, which he had made it his mission to glorify. We are accustomed, rightly or wrongly, to believe that the best that is in the world is immeasurably better than the best that we said of it: and therefore Horace's view of the functions of a sacred bard may offend us. If it is less reverent than Apollo's blessing on those 'who were faithful bards and spake in Phoebus' name,' it is higher than the view of the comic writers, who seem most serious when they anticipate personal reputation which is to reward their accomplishments. One finds this feeling in Horace too; it comes between a worthier feeling of the ode to Fuscus and the ode to S.

that the curse upon the fickle Delia may not come true, with his tender anxiety to propitiate the deities on her behalf. The tenderness is just a little morbid: he always fancies himself dying in the arms of Delia, or Delia dying in his. In the same spirit he says of his second love, Nemesis, who was as false as the first, that he is not worth a single tear of hers. Such delicacy is unique in Latin literature: until we come to Apuleius there is hardly another writer who understands what delicacy means. Other poetical lovers beat their mistresses, and then ask to have their hands tied: instead, Tibullus wishes that he might never have had hands if he could think of such a thing.

There is less tenderness in what may be called the dramatic elegies of the third and fourth book: the third deals mainly with the loves of Lygdamus and Neæra; the fourth, in a more fragmentary manner, with the loves of Cerinthus and Sulpicia. We may guess that we have a series of *billets-doux*, or only the scraps of verse out of them, or we may guess that we have the germs which, if Tibullus had lived, would have grown to poems on the scale which we find in the first two books, which close, not very impressively, with a poem on the departure of Macer, another poet and lover, to the wars—whither Tibullus would follow if he could leave his love behind.

As Tibullus' own love-affairs were too prosperous for the moment to write about, it is intelligible that he should have written about his friends', and that he should not have written so well. But it is generally held that the inferiority in the fourth book, at any rate, is too marked to admit such explanations. The topics in the third book are practically the same as those of Tibullus. The lover is still patient, and the mistress is still false: the shadow of death is still over all; there is the same contempt for wealth; the same anxious affectionate piety; the same confession that drink drowns a lover's cares, though there is a sort of homage to love in the very impatience with which Lygdamus calls for wine and bids the cupbearer mix a heady draught. One fresh topic appears in the fourth book: Sulpicia is a lady of station, and is jealous of a rival in a rank below her own: perhaps it is doubtful if Cerinthus could have legally married her. If so, this would be an additional reason for the

obscurity of the fourth book: the lovers, or whoever wrote in their name, would think it prudent to write in riddles, especially as the narrow circle for whom the poems must have been collected would have the key to the riddle in their knowledge of the circumstances.

Tibullus, with all his piety, is very indifferent to mythology, and indeed to erudition in general: all his poems have the character of a musical *tête-à-tête*, in which the reader is asked to surrender himself to a kindly egotist, completely taken up with himself, or his friend, or his love. His own skill in poetry is precious to Tibullus only as it commends him to Delia or Nemesis: if they are deaf to his strains it is better for him to be silent, he desires no fame himself, he grudges it them: if they were known only to him, it would be easier for them to be true. The splendours of the reign of Augustus are nothing to him; he agreed indeed to send a copy of his works for the library of the Palatine, with an added poem on the Sibylline books, which he treats rather in a spirit of edification than of curiosity. He stands alone in his frank indifference to fame, more unaffected than Horace's indifference to wealth; he stands alone in his independence of Alexandrine learning. Perhaps like Horace he went back to the præ-Attic literature: perhaps he is the friend who was not quite satisfied till Horace had hailed him as the Roman Mimnermus. If so, Horace was less adroit than usual when he thought it a compliment to hail him as the Roman Callimachus.

The Roman Callimachus in his own conceit was Propertius, at once a poet and an antiquary, a lover and a mythologist, though Callimachus, with his graceful, temperate self-possession, might question whether a successor so boisterous, so exuberant, so incoherent, nay sometimes so clumsy, had not failed to appropriate the best part of his inheritance.

In most things the Roman Callimachus is a complete contrast to the Roman Mimnermus: in one thing he is like him—he is in earnest with his love. Even here there is a difference: he respects neither himself nor his mistress; he is passionate, not sentimental, and he does not spare us a single phase of his passion. We have his triumph, his indignation, his suspicion,

his insolence, his infidelity, all with a plentiful parade of mythological illustration. Cynthia (whose real name was Hostia) was one of the most learned of a class who often piqued themselves quite as much upon their learning as upon more genuine accomplishments, so that Propertius had a right to display his erudition for her benefit. He is credulous as well as learned, more superstitious than Tibullus, in proportion as he is less pious. Tibullus trusts the gods of his own farm spontaneously; he trusts the god of song for healing and the god of wine for comfort; he enters naturally into the devotion of his mistresses to outlandish Egyptian deities. Propertius thinks little of the gods when things go well: when they go ill he is afraid of death and of ghosts. He tries to make Cynthia afraid of thunder, that fear may keep her true. In spite of such traits, Propertius is not an unmanly or ungenerous writer: he is absorbed by a selfish passion, but not without a protest. He does not imagine that such passions are the only interests in life; after the first book he admits that they are not the highest. He attempts a national work upon Roman antiquities in the style of Callimachus, which would have covered the same ground as the *Fasti*. The plan would have been different and perhaps better: Ovid wrote at least half of a poetical almanac, Propertius left behind him fragments of a poetical guide-book. He is eager about all national concerns: he has a song of triumph for the victory of Actium; he gloats over the glorious spoil which Cæsar, the new god, is to win in India. Only one thing in the new *régime* displeases him: it is the abortive attempt, soon abandoned, to turn him and all other Romans of equestrian rank into virtuous *patres familias* by law. In the same spirit of obtrusive enthusiasm he poses as the trumpeter of Vergil and the panegyrist of Mæcenas; he writes the epitaph of Gallus. Posterity, represented by the Scholiasts, has taken him at his word: it has accepted him as the chosen friend of all with whom he linked his name. As he pays no tribute to Horace, it is not unlikely that he is the importunate acquaintance on whom Horace wrote his one really biting satire; and beyond his own testimony, there is nothing to show that his homage was valued at the time.

To judge by the epitaph, and by the twentieth elegy of the first book, he was intimate with Gallus, precisely the most unreasonable poet of the age, whose egotism and abruptness resembled his own. He is not incoherent in the same way as Tibullus: he always aims at organic unity, but seldom, if ever, reaches it: he is obscure because he is impatient: he is abrupt and desultory in the exact sense of those words. Two topics or more are in his mind, and he says something of one, stops without finishing, and goes to another: he leaves his editors to guess or invent the connection, and conjecture, if they please, what he would have made it clear if his feelings had not been impetuous for language. Feelings too impetuous for language are seldom deep and strong: the full river runs itself out. A mind that is restless and *not* full must always be tinkering, and often must work upon borrowed materials.

Propertius is less original than Tibullus: he seems to have translated much with little change from Callimachus: even the elegy to Gallus is like a translation, though it fits the circumstances well, and the epitaph, if it were not too stiff, might as well be an extract from the anthology. The obscurity of the first book is just the obscurity which we should look for in a translation. And there is this excuse for the obscurity, that the author is absorbed by the question of metre; he is fascinated by the charm of the polysyllabic ending of the pentameter. Tibullus gave no special pains to the matter: in his early poems polysyllables are frequent, in the later he seems to settle down to dissyllables without much choice. In Tibullus the dissyllabic is observed in almost all cases without reflection, but in the first book of Propertius it is the polysyllabic endings that are studied, and the dissyllabic that come of themselves. The attempt is interesting; for the comparative absence of short syllables and little words makes it impossible, as has been said, for a Latin verse to be an exact copy of a Greek: except in iambics and hendecasyllables, a Latin verse has to be more fully finished than a Greek, if it is not to be more unfinished. The attempt at an artificial grace compromises the independence of Propertius: he ends too many lines with Greek proper

names; he is driven, too, to particular Latin terminations, especially to datives and ablatives of the so-called third declension; just as, in English, writers who aim at the uncongenial ornament of double rhymes end a disproportionate number of lines with *-ing* and *-eth*. Even with these resources there are whole elegies in the first book, which was published separately, where the natural dissyllable-ending prevails, with perhaps the insertion of one solitary quadrisyllable: in others the beginning of an elegy is full of polysyllables, and the end subsides into dissyllables as if they were easier.

The first book has a character of its own in other ways: it is more delicate and reserved, and less passionate; the author is still on his good behaviour: he boasts of his own devotion, not of his mistress's favours: his reproaches to her are gentle and vague. It was wrong of him to leave her, as it was wrong of her to wait to dress before she visited him in his illness. Already death haunts his imagination: he is content to die, if Cynthia will cherish his memory: when he meets the heroines of the Trojan war, he will see none so fair as Cynthia: when he is a shadow among shades, it will be seen that he is the shadow of Cynthia, not of his old earthly self. He promises to come back to her as Protesilaus came back to Laodamid, but he will come in vain, against her will. Love will have dried her eyes: no girl, however true, can brave the displeasure of love. Since death must part them, let them live and love while they may.

In the second book there is more originality: Propertius is trying to be an independent poet, and to make himself useful in the same way as Varius: he would like to leave the old tales of the wars of the Titans, and the worthy deeds of Marius, to sing of Caesar and Mæcenas, and he finds to his surprise that love is too strong upon him. Whereupon all the heroes who ever were in love are cited to excuse the poet who is more in love than any hero. The period of sentiment is over, and the period of bitterness is not quite come: he has ceased to idealise his mistress; indeed her character is so doubtful that he is tempted to beat her; but as that would be an unscholarly revenge, he resolves to brand her for all time with a verse,

which is either unsymmetrical or ungrammatical or corrupt as it stands—

Cynthia forma potens, Cynthia verba levis (ii. v. 28)


—‘*Cynthia* a shape of power, *Cynthia* light of words.’ If we might think that Propertius coined two perfectly regular compounds, and that neither he nor any one else ever used them again, we might read—

Cynthia formipotens, Cynthia verbilevis.

The spell of her beauty is unshaken: he swears, while cursing her and her other lovers, to have no mistress himself but *Cynthia*, with her stately stature and her long taper hands and her robe of bright red gauze, with her skill in dancing and poetry. In more cheerful moods he boasts alike of the friendship of Mæcenas and his fidelity to *Cynthia*, which was not quite disinterested, for he noticed that most lovers sank into common ladies’ hacks. He is still as full as ever of mythology: when *Cynthia* objects to being left alone, she has the opportunity of emulating the heroic constancy of Penelope, or Briseis, who was, to be sure, more faithful than Achilles. In the third book at last the poet breaks loose: he is able to sing of other things than love, and he sings of love all the better: he takes *Cynthia* as he finds her, scolding her, using her roughly, even treating her to a little wholesome neglect. He is still anxious when the summer heat makes her ill; though he improves the occasion by suggesting that her illness was the effect of her perjuries. As no doubt her other lovers exacted as much perjury as Propertius, she had plenty to worry her and something to reproach herself about, and she seems to have been really superstitious. Propertius complains that she goes now to try the lots at Præneste, and to propitiate Hercules at Tibur; now to worship Diana at Aricia by torchlight, with half Rome in her train, instead of staying with Propertius in Rome. There was a crowd wherever she went, so it was useless for her to pretend that she left Rome to be out of the crowd.

In the fourth and fifth books we have less of *Cynthia*: in the seventh elegy of the fifth book the poet tries to lay her ghost. Having done with his own love, he sings the loves of others (v. iii.), and announces for the first time his full literary

pretensions. He is the Roman Callimachus. Like Callimachus he prefers love and legend to heroic poetry, and like Callimachus he expects a higher reputation from posterity than from his contemporaries. In a sense he was right: Varius was a much greater poet in the eyes of Mæcenas, A.U.C. 731, than Propertius who seemed to be allowing an unworthy passion to fritter away his powers and deprive him of the reputation which he might have earned by his unmistakable power of splendid declamation in verse. It may be taken for granted that contemporaries were quite as alive as editors to all the disconnectedness of a poet who lived in a state of suspicion and over-excitement which incapacitated him for steady work. They were more sensitive than editors to all his harsh and doubtful phrases, like that which means how 'that death is best which comes fitly when our day is spare';¹ for they had not the inducement to display their knowledge of Latin by defending the MS. text, or suggesting emendations only less harsh, and could recognise intuitively a phrase which his irregular fancy was distorting under more or less pressure from metrical necessity. They would perhaps be less sensitive than modern readers to the vulgarity of the imitation² of Vergil's aspiration³ after poetry and science. Propertius's originality, such as it is, consists in the frank sensuality. Propertius finds it pleasant to have haunted Helicon in early youth.



to hunger in the midst of fruit, and thirst in the midst of waters. For himself, Propertius is credulous: when Cynthia is dead, he has a long conversation with her ghost, who appears in the form of her corpse as he supposed the funeral pyre to have left it. When in a later poem he describes the death of a Roman lady of rank, the incoherence is still more glaring. The speech of the dead Cornelia is eloquent and pathetic, and it would be hard to over-praise it,¹ but it is unreal to the last degree. The poet has seen that the farewell charge of a dying wife and mother would be interesting, but he is not content to confine himself to this source of interest, nor yet to renounce it when he is attracted by the idea that she is answering for her whole blameless life before the inflexible judges of the world to come. Even this thought is not steadily kept in view: the speaker calls the living to bear witness in her behalf; she is not quite sure whether she is in Elysium already; and her last word is, 'Conduct has found the way to heaven—may my desert make me worthy to have my bones borne in a chariot of honour.'²

The transition from Tibullus and Propertius to Ovid is the transition from the poetry of personal feeling and passion and ambition to the poetry of self-possessed, self-conscious art. Ovid is emphatically a 'ladies' man'; he is the only poet of the Augustan age, except Vergil, who was a water-drinker. The excitement of haunting women took the place of wine to him, and he had no need of sleep like such sentimentalists as Horace and Tibullus. He is singular again in having the sense of society; he liked the company of many women at once, without needing to be in love with any: the love-affairs of others were as interesting, perhaps we should say as entertaining to him, as his own: he never seems to get beyond being interested, or at most teased: a mistress might be provoking,

¹ Admirers of Propertius stake his fame as a great poet on this work, though it has none of the musical and picturesque redundancy of the first book, or of the glowing passion of the third or fourth. In fact, we are asked to be grateful that Propertius is on the way to become like everybody else; and no doubt a powerful and eccentric writer commends himself most to general approval at this stage.

²

'Moribus et cælum patuit; sim digna merendo
Cujus honoratis ossa vebantur equis.'

but the lover was always cool. This is the more remarkable, because Ovid allowed himself to be much longer and more completely absorbed by love, as he understood it, than most of his contemporaries. The other classic poets were hardly capable of anything but elegy; moreover, they died young. Quintilian has the air of repeating the opinion of the Augustan age when he says that Ovid could have done much more if he would have submitted to the restraints of a severe form of art, such as tragedy; and we know that he did write one tragedy, the 'Medea,' which was highly praised, and that he had hesitated between elegy and tragedy himself. The hesitation was not very serious; it left no trace but a very conventional dream of two women who challenged the poet's allegiance by a display of their contrasted charms. The imitation of Prodicus' choice of Hercules is decidedly more frigid than Lucian's burlesque hesitation between literature and statuary. It is certain that his 'Medea' has gone the way of the 'Thyestes' of Varius, and that the *Letters of Heroines* have held their place among the most vital and most fruitful works of the Augustan age. In form they are not absolutely original: the transition to monologue is always an easy resource when the dramatic faculty is no longer at home on the stage, and Lycophron, the obscurest of the Alexandrines, had shown the way in his 'Cassandra.' There are hints of less repulsive writers, including Callimachus, who had shown that it was feasible to conduct a monodrama in elegy, but it does not appear that any of their attempts were celebrated. Now Ovid was celebrated at once. He had, to be sure, a talent for being celebrated: he wrote much and well about his own books, and doubtless talked more than he wrote; and he had none of the shyness of Horace, who, though he knew how to advertise himself to a high-class public, preferred upon the whole that his reputation should be select.

The 'Letters of Heroines' are an early work: they have a generosity and purity of feeling which could hardly have survived the composition of the 'Art of Love,' and made the middle ages regard the book as a work of edification, a character which it certainly deserves by the side, not only of Ovid's other elegies except the 'Fasti' (which are uninteresting) and the 'Tristia,'

and Letters from Pontus (which are positively dull), but of the wholesomer works of Tibullus and Propertius. It is true that the situations are often extreme, but the horror of extreme situations in literature is only intelligible when the majority of steady, well-conducted people can count with almost absolute assurance on keeping outside such situations in real life; and in fact it may be said to date from the moral revival which accompanied the expansion of English industrial civilisation in the latter part of last century. When the art of writing elegiacs revived at the Renaissance, Ovid received the compliment of imitation: it is admitted upon all hands that the three replies to Phyllis, Hypsipyle, and Ariadne, which are printed in most collections of Latin poetry under the name of Sabinus, are a work of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. We know that Sabinus, a friend and contemporary of Ovid, actually did write replies to the three heroines named, for Ovid tells us so; but apart from the absence of MS. authority, many vaguenesses of language show that the author was composing in an unfamiliar tongue, although he has caught the superficial aspects of Ovidian Latin sufficiently well to give a kind of content to uncritical scholars. Besides these imitations, there are many of the letters of the heroines which are doubtful, because the MSS. of that portion of Ovid's works vary considerably in the number of letters they include, and it is not clear whether the later and fuller MSS. represent a lost archetype, or the supplementary ingenuity of some imitator more successful than the pseudo-Sabinus. And when such a question has once been started, it is easy to see how long the discussion can be kept up, by a minute examination of all discrepancies of style and diction between the doubtful and acknowledged elegies, and by a microscopical investigation of the correspondence and divergence between the letter of Sappho and the allusive account of it which Ovid wrote long afterwards; and the question is further complicated because the genuineness or the reverse of the letter of Sappho would have its weight in deciding the antiquity and credibility of the tradition that Sappho ended her career at the 'Lover's Leap' of Leucas. Certainly the poem must be called a failure by the side of

others: there is, one might almost think, a visible transition to the frigid mythology of the 'Fasti.' When Ovid is speaking in his own person, we may forgive him for learning dull legends in dreams: it is worse that Sappho should learn the legend of Leucas in the same way, and write a letter to say so, on the eve of suicide. She has nothing else to say but commonplaces. The thought of Phaon makes everybody else insipid; she dreams of him, her dreams are very vivid, and the rough tufa of the cave where they met before he avoided her was more beautiful in her eyes than Phrygian marble. So Juvenal complains of the marble which defaced the grotto of Egeria; but our author is just as likely to have remembered the cave of Dido and Æneas, and to have invented the contrast of marble and tufa for himself. The general inferiority is probably due to the fact that Sappho's story had never been worked out by a succession of poets; it had lingered in the state of local tradition, and even for a local tradition had never been clear.

A modern poet would have felt himself more at ease upon virgin soil; but Ovid, who is modern in many ways, succeeds much better with Dido than he or his imitator succeeded with Sappho. Without being in the least embarrassed by the hazard of a competition with Vergil, he uses Vergil without scruple, as a pianist improvising a fantasia uses the airs of greater composers; nearly everything in the fourth book of the 'Æneid' comes over again in a quarter of the space, and yet Ovid looks flowery and redundant in comparison with the passionate simplicity of Vergil. This is possible, because the story is taken for granted by a series of ingenious allusions, just sufficient to reconstruct it by. The signature, as usual, gives the key to the poem, and, as often, is turned into a rather heartless epigram, which has to do duty as an epitaph. But Ovid intends his Dido to be tenderer than Vergil's. He does not care about her dignity. Instead of cursing Æneas and his people with her last breath, her fear is that his guilt may expose him to shipwreck: she would rather lose him by any way than death. For herself her supplications are only another form of complaint; she hopes nothing, and only writes at all because, after losing her virtue and her reputation, she thinks it a light thing to lose her words. She certainly does

re them ; she reproaches Æneas on the chance of being
 able for the death of an unborn brother of Iulus.
 we turn to the lamentation of Hypsipyle and Cēnone,
 like Dido, had done service to lovers who had deserted
 we shall see more and more reason to admire Ovid's
 austible fertility. There is singularly little repetition. It
 that Hypsipyle is so unlike Ariadne, or Ariadne so unlike
 ne: the situation is reviewed from without, not from within,
 no circumstance is lost sight of. For instance, Cēnone
 gs in the virtue of Andromache and the wisdom of Antenor,
 hints that Paris will find a successor in Deiphobus: and with
 pretty affectation of ignorance she wonders how far he was
 estalled by some Theseus or other, and gives herself airs of
 perior virtue to any woman who can leave her country with a
 ranger. It never occurs to Ovid to alter the tradition that
 pollo had been the lover of Cēnone before Paris; it never
 ccurs to him either to make Cēnone humble herself to Paris be-
 ause he was not the first; and he does not overrate his resources.
 His Cēnone is proud of the favour of the god who built the walls
 of Troy, which will fall by the guilt of Paris, and she is proud of
 her own ineffectual resistance: if Apollo overpowered her, at
 any rate she tore his unshorn locks. This is on the borders of
 vulgarity; here is a passage which comes nearer to poetry:—

‘That day brought doom upon poor me; thenceforth began
 the evil winter of changed love, that day when Venus and Juno
 and Minerva, who looks better when she puts on her armour,
 came naked to your judgment. My bosom quivered with
 dismay, and a cold trembling ran, as you told the tale, through
 my stout bones. I questioned (for my terror was beyond
 measure) beldames and hoary elders, and both were sure it was
 sin. The pine was felled, the beams were hewn, the fleet was
 ready, the azure wave parted before the trim galleys; you
 wept at parting, spare me at least a denial of this: that love of
 yours is more reason for shame than the love that is gone by,
 you did weep and I wept too: you saw the tears in my eyes,
 each of us was sad, we mingled our tears. No elm is clasped
 close by the vine set against it as your arms were twined
 about my neck. Ah! how often your shipmates smiled when

you would complain that you were wind-bound; the wind was fair. How often, after letting me go, you drew me back for one kiss more; how hardly did your tongue bear to say farewell. The light breeze lifts the canvas that laps idly the stiff mast, and the water whitens beneath the plunging oars. Poor I can but follow the parting sails with my eyes which may, and moisten the sand with my tears. I pray the good maidens of the sea that you may come home with speed. Alas! your speed was to my undoing. So it was my prayer that brought you back, and brought you back to another! It is me, that I humbled myself to the profit of my hateful enemy. A mass of native rock looks upon the boundless deep mountain once, and still strong to breast the billows of the main. From my station here I was first to mark the sails of the galley, and my impulse was to meet you through the air. While I linger, purple methought gleamed on the front of the prow: I trembled sore, it was no garb of yours. The vessel drew nearer, the breeze was swift, it touched the shore, my heart shrank as I saw the cheeks of a woman. Was not this enough? What bewitched me to stay and see your ship? A leman clinging to your neck? Then I did rend my robe, I beat my breast, and my nails shivered as they tore my cheeks. I filled holy Ida with the storm of my complaint, thence I bore tears of mine to my rocky home.'¹

¹ 'Illa dies fatum miseræ mihi duxit, ab illa
Pessima mutati cœpit amoris hiems;
Qua Venus et Iuno, sumtisque decentior armis
Venit in arbitrium nuda Minerva tuum.
Attoniti micuere sinus, gelidusque eucurrit,
Ut mihi narrasti, dura per ossa tremor.
Consului, neque enim modice terrebar, anusque,
Longævosque senes: constitit esse nefas.
Cæsa abies, sectæque trabes, et, classe parata,
Cærule ceratas accipit unda rates.
Flesti discedens: hoc saltem parce negare.
Præterito magis est iste pudendus amor.
Et flesti et nostros vidisti flentis ocellos.
Miscuimus lacrimas mœstus uterque suas.
Non sic appositis vincitur vitibus ulmus,
Ut tua sunt collo brachia nexa meo.
Ah! quoties, quum te vento quererere teneri,
Riserunt comites! Ille secundus erat.

in a sense nothing can be more picturesque or terse or
 cal: it is even moving. On a second or third reading it
 es one that CEnone is too voluble to be deeply moved
 self; but this is hardly a reproach to a poet who would not
 ss Horace's maxim, that he who would make another weep
 st grieve himself, too far. His Heroines are never self-
 getful in their grief, and self-forgetful grief gets little
 apathy: though CEnone carries self-command rather far
 en she brings botanical science to bear upon the levity of
 ris—he is lighter than a leaf, that is not enough; than a
 thered leaf, that is not enough either: he is lighter than a leaf
 st then when it flies before the wind whose motion has parched
 and it has no sap to weight it: there is less substance in him
 an in the top of an ear of corn that is burnt stiff with the long
 anshine. The self-possession of Phædra is still more astonish-
 ag; the confusion, which is even more apparent than the
 passion in Euripides, is wholly absent: even the passion is a
 matter of inference: the writer puts his whole strength into
 ingenuity. The tragic part of the situation is left to the

Oscula dimisse quoties repetita dedisti !
 Quam vix sustinuit dicere lingua, Vale.
 Aura levis rigido pendentia lintea malo
 Suscitât ; et remis eruta canet aqua.
 Prosequor infelix oculis abeuntia vela,
 Qua licet ; et lacrimis humet arena meâs.
 Utque celer venias, virides Nereïdas oro ;
 Scilicet ut venias in mea damna celer.
 Votis ergo meis alii rediture redisti ?
 Hei mihi ! pro dira pellice blanda fui !
 Adspicit immensum moles nativa profundum.
 Mons fuit ; æquoreis illa resistit aquis :
 Hinc ego vela tuæ cognovi prima carinæ,
 Et mihi per fluctus impetus ire fuit.
 Dum moror, in summa fulsit mihi purpura prora.
 Pertimui, cultus non erat ille tuus.
 Fit propior, terrasque cita ratis attigit aura :
 Fæmineas vidi corde tremente genas.
 Non satis id fuerat : quid enim furiosa morabar ?
 Hærebat gremio turpis amica tuo.
 Tunc vero rupique sinus, et pectora planxi,
 Et secui madidas ungue rigente genas :
 Implevique sacram querulis ululatus Iden :
 Illinc has lacrimas in mea saxa tuli.'

Ovid, *Her.* v. 31-72.

and more. A lover could hardly be in a situation in which he could not find a love-letter in the 'Amores' to suit him, he might be full of sentiments which he could not conveniently put into a letter. Then, too, Ovid supplies him with model entries for a sentimental journal. For instance, it must have been a common adventure to be stopped by a swollen river on the way to an assignation; and Ovid supplies a disconsolate lover with over a hundred lines¹ of appropriate reflections, to be let off while waiting to see whether the flood-water will run off in time to let him keep his appointment.

First he tells the river that there is no bridge or ferry, and that he remembers it used to be quite easy to ford: that he is in a great hurry, and will be no better for his haste if kept standing there; then he wishes for the wings of Perseus, or the dragon-car of Ceres. Presently he reflects that these are vain wishes, and tells the river to flow within its banks: especially that particular river cannot afford the unpopularity of stopping a lover. In fact, lovers have a special title to the protection of rivers, so many rivers have been in love, from Inachus to the Tiber, who fell in love with Ilia, 'though her nails had marked her hair, her nails had marked her cheek!'² Then comes a long passage of mythological pathos, in the manner of the 'Heroides': at the end Ilia 'drew her raiment over her swelling eyes, and so cast herself to perish into the swift waters. They say the gliding stream spread hands to bear her bosom, and made her the lawful partner of his bed.'

Ovid is not quite clear whether he means to rationalise the tradition into the suicide of Ilia or no: perhaps two passages about Ilia in the first edition are run together in the second. At any rate, it does not occur to Ovid that the whole story of Ilia is just as credible or incredible as the whole story of Perseus, nor does it occur to him that the story of Leander is more credible than either, and at least as relevant. Instead, he opines that the river which stops him has had a love-affair of its own, of which the groves and woods have been faithful confidants. Meanwhile, he notices that the river has swollen instead of

¹ *Am.* iii. vi.

² 'Ungue notata comas, ungue notata genas.' Ovid, *Am.* iii. vi. 48.

name either) to change him into his gift; if that could be, would fain be the ring touching her body, as the left hand hangs under her tunic. It would be charming to slip from her finger where the ring had clung so close and fall on to her. Then, too, it would be his privilege often to be pressed to her when she had billets to seal, for fear the gem should be cold or sticky, and so pull the wax with it when the stamp is raised, only he hopes he would never have to seal a letter to a rival. When she wishes to put the ring away, if he were to ring it should never come off, and so forth. He concludes, always, with a touch of irony: all his prayers are vain: a ring is only a ring, not a man; but still he speeds his little gift on its way, with a wish that his mistress may feel that he has given his faith with the ring.

In the next elegy, Ovid endeavours to compete with the stilted sentimentality of Tibullus; but his ingenuity is unquenchable; he puns, and is too accurate in his topography. Ovid is in the country, and he presses his mistress to come to him there: he did not care for the country himself, as Tibullus did, and was too experienced to expect his mistress to care for it either: he only ventures to appeal to her promise, though the words of a girl are lighter than falling leaves, and are driven that wind and wave bear whither they will. Still, if she has piety enough to care for the lover whom she left,¹ she will think of going on from promise to performance, and shake the reins herself over the streaming manes of her ponies as they whirl her little car along. The swelling mountains are to fall before her, and change to an easy way through winding valleys. The real attractions of Sulmo are set forth with appreciation that just stops short of enjoyment. In the vintage Sulmo is healthy, because there are plenty of streams which never run dry in the greatest heat: the soil is never hard, and the grass is always green: the rivers float over the fields: the grass, as it rises again above the water, casts a shadow on the moist soil: the cool breeze caresses the leafage of the trees. Then, too, it

¹ Hence we may infer that Ovid was able to get his mistress to come down with him when he went to Sulmo, no doubt for the prosaic purpose of looking after his property, though she took the first opportunity of escaping to Rome.

is riot in the 'Art of Love.' We know that he was writing, if he had not written, that work before the last poems in the collection of the 'Amores' were finished. On the other hand, there is no allusion to the 'Fasti' or the 'Metamorphoses.' There are anticipations of the manner of the 'Fasti' in the vision¹ in the love where the poet chooses between elegy and tragedy, and recognises the former by one foot being longer than the other; and perhaps a pleasanter one in the poem² on the mourning of Iphigeneia, who is thanked for her benefits, and bantered, not too disrespectfully, upon her own love-affair with Jupiter in Crete—even Cretans tell the truth sometimes—just to prove the inconsistency of trying to do her honour by suspending all other love affairs upon her festival; which, like all other feasts of the immortal gods, ought to be kept with the acceptable offerings of love and song and wine.

On the whole it is safest to suppose that the three earlier series of elegies proceeded *pari passu*, though, speaking roughly, the 'Heroines' may be put at the commencement of that stage of Ovid's career, and the 'Art of Love' at its close.

He had exhausted all phases of the subject in practice; he had even married; and³ one of the prettiest of the later elegies is on the feast of Juno at Falerii, which he attended because his wife was a native of the place. There is no love in the poem, and only a vague account of the legend: such legends are clearer in the 'Fasti.' What Ovid could feel for a wife is better seen in the 'Tristia.' His feeling was never of the same kind as his feeling for his mistresses: and his feeling for his mistresses always ended in disgust, partly at himself, and partly at his mistress. He boasts of his emancipation; he boasts of the reputation he has conferred, and then complains that he has given himself rivals. He soon comes round to the admission that he hates and loves at once, and is afraid that love will revail. He appeals to his mistress to decide whether he shall love her of his will or against his will. The last elegy but one is still more ingeniously abject. The poet is quite content that his mistress should be false, if only she will not force him to show it. After the cynical humility with which Ovid deprecates

¹ *Am.* iii. 1.² *Ib.* 10.³ *Ib.* 13.

her cynical effrontery, we are not surprised or sorry to hear him bid the mother of tender loves seek another poet, and are rather grateful to horned Bacchus, who has put it into his mind to tread a wider floor with his mighty steeds.

But though Ovid takes leave of elegy here, we have still to consider his great work, the 'Art of Love.' This poem is divided into three books, of which the first two are addressed to men, and the third by an afterthought to women. They are all remarkable for their daring and ingenuity. The pretence that the love he teaches does not soil the robe of a Roman matron is only a pretence. All the ladies whom he teaches the art of courting are married more or less; a great many of them have law business, important enough to make an excuse for claiming the attendance of their lovers; not a few have enough property to bequeath to make it worth while to be very anxious and attentive while they are ill. Some ladies are a little too 'savage' to be approached by ordinary means; then it is wise to begin by 'paying court' as a dependant, until it is possible to pay court as a lover. With a lower class, the inevitable overcrowding at the circus gave many opportunities for gallantry (especially in days when it was possible to lift a lady's robe out of the mud and pay oneself by a peep at her ankles). It is needless to bid a lover interest himself in the horse or actor that she favours (one hears much more about the horse than the actor, as if ladies of all ranks followed the fashion set by the law, which admitted 'matrons' to the circus, and excluded them from the theatre). Of course neither the theatre nor the circus are the only scenes of gallantry; and the whole description of gallantry implies that the idea was a novelty, and that the lover would require a great deal of encouragement to enable him to make the sacrifice of paying such attentions as could be commanded from a servant. This throws a new light on the habit the Augustan poets have of calling their mistress *domina*, which is more noteworthy, for they call no man *dominus*. One does not trace the idea at all in Latin comedy, where the heroines are for the most part only too thankful to be caressed and protected. One finds the word in Lucilius, but even in Catullus it is hardly established. In 'Acme and Septimius,'

me prays that she and Septimius may continue fellow-servants of one love. Catullus himself, though he was more absorbed by his passion than he liked, was much more anxious to master Lesbia than to pose as her slave. There is always something unreal in the love which consoles itself for the discovery that a mistress is capricious and tyrannical by ostentatiously hugging her chains.

Ovid is never serious for an instant, and he is always affecting seriousness and even enthusiasm. Cæsar's pageant of sham sea-fight (? in 2 B.C.) is described¹ as having brought all Italy together, and many love-affairs were the result: and then the still more glorious triumph which Cæsar is going to win over the Parthians is described with apparently a disinterested glow of flattery. The avenger of Crassus is at hand; he will approve himself a general in his first campaign; he is a boy, but he conducts a war too great for a boy. But faint hearts ought not to count the birthdays of a god. Virtue comes before its season to the house of Cæsar. Hercules crushed the snakes in his cradle; Bacchus is still a boy, and can have been no more when he conquered India: and so on for forty lines. And then, when we have finally come to the procession of conquered generals, with chains on their necks to prevent their finding safety as heretofore in flight, we learn they will be a show for joyous lads and lasses, and the minds of all will be enlarged that day. When one of them asks the names of the kings, and of the countries and mountains and waters whose emblems are being carried by—the lover will do well to have an answer for everything; indeed, he had better not wait to be asked. He should tell all that he knows, and all that he can guess; the blue hairs of one river god must do for the Tigris, and the crown of pale green reeds is to be the ensign of the Euphrates. He will always be able to name the generals, even if he does not happen to know them by sight.

Then a festival leads to a feast, and a feast is full of opportunities. There Love pushes back the horns of Bacchus; there Love wets his wings till he cannot fly away. Only a lover must be careful not to commit himself by lamp light, which makes

¹ *A. A.* i. 171 *sq.*

every woman beautiful. The great question, however, is not how to make sure of the lady: every woman is to be won. Those who say yes and those who say no are both glad to be asked. Mythological precedents are so encouraging that we almost wonder that the thriving wooer must begin by making sure of the maid's good word before he accosts the mistress; it is a knotty point whether it answers to be in love with both. Ovid, who always leans in favour of decency, thinks not. Apparently the most likely time for the lady to yield is when she is in high spirits, with nothing to be in high spirits about, for whenever there is any special attraction (for instance, some extra decorations in the circus) she is sure to put her lover off impatiently. Unlucky days, however, do a lover no harm; he may begin a prosperous courtship on the day of Allia, or on the Sabbath of the Syrians, which was recognised as a day unfit for business.

On the other hand, the lady's birthday is eminently unlucky, because a present is sure to be expected; not that precautions against presents are much use; a hawker will call when you are there with just the wares your mistress wants, and she will be sure to tell you that it is a capital time to buy. If you tell her that you have no cash ready, the salesman will be happy to take your note of hand. Besides, it is no good keeping away on the day you think is her birthday; as many days in the year as suits her she will greet you with a birthday cake, and expect a present in return. It is better to submit to her rapacity with a good grace, though it is worth a great effort to win the first caresses without buying them.

Everything is analysed in the same style of heartless, kindly ingenuity. Ovid is always careful to inculcate prudence, politeness, and decency; sometimes, as in the matter of correspondence, it is possible to give a relative assent to his rules; sometimes, as in the matter of feasting, the change of manners makes his rules grotesque, and his sincere anxiety to hold fast the restraints and comforts of piety in every department of life but one must always have been amusing.

In the next book Ovid treats how love is to be held fast when won, and it is curious that he should have thought it

orth writing, as he treats fidelity as out of the question on either side. One can hardly suppose he recommended *liaisons* to be kept up from interested motives, as he regrets the way that various *petits soins* had been profaned by legacy-hunters, though his encomium on ladies of a certain age is, to say the least, suspicious. He has little to recommend but boundless patience and good temper; philtres are criminal and useless, and it is clear from the case of Ulysses, who fascinated two goddesses, that beauty is not indispensable. For a poet, he has a very poor opinion of the value of poetry; no mistress, under the most favourable circumstances, will rate the most beautiful verses higher than a present of game. It is surprising to find that all were vain and good-natured enough to be much pleased when the lover gave their influence credit for a favour which it enabled him to show his slaves. Not that he relies exclusively on this form of flattery; the really important thing is to persuade your mistress that you believe in her beauty.

After an ironical burst of self-laudation on his own prowess as a lover, which ranks him with half a dozen of the most famous heroes of the Trojan war (beginning with Podalirius the surgeon, and ending with Automedon the charioteer), Ovid passes in his third book to give advice to the ladies. The book has something of the character of a palinode: after warning young men of the wiles of the fair, he has to turn round and admit that most women are good; constancy is a feminine virtue, and many have been victims to it. The reason was they did not know how to love; if all the forlorn heroines who died of broken hearts had only had Ovid for their master, they would have lived in peace. Here much more is promised than is ever performed. Ovid's study of the relations of his world was one-sided: he knew just enough of women to know how they were to be won, but not enough to teach them new arts of conquest, or to appreciate the feelings and the skill with which they used the arts they knew. Horace, who says far less of his mistresses, comes much nearer to showing us their inner life than Ovid, or even such true lovers as Catullus and Tibullus. What Ovid has to tell his class of ladies is simply how to dress well, and make the most of their advantages. And even here he is something

less than masterly; he has observed very attentively, but we cannot see that he has reflected much, or digested his observations. His two profoundest counsels are, not to begin to make a gain of a lover too soon, and to affect jealousy *à propos* without feeling it too much. There is always the chance that the jealousy may be unfounded; and besides, there is no use in trying to monopolise love, which is not diminished by being divided. He is decidedly opposed to too much expense in dress, partly, no doubt, in the interests of the lover, and partly in those of the mistress; we learn that the two most expensive toilettes were double-dyed purple and strips of brocade (*segmenta*) used to border dresses. The title of the last is curious: it proves that women prized the rich stuffs of eastern courts without daring to covet a whole dress of them. There is choice enough, he adds, among other colours from air colour to amethyst; and there is good mythological precedent for each. The general rule is contrast: brunettes should wear white and blondes dark colours. This itself implies that the majority of Ovid's clients were not exactly beautiful, and needed to be made up for exhibition; accordingly, we find directions for all kinds of toilette observances,¹ from cleaning the teeth upwards, which have to be practised extensively; false hair is very likely an inevitable misfortune, but there is no need to court it by dyeing one's own. Other cautions are no more complimentary: ladies have to learn how to laugh and cry becomingly, how to clip their words prettily in talking, and how to beat their bosom and tear their hair with a grace so as to be laying snares for a new lover while mourning an old husband.

But the most attractive morsel of the third book is the story of the jealousy of Procris,² and the death which came to her just as she was undeceived: there is more feeling than in most of the legends of the 'Art of Love,' if less than in the 'Heroines,' and the half-humorous tenderness shows that the poet is not yet callous.

¹ For further instructions on the great art of cosmetics Ovid refers to his short but laboured treatise on the subject; of which we have only a fragment, treating of the most harmless kind of face-powders.

² A. A. iii. 685-746.

Mythology almost disappears from the 'Remedies of Love,' which is not altogether a loss, for most of the legends in the 'Art of Love' are rather too palpable digressions. It is certainly relevant enough that Agamemnon cured himself of his love for Chryseis by sending for Briseis. The longer digression upon the poet's ill-wishers is not exactly misplaced. Ovid never suppresses his own personality: and has a right to argue against those who already proclaimed that the 'Art of Love' was an immoral work, and to illustrate with complacent prolixity the familiar thesis that the envy provoked by his success will not survive his day; and the reasonable boast that his elegies would always rank with the classics of the Augustan age. He has to vindicate himself against other critics, who thought it inconsistent to write against love. Ovid answers, 'His remedies are only to be applied to get rid of passions that cannot possibly turn out happily.'

There are two stages at which such love may be conquered, at its beginning and in its decline. Before love has taken firm hold, a little resolution will be effectual; afterwards the lover had better make no efforts, but yield to his folly and watch its effects. Ovid knows all the ways in which a man can learn to depreciate a woman, and warns his pupils not to test their disgust too early: it is better to go on cultivating a woman when she begins to be a weariness, to bear a good deal from her caprice, and only decline her favours when she is very pressing. Of course all the processes by which an artificial admiration can be worked up may be reversed; with a little aversion to begin with, real defects may be exaggerated, doubtful qualities may be turned into defects, just as with a little goodwill it is easy to turn questionable or even unquestionable defects into admirable qualities. Besides, a lover has in most cases only to read or to employ himself: it is a favourite thought with Ovid that love is a labour or a warfare, and that it is the labour of those who live at ease, and, therefore, whoever can renounce ease will soon be cured of love. Only the cure will require care to maintain it: the lover on the way to emancipation must not boast of his indifference; he may criticise his mistress as much as he can to himself, but it is dangerous to rail at her in

company, and still more dangerous to enter the company of lovers. Solitude is dangerous too: until the cure is confirmed, the patient is safest in the hands of an affectionate inseparable comrade, who will sympathise with him in everything but his folly; and Ovid observes that this was the chief value of Pylades to Orestes. All the description of the care the lover must take to see his mistress at her worst is full of ingenious though coarse detail, and as usual Ovid puts forward one or two suggestions which he thinks too trivial or too shocking to be practical. One suggestion which he develops with great complacency is open to the criticism that the remedy is worse than the disease. No doubt a man who worries about his cash, or his crops, or the stinginess of his father, or the bad terms that he is on with his wife, or the dishonesty and carelessness of his slaves, will be less likely than another to worry over the unkindness or infidelity of a mistress: but if it is positively necessary to worry, it might be thought that a mistress was the least humiliating subject to worry about. The great difficulty in emancipation is, that we cannot get rid of the belief that we are beloved, and the self-complacency of each makes us all a pack of dupes. The only way is to trust no words, which are but false breath, and rate the everlasting gods as light as air. A woman's tears should never move the wise, who know a woman's eyes have been schooled to weep. The mind of a lover is assailed by arts without number, as the waves of the sea that beat against a rock. It is better not to go into the reasons which make you prefer to part, and not to say what vexes you, though you must remember to nurse your vexation privately. Do not remind her of her faults: she will explain them away. You will favour her pleading against yourself, and wish her case better than yours. Silence is a sign of firmness, and whoever says much to a lady is too interested in her by half: if he scolds her, it is only to give her a chance to satisfy him. Another point, more important than it looks, is to burn all the lady's love-letters: there is great danger of relapse in looking them over and remembering how kind she used to be. By parity of reasoning, the natural dislike to your successor is to be subdued by an affectation of cordiality, which may be trusted to produce the reality

Although the 'Art of Love' and the 'Cure of Love' are properly placed at the close of a series, yet the audacity with which they are written throughout confirms the boast of the poet that they are after all an early work. Ovid's manhood is represented by the 'Metamorphoses' and the 'Fasti'; and apparently the 'Fasti' were completed (in whatever sense) one of the two, for he is always apologising for the imperfect state in which the 'Metamorphoses' were left at his exile, while he only once alludes to 'The Imperfect Work of Days.' Apparently the 'Fasti' were never carried beyond the first six months of the year, for there are no perceptible signs of want of finish in what we have (it is true that he continued to work on them in his exile, iv. 281-284). Possibly when Ovid wrote *ego Fastorum scripsi totidemque libellos* he was past his prime, and the dupe of his own periphrastic facility. If so, he might conceivably have failed to notice that his words would usually be taken to mean—'I wrote six books of Fasti, and as many more,' not 'I wrote upon the calendar, and got through six months in six books.' If not, it would be natural to guess that in July, the first month of the second half of the year, the poet had sung the praises of one or other Julia, and that when (as seems most probable) he was involved in the catastrophe of the younger Julia, this may have led to the destruction of half his book; but he protests more than once that all his works, with the one exception of the 'Art of Love,' were innocent and inoffensive, and therefore the last half of the 'Fasti,' if ever written, must have been lost by accident, very likely, for there is no trace of its existence in antiquity.

The 'Metamorphoses' themselves are a most brilliant and interesting work. In one sense it is the most 'romantic' work in Latin literature: there is the same perception of the picturesque, the same quick appetite for what is strange and terrible, only there is not the same ready sympathy with all kinds of emotion. It might almost be said that Ovid always lingers where Victor Hugo leaves off, and the inexhaustible minuteness of detail reminds us of the 'Botanic Garden' and the 'Fables of the Plants.' To take one specimen among many, when Perseus has slain the sea monster (one is glad that in

Ovid he does not even use a magic wand, much less turn brute into stone with the Gorgon's head) he draws water from the sea to wash his victorious hands, and then, not to mar the head, he spreads leaves and wands of tangle of the sea upon ground below, and lays the visage of Medusa, child of Phorcus thereupon. The fresh wand, whose pith was quick yet with draught of brine, caught the powers of the portent and hard at its touch, and put on strange stiffness in leaf and branch. Anon, the sea-nymphs put the wondrous fact to proof in wands, and take pleasure to find the same come to pass all, and double sow the waves with seeds culled from the plants. The same nature abides in corals; still they have the touch of air, and what was pliant as osiers under the touch above the sea turns to stone!¹ How like the angel flowers who gave the rose a veil of moss, although the sentiment disguises the real coldness of the invention!

What is characteristic of Ovid is the zeal with which he elaborates the parts of the story to which legend had paid little attention. For instance, the rock into which Perseus had turned the monster was shown near Joppa: but this, the most interesting feature of the legend, is dismissed very briefly, and the pathos of the virgin, doomed to die for an idle word of her mother's, is hurried over, not for want of appreciation. I should have thought her a statue of marble but for her eyes that moved in the light breeze, and her eyes that were wet with tears. She is a maiden, and hardly dares to speak to a man. She would have covered her eyes, if her hands were free; she only speaks at last lest it should seem she has guilt on her own she is loth to confess.² Short as this part of the story is, the fight between Perseus and the monster is told comparatively; that is to say, in comparison with Vergil or any other writer who is not prolix. But when it comes to describing the conflict between Phineus and his Cephenees and Perseus, Ovid puts forth all his strength. One cannot tell in each case whether anything has been taken from Callimachus or Nicander, but in general it is clear that Ovid must have known to say the least, as far beyond his Greek models as Virgil.

¹ *Met.* iv. 740-52.

² *Ib.* 672 *seqq.*

Flaccus does beyond Apollonius Rhodius; and the originality (to give it that name) of Valerius Flaccus, though always conscientious, frequently ingenious, and occasionally elegant, is almost always a little tedious; whereas the originality of Ovid is always superbly vigorous, even when it seems gratuitous. There is no single trait that is to be called admirable in the contention of Phineus and Perseus; but it is all spirited and entertaining, and just a little exaggerated, and it is amazing that any writer should have been capable of supplying so much matter of such remarkable quality. Here is an average sample. After telling of the death of the dainty, innocent Athis, whose mother was one of the nymphs of Ganges, the poet goes on: 'Lycabas saw him fall with his fair face quivering in gore: Lycabas, the Assyrian, his close companion, who took no shame of his true love: and when he had made his moan for Athis, breathing out his young life under the wound, he caught the bow that Athis strung, and "With me be thy strife," quoth he, "nor shalt thou delight thee long in a boy's death, which brings thee more curse than praise." Before he had ended his words' (the business-like Ovid feels that there is little time for a scolding match in serious fighting) 'the piercing weapon flashed from the string, and, shun it as he would, hung in the folds of Perseus' vesture. The child of Acrisius' house turned Harpe, proved by the slaughter of Medusa, against him, and drove it home on his breast. He, with death upon him, and his eyes swimming under black night, looked round for Athis, and bowed himself upon him, and bare to the world below the comfort that in death they were not parted.'¹ Then two more slip in the blood, and the sword withstood their rising, driven home to the side of one, and the throat of the other: against the next Perseus 'reared in both hands a mighty bowl, raised high with graven figures, and of massy weight, and crashed it on the right.' The aged and pious Emathion is slain, like Priam, at the altar, fighting against the impiety of Phineus with his tongue, and cursing his guilty arms: his head 'falls upon the altar, and there uttered the sentence of wrath with failing tongue, and breathed out the soul into the midst of the fire. The battle rages, till at last Perseus is compelled by odds

¹ *Met.* v. 59-73.

to bare the Gorgon's head.' Thescelus bids him call to mind the conjuring tricks elsewhere, and, as he made ready to throw his deadly dart, in the very gesture he stood fast, a statue. Ampyx 'aimed at the breast of Lyncides with his hand stiffened as he aimed, and would not move to the blow.' Eryx 'was ready to charge, earth held him on his track, abode stiff stone, a statue in armour.' One soldier of the guard saw the Gorgon, and stone mounted up his limbs. A soldier assaulted him, and 'his sword rang shrill on the marble: his wonder was past he was marble too, with the gape of amazement upon his features.'¹

And here even Ovid draws the line: he declines to describe the dying attitudes for two hundred nobodies more, where at this point he has decided to leave alive, and gives fifty lines to the fate of Phineus: he calls in vain to his friends for help, he cannot believe there is none to hear him, but all who are in reach, and finds them stone, and turns with vain words and gestures to the conqueror whom he dares not offend. He has nothing to plead but that he spoke first, and is satisfied of not having given way to his rival's better right, nor can he ask for but bare life. Perseus' reply is superb: "Poor Phineus, what I can give (it is a great gift to a dastard) I will give. No steel shall scathe thee, nay I will give thee a memorial that shall endure for ever, and thou shalt allude for a sign in the house of the sire of my wife, that she may comfort herself with the image of the betrothed of her brother. Then he turned the Gorgon upon his shrinking face; he strove to turn away, but his neck stiffened, and the watery eyes changed to stone. But his coward visage still remained in the marble, with the look of supplication and the slow stretched hands, and the craven brow."²

After this the fate of Polydectes is an anticlimax, at once dismissed in a sentence: and in another sentence³ we learn that Andromeda parted from her brother at Seriphos, and went to Hesperia to ask the Muses if the report about Hippocrene was true (she remembered that Pegasus sprang from the Gorgon's blood). When they are telling her of this, she hears pies in the trees,

¹ *Met.* v. 74-206.

² *Ib.* 224-35.

³ *Ib.* 250.

finds that they are nine sisters (the Pierides would-be rivals of the Muses), who gave her a short précis of the wars of the giants as sung by the Pierides, and then, after due bashfulness, the song of Calliope, who told of how Ceres sought for Proserpine, and more especially the transformation of Cyane, Stello, Ascalaphus, and Lynceus. As an episode we have the flight of Arethusa, who explains how she got to Sicily in time to give Ceres her first news of her daughter. When the Nymphs decide in favour of the Muses, the Pierides protest and wax abusive, whereupon they are turned into birds. Oddly enough, Minerva thinks it will be to her glory to tell¹ how she turned her rival Arachne into a spider: the poet thinks it will be to his glory to tell the story himself, as two narratives at second hand close together would be wearisome. Unfortunately he is not very loyal to the goddess, or rather his prudential piety is too sincere to let him see that it is ignoble. Minerva illustrates the contests of the gods among themselves by her victory over Neptune, and the contests of the gods with mortals by the fate of Rhodope and Hæmus turned to stone, and the Queen of the Phrygians turned to a crane, and the daughter of Laomedon to a stork, and Cinyras waiting to be turned into a swan, and mourning for the fate of his daughters. Arachne illustrates the humiliating disguises which the gods assumed for love: her work is quite as good as Minerva's, who loses her temper, tears up Arachne's work, and beats her with the shuttle: and when the poor girl hangs herself, saves her life, with an odd mixture of spite and pity, by turning her into a spider. Niobe, it is decided, knew Arachne before she married Amphion and went to Thebes: and this serves to introduce the story of her woes.

Here, as in the case of Phineus, the poet seems to be writing largely from works of art, and perhaps the framework of his poem might be taken from a play on the model of Euripides, with a haughty speech of Niobe at the beginning, and the long *exodos* of a messenger describing her calamity at the close. Then we learn² that the honour of Latona reminds some spectators of the fate of the Lycians who had driven her from a spring and been transformed to frogs: and their fate in turn brings up the

¹ *Met.* vi. 1-145.² *Ib.* 316-81.

story of Marsyas.¹ But Ovid has not done with Niobe; the crowd, we learn, were sorry for her husband and her children, but no one except Pelops was sorry for her: which makes it stranger that every city within reach should have sent its king to condole with him. Ovid, however, wanted an occasion to mention the ivory shoulder he bared in his sorrow, and thought that the deputation of kings was as good an opportunity as any to introduce the story of Procne and Philomela, by the observation that the Athenians would have sent to console Pelops too, if they had not unfortunately been engaged in a war, in which they supposed Tereus would be a useful ally.² Ovid is never cleverer than in describing the infatuation of Philomela and the diabolical cunning of Tereus, who pleads a commission from Procne for whatever is to further the passion that will break her heart. Perhaps the horrors culminate when Pandion entrusts Philomela to the escort of Tereus. "I give her thee, dear son, since a tender cause constrains me, as she and her sister both desire, and you, Tereus, desire too; and pray you by your faith, and by the hearts akin to both, and by the gods above, that you will protect her with a love like mine, and send me back the solace of my anxious age as soon as may be. Every delay will seem so long. And you, too, Philomela, come back at your best speed if you have any duty: it is enough to have your sister far away." He kissed his daughter at every word of the charge, and asked the hand of each as a pledge of their faith, and joined them each to each as they laid them in his, and bade them not to forget to give his greeting to his daughter and her children far away, and hardly said the last good-bye for the sob that choked his voice, as he trembled at the presage of his own mind.'³ We know all that is coming after this, but Ovid does not spare us anything; and if we could read the story for the first time, there is hardly a line that would seem wasted, except two or three⁴ in which Procne boasts to her sister of all the crimes she feels ready to commit. In the midst of her boasts she sees her son, and sees her way: her first thought is 'How like his father!' as she seethes with silent wrath. 'But

¹ *Met.* vi. 382-99.

² *Met.* vi. 495-590.

³ He gets this from *Thuc.* II. xxix. 4.

⁴ *Ib.* 614-19.

when her son came near and greeted his mother, and drew her neck down with his little arms, and kissed her close, and fondled her as children can, then her mother's heart was moved, her anger was broken and came to a stand, tears found their way to her eyes, which grew moist against their will.¹ So far the picture is simply elaborate, or, if you will, overwrought: but presently we have the characteristic ingenuity of Ovid, who is never far out of sight of the borders of the burlesque, and seldom fairly over them. 'As soon as she felt she was giving way, because the mother's tenderness in her was all too strong, she turned from him again to eye her sister's face; and looked by turns on both, and asked, "Why does one press his fondness on me, and why is one tongueless and mute? When he calls me mother, why does not she call me sister? See, child of Pandion, what a husband you have married! You are falling below your rank: piety is guilt in the spouse of a Tereus." She stayed no more, she caught Itys, and drew him as a tigress by Ganges draws the suckling fawn through the dense thickets.'²

The transition from poetry about Tereus to poetry about the Argonauts is furnished by some score or two of clever lines about Boreas and Orithyia, whose sons sailed with Argo. There is not a word to explain what relation, if any, there is between the Phineus whom Perseus turned to stone and the Phineus whom the sons of Boreas delivered from the Harpies.

The 'Metamorphoses' are a tolerably complete manual of mythology; every legend is at least alluded to, and the poet has been at the pains to construct a chronological framework into which they are to be fitted. But his diligence stops short at these mechanical arrangements. He does not indeed allow his ostensible subject to hamper him. For instance, he does not give any conspicuous transformation in connection with the story of the Argonauts, and what he tells is subordinated entirely to the love of Medea. All in the legend that is like a fairy tale is sacrificed: the golden fleece, and the fire-breathing bulls, and the warriors who spring from the dragon's teeth are just not omitted. As for the crushing rocks, and the battle with Amycus, and the fate of Absyrtus, and the romance of the

¹ *Met.* vi. 621-28.

² *Ib.* 628-37.

northern seas, they disappear entirely; the struggles of Medea between love and honour are perhaps the most interesting part of the picture to a modern reader: but what Ovid finds most interesting is the mere witchcraft by which Æson and then a ram are restored to youth, and the shocking butchery of Pelias by his daughters. All through, this magical interest is the chief one; we may forget, if we please, that Pelias has wronged Æson and deserved his fate. All the tragedy of Corinth is hurried over, simply that the author may get Medea to Athens, where she vainly attempts the life of Theseus. With the mention of Theseus we pass into a new cycle of legends, connected chiefly with Minos and Ægina. Here we have a glaring instance of Ovid's inconsequence. Ægeus is glad to get his son back to defend him against Minos, yet we hear of no fighting. Athens is conquered in spite of the return of Theseus, and the tribute of victims for the Minotaur imposed and paid twice before he put an end to it by the help of Ariadne. Apparently Ovid did not care to tell the history of Ariadne over again, though he had no objection to repeat the less hackneyed story of Cephalus and Procris. Cephalus tells it to the house of Æacus, while he is waiting for a fair wind to sail with them to the aid of Athens, and has already heard from Æacus the origin of the Myrmidons, probably introduced for the sake of the splendid description of the pestilence, composed in rivalry with Lucretius and Vergil. The most original trait is the vain appeals to heaven. Æacus stood between the corpses of his people strewn in the way,¹ like to the apples fallen from the bough, or acorns shaken by the wind, and the lofty temple of his father, where so many brought their vain oblations; and often a wife praying for her husband—a father for a son—with words of supplication on their lips, breathed out their soul on the altar which was deaf to their prayers, with some unburnt frankincense clasped in their stiffening hands. Bodies were cast down before the holy gates; yea, before the very altar, to reproach the gods the better with their death. Of course we have the familiar trait that the bearers of the dead fought for funereal pyres; but Ovid is not content with this: the plague

¹ *Met.* vii. 583 *sqq.*

leaves no room for graves, and no trees to burn the dead, which to be sure matters less, for none are left alive to mourn. The story of Cephalus is very pretty, the moral standard is low, and the hero and heroine make a touching effort to be above it; the way that Cephalus lingers over the years that they led a happy life together is an advance upon the treatment of the legend in the 'Art of Love,' though it may be doubtful whether the tragedy-comedy of the jealousy of Procris is so well handled as in the earlier poem; when Cephalus becomes sentimental and explanatory over it, there is more difficulty in forgetting that the legend is after all absurd. While the house of Æacus were listening to the history of Cephalus, Minos was besieging Nisus in Megara.¹ It cannot be said that the fall of Scylla is an improvement in any way on the fall of Tarpeia in Propertius. In fact, Tatiüs was better fitted for a hero of romance, just because less was known about him; he was simply a barbarian or a tyrant, while Minos was a solemn figure, one of the judges of the under-world, who could only be made ridiculous if represented as the object of a girlish passion. To Ovid he is chiefly the taskmaster of Dædalus; and the trite legend of Æacus² is narrated with the same amplification as the trite legend of Phaethon, which shows that the lesson of moderation was dear to Ovid's heart; the partridge who was once a pupil of Dædalus appears rather mechanically,³ to exult over the misfortune of his master; and then we are carried back to Theseus and the Calydonian boar,⁴ who, strictly speaking, has no business in the 'Metamorphoses,' except that Meleager died in consequence of the hunt, and that his sisters were turned into birds—we do not know what birds. The hesitation of Althæa is much laboured and rather frigid: she rings the changes through fifty lines⁵ in the conflict between her feelings as a sister and a mother. On his way home⁶ Theseus is stopped by Achelous, who affably explains that he and all the rivers round are flooded, and that it will be better to wait till they are gone down again. While feasting in Achelous' cave, Theseus and his friends notice an island (one of the Echinades) and learn

¹ *Met.* viii. 6-151.² *Ib.* 195-235.³ *Ib.* 236-59.⁴ *Ib.* 270 *sqq.*⁵ *Ib.* 461-511.⁶ *Ib.* 548 *sqq.*

that she and her companions were nymphs, all of whom Achelous carried out to sea; after which he fell in love with one, and she was changed into an island to save her life, and the others followed suit. The profane Pirithous, the son of the godless Ixion, ventures to throw doubt on this, but the venerable Lelex reminds the company of the omnipotence of heaven, and enforces his doctrine by the story of Philemon and Baucis, whose piety preserved them from the destruction of their country, changed their house into a temple, and merited that when the end of their life came they should be changed to trees together. The end of the story¹ is very quaint and pretty. 'They were standing by the steps of the temple, and talking of the hap of the land, when on a sudden Baucis espied leaves upon Philemon, and Philemon, the elder, espied leaves upon Baucis: and now as the crest of the trees outshot their faces, they exchanged greetings while they might, and each said "Farewell, my spouse!" at once, as the shoots grew over their faces.' The hero and the poet are perfectly serious, for Lelex goes on: 'The natives of Tyana still show two twin trunks that entwine their bulk, and I heard the tale from elders who were not light-minded, and had no cause to mock me. I saw festoons upon the boughs; and as I laid fresh garlands for my part I said, "The gods care for the righteous, and give worship to their worshippers."'

Achelous caps the story with the fate of Erisichthon,² who brought upon himself the curse of endless hunger by cutting down a sacred tree in the grove of Ceres, and, having sold everything else, sold his daughter, who, thanks to Neptune, was able to change her shape when she pleased, so that as often as she was sold she came home to be sold again, until at last her ravenous father set her free by devouring his own limbs.³ He afterwards tells the story of his unsuccessful battle for Deianira, which after all left him little the worse, while Nessus was slain, and caused the death of Hercules, which is described with more wit than sublimity. Juno does not mind his deification, but is angry that Jupiter should hint that she would object if she could. Alcmena meanwhile has nothing to do but to talk over the anxieties of the present and the wonders

¹ *Met.* viii, 713-25.² *Ib.* 739-879.³ *Ib.* ix. 4 *seqq.*

of the past with Iole.¹ So we hear how Galanthis delivered Alcmena and was turned into a weasel,² and Dryope into a lotos, and how her son embraced her face as it was just disappearing.³ While the two women were crying over this tragical history,⁴ Iolaus appears with his youth renewed, and then, after a sharp burst of condensed mythology, we learn that Minos in his old age was harassed by fear of Miletus.⁵

And the mention of Miletus brings us to the first of a series of studies in voluptuous psychology, where Ovid shows more poetical power than in most of the 'Metamorphoses.' Perhaps he is strongest of all in the horrible legends of Byblis⁶ and Myrrha,⁷ the latter of which from the days of Catullus had attracted special attention from poets. There is nothing in his treatment of it to discredit the proposition that at bottom Ovid was a right-thinking man. He has the same formula for the repentance of Myrrha as for the repentance of Midas.⁸ Both have gone far astray, and there is a kind of mercy for both. Midas is delivered from the curse of turning all he touches to gold, and Myrrha is delivered from earthly life and from facing the dead by the doom which changes her into a tree always weeping; while her child, the child of sin, has a charming life as Adonis and is beloved by the Queen of Love. There is plenty of subtlety, though less strength, in the picture of the love of Hippomenes and Atalanta.⁹ When Hippomenes enters himself for the match, Atalanta wonders what god can bear such a grudge to beauty as to wish to undo him, and bid him stake his dear life upon such a bride. She judges herself that she is not worth such a price. Not that she cares about his beauty, and yet he has enough to touch any woman; but he is a mere boy still. It is the age, not the person, that interests her. 'And then,' she adds, 'his courage and the spirit un-
bashed by death, and his descent in the fourth degree from the god of the sea: and then his love for me; his counting a marriage with me so precious as to be willing to perish if hard fortune will not let him win me. Ah, friend, depart in time!

¹ *Met.* ix. 275 *sqq.*² *Ib.* 285-323.³ *Ib.* 329-93.⁴ *Ib.* 397 *sqq.*⁵ *Ib.* 441 *sqq.*⁶ *Ib.* 454-664.⁷ *Ib.* x. 300-502.⁸ *Ib.* xi. 134, cf. x. 488. ⁹ *Ib.* x. 611-35.

leave the bloody bower behind! My wedlock is cruel! There is none but will be willing to wed with thee; a wiser maiden might well desire thee. And yet why care for thee when I have so many slain before? It is for him to look. Let him perish, since the slaughter of so many wooers leaves him unwarned, and he is driven on to cast away his life. And so he is to die for wishing to live with me, and bear to be paid for his love with a shameful death. The indignation at his death will be more than my victory will sustain: it is no fault of mine. Ah! if you would but draw back: or, if you will be mad, that you were swifter. And what a maidenly look on the poor boy's face! Ah! unlucky Hippomenes, I wish you had never set eyes upon me! You deserved to live. If only I were happier, and my hard fate did not forbid me to wed, you were the only one I could ever have borne for a bedfellow.' After this it is not surprising that Atalanta picked up all the three apples, nor is it surprising that she allowed Hippomenes to scandalise Cybele, who avenged Venus for the ingratitude of the lovers by turning them into lions. Naturally, too, Venus dislikes lions ever after, and tells Adonis the story to explain her disgust, and enforce her advice never to hunt anything braver than deer. Venus herself comes in at second hand: Orpheus tells her story and Myrrha's, while he is bereaved of Eurydice; and as soon as he has told it, the Mænads come and tear him into pieces. Apollo turns the snake which would have devoured his head into a stone, and Bacchus turns the Bacchanals into trees. First their feet are caught in the ground: and the more they pull, like birds in a snare, the faster they are caught. When they want to slap their thighs for their sorrow, they find them as hard as boards: when they stretch their arms, you would think them as stiff as bare boughs, and be quite right.¹ Meanwhile Silenus was missing, and was restored to Bacchus by the hospitality of Midas. His double blindness brings us to Phœbus, and Phœbus brings us to Laomedon and Telamon. The latter brings us to Peleus, for, if he had not been married to a goddess already, the rescued Hesione would have been given to him rather than to Telamon. All the history is told at length, and there are a

¹ *Met.* xi. 71-84.

reat many episodes about Dædalus and Ceyx, Alcione and Samathe, and Æsacus and Hesperia. And here we come to the Trojan times, and one way or another these fill two books and a half.

The remainder of the work deals with purely Italian legends, and their poverty does nothing to remove the impression that Ovid was wearying of a task in which he succeeded best when he had the stimulus of emulation to sustain him. All Greek legends, even the obscurest, had been turned every possible way by the tragedians, the Alexandrines, and the artists; for these did not confine themselves to the poets by any means, and a writer like Ovid could inspire himself quite as well among Greek painters and sculptors as among Greek poets. When he came to Latin ground, he had everything to invent afresh, and was reduced to a long Pythagorean discourse¹ upon the nature of things, with especial reference to the transformations which the world has undergone. Numa is the pretext for this treatise, which a great epic poem could hardly afford to omit: Vergil gives it us in the 'Æneid,' Lucan makes Caesar listen to it in the 'Pharsalia.'

Ovid was probably quite sincere in his vegetarianism; he was a water-drinker even in his hot youth, and might perhaps have been very thoroughly tamed if he had fallen upon a period when strict moral discipline was enforced by society. He had an immense curiosity, which liked to amuse itself upon dangerous ground; but few poets have had less of the spirit of rebellion. The Centaurs and Ajax fill him with a feeling that comes as near moral repulsion as he is capable of knowing, while the cool ingenuity of Ulysses fills him with complacency. Probably there is nothing more dramatic, in our sense of the word, in all ancient literature, than the great speech of Ulysses in the judgment of his arms.² All the oratorical skill of the forum is combined with a complete realisation of a mythical personality. There is the affectation of modesty; the *lene submissumque principium* as never carried further. Ulysses is quite free from the animosity against his rival to which Ajax gives way. Ajax is admirably abrupt and stormy; any one of his indignant little

¹ *Met.* xv. 60-478.

² *Ib.* xiii. 128-380.

inasmuch as he brought Achilles from Scyros
is still more successful in clearing himself of
treachery to Palamedes, and of cruelty to Priam.
He has to accuse Ulysses of having misled the Greeks,
and can appeal to the Greeks to acquit themselves.

The 'Metamorphoses' close with a panegyric
on the whole Julian house, as if the poet
were on the height of court favour. The 'Fasti' are the
not the most loyal, of all his writings. Except
from Pontus, they are the least interesting. They are
a limpid stream of colourless and tasteless anti-
quarianism, without even the merit of accuracy or *naïveté*.

There is not so much the crude tradition as the
of Varro or somebody else. Perhaps one might
find a conception in favour of the description of the
holiday kept when the seed was in the ground.
The feeling is neither so fresh nor so warm as in Theocritus.
There is a little pedantry in the half-dozen lines which
solve the objection that it is a movable feast.
Evander³ is told very smoothly, which is all
for most of the others. Lucretia's fate is
told though a little too rationalistically; the poet
cannot account for the success of the ravisher, although
he is entitled to divide the blame with his predecessors.
The facts are told about the calendar itself, as

Jupiter, which would have been racier if it had been bolder, and if the dutiful poet had not shrunk from implying that Jupiter wished for human sacrifices and was cheated out of them.

There is little but mythology in the fourth book: the legend of Cybele and Claudia¹ is neat; one may admire the skill with which Ovid goes over the old ground of the rape of Proserpine, and the sorrow of Ceres, without repeating himself;² and he is more entertaining than often on the Palilia, the classic holiday which exercised the pen of every fledgling poetaster.³ There is also a lively description of the Floralia, and of the origin of the feast, put as usual into the mouth of the goddess to whom it was held.⁴ In May, each of the nine Muses gives one of the current theories of the origin of the month:⁵ in June, Juno and Hebe and Concord give one of the current etymologies from Juno, juvenis, and jungo, as if the month was named in honour of the union between the Romans and Quirites.⁶ The poem ends abruptly, but it seems to end. The poet asks the Muses⁷ why the last day of the month is sacred to them and to Hercules: and they answer that Philip-pus, the husband of Marcia, the aunt of Cæsar, had dedicated a temple jointly to both. 'Alcides nodded assent and hushed the lyre.' Before the lyre is hushed we learn that Marcia was not only noble but fair; and it is no shame to praise beauty, which is an ornament to the greatest of goddesses; and Marcia was worthy of the holy house which she adorned.

Perhaps the eulogy on beauty may be a compliment to the younger Julia, whose ruin appears to have involved that of Ovid. He is always talking of his misfortune in a way that must have been intelligible to those of his contemporaries who were in any sense behind the scenes, but it is very perplexing to us. He seems to admit that he had been guilty of something which gave Augustus a right to be very seriously displeased, and that it would pain him to have the offence, whatever it was, precisely described. Yet Ovid will have it that his guilt was purely involuntary, that he was ruined by an error, not by a crime. He asks once:⁸ 'Why did he see any thing? why did he bring

¹ *Fast.* iv. 305-44.

² *Ib.* v. 195 *sqq.*

³ *Ib.* 798 *sqq.*

⁴ *Ib.* 417 *sqq.*

⁵ *Ib.* 9 *sqq.*

⁶ *Trist.* II., i. 103-105.

⁷ *Ib.* 721 *sqq.*

⁸ *Ib.* vi. 13-100.

guilt upon his eyes?' He compares his fate with Actæon's. It would fit all this to suppose that accident or curiosity or indiscretion had acquainted him with the secrets of a princess who was then able to compel him to accept the position of a confidant, perhaps an accomplice, in intrigues of love or state, which, hazardous as it was, need not have been unattractive to the author of the 'Art of Love.' It is clear that, so far as Augustus condescended to explain himself, the publication of that work was the justification of Ovid's banishment. He always says himself that two things, 'song' and 'error,' were his undoing.

The mere fact that he had written a loose book many years ago could hardly have injured him under any government, still less have been treated as an unpardonable offence. We have our choice of supposing that the Julias, one or both, had been distinctly the worse for reading it, and supposing that it justified in the mind of Augustus the severest view of Ovid's conduct. In the later poems of his exile, Ovid abandons the attempt to vindicate himself, even to the extent that has been hinted. Augustus had resolved to allow no extenuating circumstances, and unless Ovid were resolved to tell everything and to brave everything, he had nothing to do but plead guilty without reserve. It is hard to see why, as he still had friends, his endless and abject supplications to be allowed to live nearer Italy and out of reach of war were so pertinaciously rejected; especially as they were coupled with the most earnest protestations that a complete pardon was beyond his hopes. It may have been wished that he should die, and it was known that at Tomi everybody who saw him could be counted, and that he could be killed without remark if he proved indiscreet.

One of the earliest poems after his ruin was a stiff and tiresome elegy entitled 'Ibis,' which is probably the cipher of some enemy whom he threatens to name if further provoked. Its only interest is, that he wishes his enemy, with every appearance of sincerity, all the plagues of mythology, generally omitting to name the mythical prototypes who first endured the curses he invokes; and that he admits¹ having been piqued into imitating a style which he disapproved as a matter of taste

¹ *Ibis ad init.*

perhaps as a matter of reason too. The admission is interesting, as a proof that Ovid could not quite forgive himself for sinking to the level of Callimachus. There are five books of 'Tristia' and four of Letters from Pontus, and they are all about Ovid and his misfortunes; taken altogether, they are decidedly wearisome; almost any letter from the 'Tristia' is interesting by itself. The earlier are even pathetic, and for a long time even the second series, taken separately, are ingenious, though the growing disappearance of mythological illustration may be taken as a sign of failing powers. He complains himself that his old fluency was disappearing, and that, though he had nothing to do but write, he had less and less satisfaction in writing. He actually learnt the Getic language, and wrote in it in praise of Augustus and Tiberius.¹ His contemporaries did not know that the poem would have been a more precious linguistic monument than the translation of the Bible by Ulphilas. It is not quite clear whether he wrote on the same subject in Latin; we have a fragment of a poem, which was dull enough, on the fisheries of the Black Sea. Although he was over fifty when banished, he had the courage to exert himself in the defence of Tomi, which was almost always in a state of siege, so that the natives gave him the freedom of their city, for what it might be worth.

It cannot be said that Ovid allowed his misfortunes to unman him. In the early days he was energetic enough in asserting that he was only relegated, not banished: he retained all his rights as a Roman citizen, though commanded by competent authority to reside at Tomi. To the last he kept up and made the most of all the friendships that could by any chance be of any service to him; for, apart from the great question of his return, his property, never very large, was exposed to dilapidation; and, even if his wife had been more successful than she was in keeping his property together, there was no bank at Tomi with a Roman correspondent, so that he needed a good deal of help in money matters. Perhaps this is why he is so profuse in his acknowledgments to Sextus Pompeius. His other chief friends were Fabius Maximus and Cotta Messallinus, of whom Juvenal speaks highly and Tacitus severely; but there

¹ *Epp. ex Pont.* IV. xiii. 21-28.

are signs even before the end that he had worn out his friends' patience. He lived to write a congratulatory letter ¹ to a mere centurion, and in the last book but one he asks the forgiveness of his friends for having had good hopes from them, and promises not to offend again. He will not trouble his wife: she is true to him, no doubt, and if she is a little cowardly, and afraid to try what can be done, like everybody else, it is not her fault. His comfort must be to think that Augustus has never refused to pardon him (because he has never been asked), and thereupon to make up his own mind to end his days at Tomi. He was, as he was meant to be, very uncomfortable; and he did not make a sudden change from volubility to silence, which would simply have stupefied him; besides, his case was a very hard one, and it was a natural relief to write about it, especially as he was more or less (if we are to believe him) betrayed by his own household and his own set, whom he ought to have been able to trust. One curious effect of his misfortune was, that as soon as Cæsar had ruined him he began to be as much afraid in a disinterested way of Cæsar as of the thunderbolt (which, in the literal sense, had never struck him); the less he hopes and the longer he suffers, the more he worships; he is the earliest authority for the idea of 'piety,' ² of which we get so much in Martial. He is always practising it himself, and congratulating Cotta, and everybody else who, he hopes, may be an intercessor, on his proficiency in it, and with every appearance of sincerity. He anticipates that Augustus will be deified, and he is constantly humbling himself and putting himself into the attitude of a mortal before a god; and his feeling seems to be as genuine as a conscientiously cultivated feeling can be.

¹ *Epp. ex Pont.* IV. vii.

² The loyalty of a citizen to his country is the foundation of the feeling, and so far Ovid is anticipated by Cicero; but it is new to find this feeling so completely transferred to the head of the state (though Cicero speaks of his *pietas* binding him to Pompeius, as also to Lentulus), still newer to find this feeling so completely fused with the feeling of religious reverence.

CHAPTER V.

*THE LAST POETS OF THE AGE OF AUGUSTUS, AND
THEIR SUCCESSORS.*

§ 1. THE banishment of Ovid rather than the death of Augustus may be said to mark the close of the most flourishing period of Roman poetry: it marks the time when the society which encouraged poets got discontented and cautious. Augustus himself had the misfortune to overlive the best of his prosperity, and after the defeat of Varus there was very little enthusiasm anywhere, although the busybodies still fluttered about, praising and criticising, according as they were good- or ill-natured. The activity which they shared, or helped, or hindered, was for the most part restless, aimless, listless; there was very little in the state of affairs under Tiberius, at any rate till the fall of Sejanus, to repress literary activity, if there had been a strong spontaneous tendency thereto in any vigorous section of the community. Tacitus mentions literary men, especially philosophers, who got into trouble by writings with a flavour—commonly a very faint flavour—of sedition about them; but those who took offence at the course of the literary movement during the middle of the eighteenth century in France possessed much more vigorous means of repression, and used them with more steadiness, if with less extreme severity. But the literary movement was not impeded in the least, because the authors cared seriously for expressing their ideas, and the public really wished to assimilate them. It is clear that clandestine circulation of literature judged to be scandalous encountered no practical difficulties, but authors were not content to disavow some of their most brilliant works, like Voltaire, and could not sacrifice the pleasure of reading their books to a numerous and dis-

tinguished circle as soon as they were finished: it was their vanity which compelled most of them to be prudent if not absolutely safe. Anonymous writing as an instrument of literary warfare was confined to pasquinade; and if large sections of the literary class were discontented and silent, this would be rather a relief than otherwise to a public which, alike in the good times of Trajan and in the bad times of Domitian, found it one of the most wearisome of social duties to attend to the prælections of friends.

When Ovid, in his last letter from Pontus, enumerates the contemporaries among whom he was distinguished, it is noticeable that almost all passed away without leaving enduring works behind them. It is not merely that their works did not reach us, but that they had almost all been practically forgotten in Quintilian's time, for the simple reason that the grammarians did not think it worth while to use them as reading books, because they were frequently careless and unequal. Quintilian¹ tells us this himself of A. Cornelius Severus, whose six books on the wars of Sicily were illustrated by a brilliant little threnody on the death of Cicero, which is remarkable both for the vague exaggeration of the language and for the disconnected character of the thought. Marsus, who was probably the most celebrated, was the most completely forgotten, because he was the most fluent. According to Martial, the one book of Persius was oftener quoted than the twenty-four which Marsus had devoted to the wars and lives of the Amazons, while his namesake, who had devoted himself to epigrams, left a reputation which it was decorous for Martial to rate above his own. A great deal of the poetry of the period was of the kind expected from poets laureate; court festivities, and still more court calamities, gave great opportunities for writers with more ingenuity than inspiration. There was a Roman knight, C. Lutorius Priscus, who made a reputation by a poem on the death of Germanicus, and composed another poem on the death of Drusus, the son of Tiberius, who was only ill. Unfortunately he read the poem aloud, and was put to death by the vote of the senate, and of course both poems were lost.²

¹ x. l. 89.

² Tac. Ann. iii. 49.

§ 2. Accident has preserved a favourable specimen of the mechanical skill of an earlier generation, in the 'Consolation to Livia' on the death of the elder Drusus, the brother of Tiberius, which is generally printed as an appendix to Ovid. The author is inexhaustible in varying and amplifying the obvious points of his subject—the grief of a mother who has lost one out of two very distinguished and exemplary sons. This note is struck at starting: 'When they say "Your son," you will never ask which:' further on Livia herself says: 'When I hear that Nero has come home in triumph, I shall not ask, "The elder or the younger?"' Of course Livia, with two such sons, is the most fruitful of mothers: of course she looked forward vainly to seeing Drusus come back in triumph: almost of course, she is pitied in one place for not having been there to close her son's eyes, and half congratulated in another on having only heard of his last agonies, and been prepared for the worst by anxiety—which does not exactly contradict the opening passage on the proud hopes with which she awaited his triumphant return. Augustus is completely deified: he can only leave earth for heaven, and the tears of a deity are the greatest honour of the funeral of Drusus. Less is made than we might have expected of the funeral march of Tiberius through the Alps in winter beside his brother's bier. There is one fine line—

*Dissimilemque sui vultu profitente dolorem*¹

—on the way his grief broke through his habitual self-command but there is decidedly more pains spent on the reluctance of the army to part with the body of their commander. The public mourning is described with a good deal of ingenuity; and, as the temples were shut, the poet conjectures that the gods, who could not save Drusus, were ashamed to be seen: a pious Cyprian who was going to make a vow for the life of his son resolves to give up hope since the gods did not hear the prayers of Livia for Drusus. Oddly enough, the poet, who belonged to the equestrian order, says nothing of the senate taking part in the mourning. The army of course does homage to the dead general. Tiber does homage too; he is so swollen with tears

¹ v. 87.

that he could put out the funeral pile, and thinks of doing so with the laudable purpose of carrying off the body uninjured by the flames. Of course the funeral was in the Campus Martius, and therefore it was quite suitable for Mars to interfere, and persuade the river god to resign himself to the decrees of Fate. Mars has resigned himself: he entreated the Fates for his race, and was told that he could be heard only for Romulus and the two Cæsars: these alone out of so many heroes were the gods whom Rome was to send to heaven. There is a touch of pathos in the limitation, in which, perhaps, we ought to see a homage to Tiberius' modesty; as the instinct of a court poet would be to treat the heir-apparent as an embryo deity. After this rather frigid episode, the corpse is permitted to burn, and the poet consoles himself with the prospect of the execution of the German leader who dared to exult at the death of Drusus. This will be the great grace of the triumph of Tiberius, and the poet takes care that the picture shall lose nothing in his hands. He will behold the necks of kings livid with chains, and the hard bonds knotted on their cruel hands, and their visages pale with fear, as tears fall, against their will, on the proud rebels' cheeks. Their haughty souls, the prouder for the death of Drusus, will have to be yielded to the executioner in prison gloom; and the poet will stand and feed his eyes at leisure, on their naked bodies, cast in the filth of the streets.¹

From this burst of Roman ferocity we are carried back with a little confusion to the grief of Tiberius and the army and the wife of Drusus, who was like Andromache or Evadne. She is consoled with a vision of his triumphal entrance to Elysium, where all his noble ancestors crowd round him: the passage is imitated partly from the quasi apotheosis of Cornelia in Propertius, partly from the Elysium of Vergil. Then we return to Livia, and the style of the poet rises. She too ought to have found comfort in the glory of her son. Let her think what becomes the mother of a Drusus, the mother of a Nero: let her think from whose bed she rises in the morning. Fortune has set her on high, and bidden her keep a station of honour: let her bear the load to the end; every eye and ear is upon her, all note her deeds, and no

¹ vv. 273-80.

word can be hidden that comes from the mouth of a princess: let her abide on high—rise above her woe, and hold her spirit—for this she can—unbroken to the last. Fate is above all, and deaf to prayer. The threefold world, earth, sky, and sea, is doomed to death: and can a mortal complain? Fortune may punish complaints, and, after all, Livia has upon the whole more reason for thanksgiving, since both her sons have often been victorious; as we learn in some ringing lines, almost strong enough for Propertius, and smoother. Besides, there were signs in heaven which foretold the coming sorrow; and this sorrow will be the last (a thought to which the poet recurs as eminently comfortable).¹ It occurs to him that Livia found a comforter in Tiberius, and the picture of him and Augustus exerting themselves to keep the bereaved mother from starving herself to death is not quite conventional: nor is the closing address,² in which Drusus speaks from the shades, wanting in manly dignity. The poem professes to have been written and read during a period of general and deep emotion; and, if it leaves a modern unsympathetic reader cold, it need not have left an ancient reader cold too: there are many lines which when recited first must have seemed to quiver with the true sob of elegy. The author is generally taken to be C. Pedo Albinovanus, whose work on astronomy earned the title of ‘starry’ from Ovid: but the MSS., all of the latter part of the fifteenth century, give no author’s name, and give the work as an appendix to Ovid, like the three letters of ‘Sabinus’ which appear in no MS., and are probably the work of the scholar of the Renaissance who saw the Editio Princeps of Ovid through the press.

§ 3. Like Pedo and several other authors Ovid mentions, Grattius Faliscus devoted himself to didactic poetry. He wrote a treatise on hunting, of which only six hundred lines have reached us. He imitates Vergil more closely than happily: he is involved and obscure, and, though he shows that he appreciates Vergil’s charm very accurately, he fails to reproduce it for long, because he has no inner depth or fulness. His one merit is a sort of sober, serious grace: he has a feeling not very unlike Vergil’s for the toil that makes civilisation of any kind possible:

¹ vv. 411 *sqq.*

vv. 447 *sqq.*

he is quite honest in treating even the huntsman's art as a revelation, for the hunter is far above his game. There is the same feeling that the play of human faculties is desirable for its own sake, that there are few better things in the world than exercise. He carries the reactionary tendencies of the Augustan age perhaps to an extreme: he does not think that the art has made much real progress since the days of Dercylos, who was illuminated because of his special piety. It does not occur to Grätius to distinguish between practical improvements and the pretentious fopperies of rich amateurs, who carried out all their caprices without respect to experience, and had monstrous blades to their hunting spears, and inclosed the ground for a drive with swords, when spikes were perfectly sufficient. In the same way, he judges horses by their race rather than their looks, and is especially enthusiastic over the scrubby ponies of Agrigentum, and is inclined to recommend British dogs in preference to the bulkier and showier Molossus, which was the celebrated dog of the period. He speaks rather mythically about the Hyrcanian breed, which was supposed to be a mongrel between common dogs and tigers; and mentions a rather more credible breed, which are mongrels between jackals and dogs, and gives some curious notions about the natural history of jackals. We are familiar with the theory that they are cunning and manage to make themselves of use to the lion, and so are allowed to feed upon his leavings: Grätius takes it in another way—they are bold enough to snatch the prey out of the lion's mouth.

Long as the treatise is, it is probably only a fragment. It begins with a discussion of weapons, and then goes to dogs, their breeds, their training, and their diseases (with reference to the last, one thinks Grätius advocates 'stamping out' in the kennel, because Vergil had advocated it in the fold); horses come last. To make the treatise complete, he should have treated of the habits of different kinds of game and—a topic on which a Roman would have very likely been fuller—the times and the places and the arts by which a hunter might make his advantage of each kind of game.

§ 4. A writer who was probably a contemporary of Grätius, since he wrote under both Augustus and Tiberius, escaped the

tice of Ovid, because very likely he did not care to publish ;
 e survived authors who published—with applause in their day
 -because his subject is one that in almost every age has been of
 absorbing interest to a small circle of readers who hand on their
 treasure in secret. Manilius, whose name is only known to us
 from the MSS., which, as often, leave his other names a little
 uncertain, devoted himself to the poetry of science, the only
 concrete science which existed then—the science of the stars.
 It would be unfair to say that his poem is on astrology, for the
 distinction between astronomy and astrology did not yet exist.
 Those who studied the stars did not confine themselves to the
 positions of the fixed stars, or the orbits of the stars which were
 not fixed. Men born in a certain region were supposed to be
 born under the constellation which served to mark its position
 before maps and a terrestrial globe were possible ; and men
 born at a certain season were supposed to be born under the
 constellations which marked the season of their birth before
 calendars were possible. It was a natural and pardonable con-
 ception to imagine a mysterious power in the stars which pro-
 duced all, and more than all, the effects which we now attribute
 to climate and the seasons. From this the step was easy to
 giving a significance to all the combinations of the heavenly
 bodies ; and the calculations founded upon these served to give
 pseudo-scientific prestige to predictions about the future ;
 these, of course, owed such success as they had to personal
 credulity, sufficient to stimulate without satisfying the curio-
 sity of the increasing number of people to whom luck in some
 form or other seemed the most important element in life.

It is not clear that these calculators were insincere : Combe
 believed in phrenology, though he had a considerable power of
 making it mean anything, and his measurements and manipula-
 tions simply provided him with an articulate method of putting
 his views of character into shape, and he had a real gift of read-
 ing character. Besides, astrology, like phrenology, had the
 attraction for impatient thinkers of bringing just what looked
 most complex and uncertain and important in life under what
 looked like immutable laws ; and astrology had the advantage
 of appealing to laws which, if they existed, were more primary

to unfamiliar lands; that the moon never transgresses the appointed bounds of her light, but keeps the measure given of old for her waxing and her waning; that the stars which hang in heaven never fall to earth, but wear out the seasons meted out for them to shine in—is no work of chance, but the order of a mighty deity.

And here of course we see the weak point of the system. The year and the starry sphere keep their appointed way: how then do the changes of earth originate in heaven? And here comes the fantastical conception of planetary influences. Given the point of view, observation shows that the sun, the most conspicuous of the planets, influences the world differently, according to his conjunction with different signs; and then it follows that other planets must have an influence of the same kind, and perhaps even a more extensive influence, as their spheres are larger. As each constellation is appropriated to a special region upon earth, it follows that the characteristics of that region are derived from the constellation, and that the characteristic effects of the constellation must modify any neighbouring planet. Here was ample scope for calculation, and the whole science of judicial and horary astrology in its later developments depends upon these: and it is probable that the Chaldeans whom Tiberius had consulted and banished had already made some progress in that direction. But to judge by Manilius and his contemporaries, the rudiments of the quasi science which stood in some relation to facts still occupied most attention. Indeed, what strikes us throughout in Manilius is that all is rudimentary together: when one compares him with Lucretius, the proportion of argument is very much less and the proportion of description is very much larger; and the description has always the character of laborious explanation. For one thing, the Romans, though masters of compound addition and subtraction, were not familiar with other ways of manipulating large figures; for another, maps and globes were not familiar objects in every school-room, and therefore the zodiac took a great deal of description. The division of the sphere into three hundred and sixty degrees, the relation of the plane of the ecliptic to the plane of the equator, and the fact that

to find illustrations of the truth of his fatalism in history,¹ he turns to what seems to him unique and extraordinary: the common facts of human nature, which are made the main argument for modern determinism, seem to him to need no transcendental explanation—they have their explanation in themselves: and the attraction of fatalism to him is that it presents us with an external constraining power which should account for what exceeded the power of mere mortals. That nature should be rational, that man should be powerful, are the two problems which Manilius undertakes to solve by the help of the stars. His spirit, in approaching the solution, is truly scientific: his enthusiasm is the enthusiasm of knowledge; he takes a solitary path, not so much because he is weary of hackneyed themes as because he wishes to turn from fable to truth. Of all didactic poets he is the most courageously didactic: he never seeks digressions except when he generalises, and manfully confesses that his subject refuses all ornament, and is content to be explanatory. He even makes less use than most writers of the metaphors from the course of a ship and the course of a chariot. He seldom says it is time to loose his horses from the car or to bring his ship into port. He is conscientious too: he explains² at length the risk of mistake through forgetting that the triangle of constellations is often only approximate, and at the same time the influence of the triangle is much more powerful than the influence of the square, which is easier to establish correctly. Then when any sign or star is powerful, we are duly told³ in what part of the body to look for its effect: the head and neck, for instance, are affected by the Ram (about whom Manilius is always trying to be poetical, reminding us of his golden fleece and his passage of the Hellespont), while the Fishes at the other end of the zodiac influence the feet.

It is to be noticed that he takes the constellations for granted: he is exercised by the question why the whole pattern of the figure is not made up visibly with stars, and explains that the world would not bear so much fire. This shows that he is completely under the dominion of Greek science, for the Chaldees and their baser followers still grouped the

¹ iv. 23 *sqq.*

² ii. 296 *sqq.*

³ ii. 450 *sqq.*

stars fresh from one month to another, and were not *averse* from the notion of seeing the whole sky turn into an eagle or a lion. Of course the purely fanciful element has all the more play in consequence. One fifth of the whole work is devoted to observations of this kind; when the sun is half through the sign of the Virgin, or rather when the Virgin¹ floats along with thrice five of her parts stretched from the sea, the glorious memorial of the Crown once set upon Ariadne will be reared above the waves, and grant all dainty arts; for these make the gifts to shine which are given to a maiden: whence it follows that whoever is born then will be a gardener or a perfumer or something ornamental. But whoever is born under the Ear of Corn, which rises soon after the Crown, will be a practical, money-making agriculturist, or miller, or architect: and here we have a protest against luxury; the only gold we ought to dig from earth is the gold of harvest, the only use of architecture (especially fretted roofs, which were the fashionable feature) is for temples.² This protest is repeated *à propos* of the Roman fancy for eating outlandish birds, since it is the duty of a writer on the stars to explain the business to which a birdcatcher is condemned by his birth under the constellation of the Swan: and again, when Manilius has to speak of the adventurous money-seekers of different kinds born under the Fishes.⁴ As the *Fidiculæ* was an instrument of torture, it follows that all born under the lyre will distinguish themselves as inquisitors, more or less conscientious and public-spirited.³ Perhaps this kind of thing reaches its climax when we learn that whoever is born under the human half of the Centaur will be muleteers and the like, while those born under the animal half will be veterinary surgeons.⁶

§ 5. Phædrus, like Manilius, escaped the notice of Ovid, though he began to write under Augustus. He certainly wrote under Tiberius, for he hints⁷ that he was persecuted by Sejanus. He addressed freedmen of Claudius, but the freedmen of any prince of the imperial house may have been great men in the eyes of Phædrus, himself, originally, a slave of Macedonian extraction.

¹ v. 251 *sqq.*² v. 287.³ *Ib.* 365.⁴ *Ib.* 396 *sqq.*⁵ *Ib.* 410 *sqq.*⁶ *Ib.* 350 *sqq.*⁷ Phæd. *Prolog.* III. 41 *sqq.*

His fables are short for the most part, and thoroughly faithless. He does not think that it is worth people's while to take good advice. He seems to regard the fable as an instrument rather of criticism than of correction. His favourite epilogue is, 'This complaint will do for any one who has found his hope betray him,' or 'This example will serve to make so and so ridiculous.' He was obviously a person who expected very little from the world: he had renounced money-making for literature, and he hardly expected to be read even by his brother freedmen. When we consider how long he was writing his thousand or so of lines, it is curious to see how solemn he is upon the subject, and how entirely he requires his readers to give themselves up to him.

The imitation of 'Æsop' is never very close. In the prologue to the second book we are warned that, though he imitates the style of the old gentleman as well as he can, he does not confine himself exclusively to his matter. In fact, one of the best of the fables¹ is directed against busybodies at Rome who are, strictly speaking, 'officious,' and are very aptly rebuked by an anecdote of Tiberius, who told a slave, whom he noticed ostentatiously laying the dust before him at Misenum, that he was wasting his labour, and would have to do much more than that to earn a box on the ear. In the prologue to the fourth book, he tells us that henceforth he will imitate rather than copy, and calls his fables not Æsop's but Æsopean. It is generally thought that, so far as he was a copyist, his principal source was Babrius; but it is to be remembered that Babrius was merely, like Socrates,² a versifier of tales which were already floating in the air; and as he was not the first versifier, so he was not the last. He was the chief, perhaps the last, of the Greek fabulists; but the Latins, from the days of Ennius downward, had occupied themselves more or less with the mass of folklore which from the days of Herodotus onwards had been associated with the name of Æsop. Æsop himself is associated with the court of Croesus, which is close to the home of the Milesian tales. As these turned largely upon a parody of human life among animals, it may be suspected that the whole

¹ *Ib.* II. v.

² *Plat. Phæd.* v. 600.

literature is derived from the popular heritage of the non-Aryan population of Asia Minor; as a great deal of the folklore of India seems non-Aryan, since more than one collection is stated to be told by a 'devil,' or translated out of the language of 'devils,' and a devil in India meant a non-Aryan, as an embodiment of all the fears and dislike which attached themselves to the unknown.

However this may be, Phædrus has been the chief agent in floating down the fables of Æsop to posterity. Much of his popularity is due to his plebeian temper: he grumbles and sneers, without aiming at elevation or refinement, and his language is thoroughly plain and popular, and in a sense more really Latin than that of the great Augustan poets. He writes the language—if not of Terence, or even of Laberius—of the composers of the prologues of the seventh century: he is terse and unaffected, and, whenever he is a little antithetical in structure, there is always a finite verb in each member of his antithesis. He has none of the subtlety of Babrius, little of his elegance and refinement, and his pathos is different: one might take the fable of the swallow and the nightingale as a specimen of the pathos of Babrius,¹ and the fable of the old hound whose teeth are too rotten to hold the boar,² so well known through the woodcut of Bewick, as a specimen of the pathos of Phædrus. One might trace the contrast, again, in the way that they treat the fable of the wolf and the lamb. In Babrius,³ the wolf begins with the possible charges. First, the wolf suspects the lamb of affronting him (and Babrius has another fable in his collection where a lamb on a wall does affront a wolf⁴), then of trespassing on the wolf's ground, then, at last, of muddying the stream at which the wolf is drinking, and the lamb is simply too young for everything; the wolf eats the lamb at last out of pique, because he cannot let the lamb have the last word. In Phædrus,⁵ the wolf is determined to eat the lamb, and begins with the impossible charge of troubling the brook where the lamb was drinking below the wolf, and the wolf tries for something on which the lamb cannot contradict him. Of

¹ Bab. 12.

² Phæd. V. x.

³ Bab. 89.

⁴ *Ib.* 96.

⁵ Phæd. I. i.

course, in Phædrus the iniquity of the wolf is more obvious; in Babrius he behaves more like an oppressor in real life.

The same desire to force such moral as there is shows itself in the way Phædrus varies the fable of the frog and the ox. In Babrius,¹ the ox treads upon one of the froglings, and the survivors tell their mother that the victim was crushed by a great beast. She swells and swells to try and reach the size of the ox: they tell her she may swell till she bursts, and never be as big. In Phædrus, she actually bursts,² and asks after her first effort if she is not bigger than the ox. Again, when the frogs lament the marriage of the sun, because one scorches them, and a family of suns would make life impossible, Phædrus³ prefaces the story with the remark that Æsop told it at the marriage of a noted thief, while Babrius⁴ does not think it necessary to point the moral at all. There is more political interest in Babrius: the mice, when they go to war, ascribe their defeat to the want of conspicuous generals, and so we get an explanation of why the generals had the high crests which intercepted their retreat;⁵ while Phædrus⁶ does not care to go beyond the fact that it is a misfortune to be conspicuous in time of trouble. In general, Phædrus gives us the impression of accepting the imperial dispensation very heartily. His only grievance is that his merits do not meet due recognition, or rather that he is envied for his talents.⁷ This envy showed itself in a severe criticism of his fables, which are of a kind that it is easy to regard as childish; and he actually tries to meet this charge by parodying a tragedy.⁸ The prologue to the 'Medea' is very sensible, because Medea would have done no mischief if the Argo had never found its way to her.

He succeeds rather better with contemporary anecdotes. The overgreen story of the vain individual who appropriated to himself the loyalty displayed by a whole theatre to the head of the state has seldom been better told than by Phædrus,⁹ who makes the mistake just plausible enough. 'Prince' was a piper who used to play for Bathyllus, and so had some celebrity; and, owing

¹ Bab. 28.² Phæd. I. xxiv.³ *Ib.* I. vi.⁴ Bab. 24.⁵ *Ib.* 31.⁶ Phæd. IV. vi.⁷ Phæd. *Prolog.* IV. 15.⁸ *Ib.* IV. vii.⁹ *Ib.* V. vii.

to a fall from the machinery at some game or other, had broken the 'pipe'¹ of his left leg, though he would have been better pleased to break both the pipes which he played on the right. He was carried home groaning, and it was some months before the cure was completed. As the custom of playgoers is (they are really a nice sort), they began to miss him; his breath had kept a dancer up to the mark so often. A noble was just going to exhibit some games, and Prince was getting on his feet again; the noble plied him with money and compliments only just to show himself on the day of the games. As he arrived, there was a buzz in the theatre about the piper: some were sure he was dead, some that he would come on at once. Well, when the curtain fell (for the show to begin), and the roll of the thunder was over, and the gods had spoken in their figurative fashion, then the chorus set up a song (which the absentee had never heard) to this effect: 'Rejoice, Rome, for thou art preserved—thy Prince is safe.' Everybody stood up to applaud; the piper began to kiss hands; he thought his friends were congratulating him. The equestrian order understood his stupid mistake, laughed heartily, and encored the song. Of course it was repeated; my hero prostrated himself at full length on the stage, and the knights jeered and applauded, and the people thought he was asking for a crown. But as soon as the truth of the matter had run up all the benches, Prince, with the white fillet rolled round his leg, and his white tunic and white boots too, as he plumed himself on the honour paid to the Holy House, was bundled out by everybody head foremost. The truth is that Phædrus is more preoccupied with his own private anxieties than with public: if Particulo would keep his promise to give him money enough to make him easy for the rest of his life, as Particulo² did at last, imperial politics did not concern him much: it was only a question who should load the panniers, but there was very little risk that the ass would have to carry double. It is curious that he should treat fables as a safety-valve for slaves,³ for a head of a household in our time would, if affronted by comment at all, be more affronted by comment disguised because known to be offensive.

¹ The thigh-bone.² *Epil.* IV. 4, 5.³ *Prot.* III. 33 *agg.*

§ 6. A pretty collection of bucolics, which has come to us under the name of T. Calpurnius Siculus, may be most conveniently described as a sort of appendix to the Augustan poetry; for there is a general consent that the first seven idylls are by a contemporary of the first five years of Nero, and probably the remaining four are by him too; though either the blunder of an ignorant scribe, or the conjecture of an ambitious scribe, or the knowledge of a learned one, has imported some uncertainty into the MSS., and there are sometimes peculiarities, just visible, like the avoidance of the hiatus after the first foot, and the shortening of the final *o* of verbs, which have been quoted in support of the distinction.¹ But the poems are an echo of Vergil, with no perceptible trace of later influences. Calpurnius follows Vergil even more simply than Gratius, because he has no real subject of his own. He is undeniably musical, and very little more: the only original observation which his shepherds make is that the noise of a brook over gravel rather interferes with singing, and it is as well to get away from it into the shade. The allusions to real life of the Eclogues reappear, though with a great loss of truth and colour. There is a patron Meliboeus, who, the swains hope, may bring their song under the notice of Rome and Caesar;² Corydon hopes to be accepted as the successor of Tityrus,³ although he knows the extent of his ambition. There is another patron, Thyrsis,⁴ who comes round the folds and awards prizes for competitions between the shepherds, which Corydon misses when he goes to see some games in Rome, held by a young god with a face like Mars and Apollo at once,⁵ so far as could be seen from the back seats at the top, where a countryman who came in a black blanket had to stand, for all the lower seats were reserved for citizens who were respectable enough to come in togas, all of whom seem to have had some official position. This same emperor is saluted in a prophetic poem,⁶ which Ornitus reads to Corydon after going out of the heat for a singing match. He is to deliver the world from oppression and war, and bring back the Saturnian age. He succeeds a prince who triumphed abroad, and brought dis-

¹ See also Note, p. 275.² Calp. iv. 157 *sqq.*³ *Ib.* iv. 64.⁴ *Ib.* vii. 6. *sqq.*⁵ *Ib.* vii. 83.⁶ *Ib.* i. 33.

cord home with him; he threw the senate into chains. His successor is accomplished, and while yet in his mother's arms, it was his favourite amusement to play at pleading causes.

Most of this would fit Nero well enough, and, though all the other notices of him imply that he was given rather exclusively to poetry,¹ it is quite possible that there may have been a little early taste for oratory, which Seneca may have thought it well to discourage, as he took a very severe view of the juridical ambition of Claudius. It is tempting to identify Meliboeus with Seneca, for Meliboeus is a very important person and a guardian of the laws; and apparently a philosopher, for the lamentations on his death in the eighth idyll begin with a pompous invocation to Æther, father of all, and Fluids, the cause of things, and Earth, the mother of the body, and Air, whence we draw the breath of life, which recalls Vergil's Silenus, as the first idyll recalls his Pollio. But there is a grave difficulty in identifying Meliboeus and Seneca. Meliboeus, whoever he was, died after patronising Tityrus throughout the life of both (one of many indications that Calpurnius was past his youth), and apparently his friends had nothing to deplore but the death of a good old man in a good old age, full of days, riches, and honour, and yet were inconsolable because he was too good to die. Now it is difficult to imagine a poet publishing any lamentation on Seneca's death at the time without immortalising himself, and it is more difficult to imagine a poet with so much constancy as to lament Seneca abstaining from denunciations of Nero; and most difficult of all to imagine how any poet living under Nero could expect praise and promotion for praising Seneca. There is the same procession of the powers of nature to mourn for Meliboeus as come in Vergil to console Gallus and mourn for Daphnis.

Calpurnius gives one the impression of knowing country life pretty well, and being a countryman: the 'city' is always something distant to dream of, and the splendours of the show make rather a disproportionate impression on his mind. His shepherd must have visited Rome before the completion of the Coliseum, for the seats were still supported

¹ *Tac. Ann.* xiii. 3.

on wooden scaffolding.¹ But the decorations made amends for the meanness of the structure. A marble wall went round the arena, protected from the animals by a strong timber fence faced with ivory, which had the double advantage of being too smooth to give their claws a hold, and of looking magnificent. There were bosses of precious stones (probably jasper, and onyx, and coloured spars) round the front of the lowest row of seats, and there was a good deal of gilding on the covered arcade assigned to women and the commonalty; and this was a novelty which impressed a city sightseer as much as it impressed a countryman who had never seen anything before. We get a good deal of light as to what was wealth in the country parts of Italy. Idas² is a rustic, but not a barbarian; he often kills both he-lambs and she-lambs; he has plenty of milk and cheese. Astacus³ has potherbs all the year round; he makes a cake for Priapus quite as often as Idas sacrifices to Pales, and cakes and honey are quite as acceptable to gods and men as fresh lamb. Idas promises fleeces in autumn, and Astacus promises chestnuts: and at bottom both lovers are very practical: as soon as it is night and time to go home, the shepherd orders his men to the right and left to bring up the flocks, and the gardener orders his man to open the sluice of the canal. It is true another pair of lovers is less reasonable,⁴ and they are not even rivals, for their mistress is equally well inclined to both, and they are content to divide her. But her parents think it is better to keep the girl at home; consequently one of the lovers forgets for three days to take the heifers out for grass or water, and forgets himself to make baskets.

There is more of a story in the fifth idyll, where a forlorn rain has lost two hours and got badly torn in looking for a way heifer; and gives up the search to lament his love, who has left him for a worse musician, who cannot give her so many presents. After telling the story of the quarrel, which was much aggravated by his indiscretion in stripping her and beating her, when her interest in the rival had not gone beyond a mere caprice, he resolves by the advice of his friend to attempt a reconciliation; so he composes a poem, which his friend promises to take

¹ Calp. vii. 23.² *Ib.* ii. 61 *sqq.*³ *Ib.* 74.⁴ *Ib.* ix.

down on cherry bark, and carry to the offended beauty. The lover offers his mistress the satisfaction of tying his hands behind his back (which we have seen was part of Italian etiquette): he, of course, as he is a countryman, is careful to give her alternative of osier or vine, and to remind her how many presents she has had from his hands, while the hands of his rival were bound, not for a lover-like indiscretion, but because he was detected in an attempt to rob the fold at night. Perhaps the point is ingenious enough to deserve some of the praise which the poet, as usual, awards himself by the mouth of the friend who compliments the lover on his verses. The latter promises himself a happy reconciliation, for he sees one of his men on the right with the missing heifer.

In most of the poems Calpurnius aims more at story and dialogue than Vergil, just because he cannot trust himself to let a lover fill a whole poem with his complaint. When Myron lectures Canthus on the art of goatkeeping,¹ when he is going to turn over his flock to him, the lecture begins when they have gone out of the heat of the sun, and after a little more than a hundred lines Myron observes it is getting late, though he has much more to say. Still, he manages to give rules for the management of a flock from one year's end to another in the space, and to give some useful hints how to cure sores caused in shearing, how to keep serpents from the fold, and how to mark the flocks as a precaution against lawsuits. The language is fairly good throughout, and there is an attempt at the simplicity of the practical parts of the 'Georgics'; elsewhere in general Calpurnius refines upon Vergil, and is vague and unreal in consequence. When a shepherd wants to say that 'though summer is nearly over, it is as hot as ever,' he begins, 'the sun's horses are no gentler yet as summer slopes down.'² When a shepherd wishes to strike a loftier strain, he tells us that 'it must not have the echo of the woods.'³ Even this is simpler than the original, for since the sound of the voice rebounds from a wood sometimes, Calpurnius allows himself to say 'rebounds' for the sake of the metre, without intending much more than 'sounds,' if, indeed, he in-

¹ Calp. v. 13 *sqq.*

² *Ib.* i. 1.

³ *Ib.* iv. 5.

tends anything. 'The blessing of Fame has paved a kindly way for Tityrus thus far from the woods, and broken the full clouds of envy.' But here praise has to stop: 'already the sun is sending down his steeds from the summit of the universe, and counsels us to grant the flocks the moisture of the rivers.'¹

¹ Calp. viii. 84-7.

Note on the Epicedion Drusi.

The genuineness of this work has always been called in question since 1849, when Haupt suggested that it was written by a Renaissance imitator of Ovid. In 1878 E. Hübner, in an elaborate paper in *Hermes*, while establishing the imitative character of the work by an exhaustive array of quotations from both Ovid and Propertius, combatted Haupt's linguistic arguments for a late date, and maintained that the imitation was too perfect for the young scholarship of the fifteenth century. None of his quotations are very decisive, for Ovid certainly imitated both Propertius and himself. Still it is startling that a poet who wrote 745 U.C. should be as familiar with the turns of expression which we find in the *Metamorphoses* and the *Fasti*, to say nothing of the *Tristia* and the letters from Pontus, as with those of earlier works. Less stress can be laid on the coincidences with the consolatory works of Seneca and upon the bare possibility that the poet may have taken the river Isargus from Tacitus—from all which Hübner infers that the *Epicedion* is a work of the second century, in which case it must be a school exercise. In any case the treatment of Tiberius is singular if the poet wrote after his death, while if it was written at the time by a member of Ovid's school it might have been elaborated afterwards.

CHAPTER VI.

LIVY.

LIVY's position was less dignified than that of many of his contemporaries: he was the tutor of the grandchildren of Augustus, a position which might have been filled by a slave or a freedman. It is probable that he owed his selection partly to the reputation of his native town for severity of manners, a reputation which was not impaired by its wealth. Livy mentions that in his day there were five hundred citizens of equestrian census, a larger number than was to be found in any other town of Italy, except Rome and Capua. Patavium had grown, like Venice, because it was in the way of trade, and out of the way of war. It had repelled the invasion of the Etruscans, and of the Gauls, and of the Spartan Cleonymus, but it had not known the constant harassing warfare through which colonies like Placentia or Cremona struggled into greatness. The colony founded there by the Romans was in no sense a protection against the natives. These belonged to the nation of Heneti or Veneti, who had expelled the Euganei. It was generally admitted that the Heneti of Venetia were descendants of the Heneti of Paphlagonia, whose king Pylæmenes had fallen before Troy, and that they had settled in Italy under the conduct of Antenor. Livy himself speaks half as if he believed the legend, which he tells in its baldest form. Æneas and Antenor were spared by the Greeks, on the obvious ground that they had been on the Greek side throughout the war: they naturally left a ruined country to settle in Italy. It is only when we come to the miraculous that Livy is sceptical. The legend of the white sow with her litter of thirty staggers him: as for the wonderful birth and nurture of Romulus, he can only say it is due to the

majesty of Rome that the world should refrain from questioning what is incredible. But he has no doubt whatever of the tradition which links Rome and Patavium together, and his judgment is of the more weight because it agrees with that of Vergil, one of the most learned of Italian antiquaries. Probably the tradition would have belonged to the same class as the French and Welsh traditions of their descent from Troy. We are on surer ground when we remember that the same mixture of races flourished at Patavium which afterwards flourished at Venice.

Livy was born B.C. 59, or 57 according to the reckoning of St. Jerome; and it seems that he was about 32 when he began the great work of his life, for the indications in the first decade (*e.g.* the mention of the temples, iv. 20) point between 27 B.C. and 20 B.C. He prosecuted his work with insatiable industry till his death in 16 A.D., though long before he left off he had done enough, even in his own judgment, for fame. His hundred and forty books carry the history of Rome from its foundation to the death of Drusus the brother of Tiberius, an event which might have served for the terminus of a contemporary history, or simply have marked the last stage which a septuagenarian historian lived to reach.

The extent of his work is a marked contrast with the historical writings of Roman aristocrats like Asinius Pollio, who took the Civil Wars for his subject, or L. Arruntius, who wrote on the Punic War with a tiresome imitation of Sallust. But Livy did not confine himself to history; he wrote to his son-in-law on rhetoric, and rebuked the obscurity of Sallust: he wrote dialogues of moral edification, which were praised by Quintilian, and have gone the way of the dialogues of Aristotle, which fascinated and inspired Cicero.

The same tendency shows itself very plainly in his history: like Rollin and Fénelon, he never forgets that he is a school-master. Edification in one shape or another is the only topic of his long and interesting preface. He doubts whether his labours in such a gigantic task will not be in vain; he knows the ancient history which interests him will seem tame to readers in a hurry to get to the Civil Wars. He does not write

121, and the next five 95: the next ten, which are lost, covered seventy years; then came ten books which we still possess, which covered the events of eighteen years, the terrible second Punic War; while the fifteen books which follow cover the period from the final defeat of Hannibal to the final overthrow of the Macedonian power: leaving ninety-five books for the events of about a hundred and seventy years; almost, that is, at the rate of a book for the events of every two years.

The disproportion shows that the author has only an imperfect mastery over his materials. He started with the method of using and amplifying all the records which he found to his hand, in order to make them at once intelligible and edifying: when the records are meagre, he is a creative artist; when the records are full and the subject trivial, he degenerates into a compiler capable of incorporating the vulgarities of the original. To the last the final characters with which he dismisses a great man upon his death are carefully and skilfully done, with a general intention of generosity, which rather breaks down in the case of Cicero. One might very well expect that Cicero, with his good intentions and private decency, would have been treated exceptionally well; but Livy could not forgive him for seeing through Pompeius. If Cicero had been a partisan, it would have been easier for the nobility to hold their own: his pretensions and his insight both acted as solvents. It is remarkable that Livy, a retainer of the imperial house, a native of the country beyond the Po, which owed its admission to full Roman citizenship to Cæsar, should have written the history of the Civil War with a strong tendency to favour Pompeius. It is unfortunate that his history has not reached us, for none of the histories that have come down give the case for Pompeius with force enough to counteract the growing bias in favour of Cæsar, due partly to his amiability, partly to the perception that his success was inevitable. Probably for this very reason the latter part of Livy was not so much read after the reign of Domitian; for, though criticism of bad emperors was free to the last, criticism of the imperial system was forbidden: and it is doubtful if criticism of the events under which it originated was really free after the reign of Augustus, for the 'Pharsalia' is

a gigantic escapade, and, as it proved, a perilous one. Even Vergil and Horace only use their liberty to glorify Cato, against whom, to be sure, Cæsar had written a monstrous pamphlet. Labienus, son of the only lieutenant of Cæsar who made the mistake of joining Pompeius, had not damaged himself so deeply by his bad life, but that he damaged himself by his zeal for Pompeius in his histories. Another reason for the neglect of the latter part of Livy doubtless was that his eloquence was beginning to show signs of the garrulity of old age. The falling off in the fourth and fifth decades is already very marked, and cannot be wholly accounted for by the deterioration of the subject. For the same reasons, it is probable that the second decade, which dealt with the dulness of the first Punic War, as well as with the sensational campaigns of Pyrrhus, was neglected by readers anxious to reach the thrilling story of the campaigns of Hannibal.

The first and the third decades of Livy are two of the greatest historical books of the world: it may well be doubted whether of the two the first is not the greater. It is quite true, of course, that Livy believed much that is incredible to modern scholars, much that was incredible even to learned contemporaries; true, that in all the material conditions of history Livy was careless, even for a man who had no practical acquaintance with affairs; true, also, that, like Hume, he preferred to write from chroniclers when he might have made some approach to writing from documents. His history is full of stories like the escape of Clælia and the rescue of Rome by Camillus, which are condemned without appeal by the casual allusions of Tacitus to the surrender of the city to Porsena, and to the ransom paid for it to the Gauls. Again, antiquarian research would have made constitutional questions of all kinds much plainer than Livy makes them—much plainer than antiquarian speculation can make them now: he talks of the ‘people’ and the ‘commons,’ and nowhere states any distinction between the two: he seems to imagine that the ‘fathers’ are the senators, yet he is not quite ignorant of the connection between them and the patricians; and he knows of plebeian senators at a time when the commons were still excluded from every office but that of tribune; one never learns the relation

the *comitia curiata* to the *comitia tributa*, or of the *comitia curiata* to either. To sum up all in a word, he constantly confuses the conflict between the authorities of the city Rome and the inhabitants of the Roman territory with the conflict between the rich and poor, the high-born and the base-born; between which it is possible that Niebuhr and some of his predecessors have drawn too sharp a distinction.

But with all this, the first decade of Livy gives incomparably the fullest and clearest picture of national life as a whole which any ancient historian has given us. The incidents are often misconceived and misplaced, but the atmosphere and the scenery are always lifelike. It is generally recognised that 'Quentin Durward' has a great deal of historical truth, although (to mention nothing else) the Bishop of Liège was not massacred, nor William de la Marck slain, on the occasion of that revolt of Liège which Louis XI. helped Charles the Bold to suppress. Now very few of Livy's inaccuracies are on a larger scale than this, and he has always the kind of truth which we expect in an historical novel—the kind of truth which we accept in conjectural reconstructions of primitive history, especially the history of religious institutions, where our interest in the subject disposes us, as patriotic pride disposes Livy, to make the utmost of imperfect evidence. It is easy to exaggerate the imperfection of the materials: for instance, the discontinuity of family as distinguished from gentile names in the very early history shows the good faith of the annalists, for if they had worked simply to flatter the vanity of great houses, every family name would have been carried back to the beginning of the Republic. It is as a less serious falsification that when a plebeian of the same gentile name as an ancient patrician distinguished himself after the days of Pyrrhus or Hannibal, the complaisant annalist reckoned him a direct descendant of the older celebrity, one of whose heirs was supposed to have gone over to the commons—probably not an uncommon process when a country gentleman did not care to leave the district where his land lay often, and probably had no objection to espouse the quarrels of his country neighbours. But Livy complains that what had happened sometimes was represented as having happened often.

This is a fair instance of the sort of criticism on his authorities which we find in Livy. He has been called credulous, like Herodotus, because he has no canons of what is absolutely incredible, and because he is not ashamed of a reverent curiosity about omens and prodigies. Even about this he is not exactly free from scepticism, or rather he has a clear perception that their value depends rather upon human carefulness than any efficacy of their own.¹ He quite approves of the distinction drawn by Papirius between the responsibility of a general and of an augur on the occasion of a profane *pullarius*, or keeper of the sacred chickens, which were carried about with Roman armies, as it was supposed that when they fed heartily the soldiers were likely to be in good heart to fight. When moral conditions became more important than physical, the soldiers were ready to fight when the chickens were not ready to feed; and at such times a *pullarius* was tempted to falsify his report: the general's nephew, we are told, was careful to inform his uncle of the real facts. The general replied that he was justified in fighting, since he was officially informed that the omens were favourable, and that the *pullarius* was answerable for his own falsehood. Accordingly, we are told that the Romans gained a decisive victory, and that the *pullarius*, who was set in the front of the battle, was killed. There is the same quaint casuistical tone in the discussion on the treaty of the Caudine Forks.² Livy is evidently uncomfortable that an unauthorised convention, which had been solemnly sworn to in the name of Rome, had been repudiated. It comforts him a little, to be sure, that there was no regular treaty, which would have been concluded by *fetiales*, and necessarily been sanctioned by all the powers of the state. Probably, while two consular armies were in the field, it was impossible to hold an assembly whose decision would be binding. Accordingly, the Samnites could only insist that the consuls should pledge themselves and their staff that they would carry a treaty to the mind of the Samnites: and according to Livy's version (as it was desirable to do what was possible to bind the authorities at home), two of the tribunes of the commons were made to pledge themselves also.³ Livy dwells at great length,

¹ *Liv.* x. xl.² *Ib.* ix. v. 2.³ *Ib.* ix. viii. *sqq.*

and with great unction, on the contrast between the devotion of the consuls who were anxious to be given up to the Samnites, that the convention might be annulled, and the selfishness of the tribunes, who insist that the convention is binding because they fear to be given up: he composes a forcible and eloquent speech, in which the consul dilates on the infatuation of the Samnites in thinking that the army could possibly bind the State. If we compare his account of the behaviour of the Romans with modern usage, it almost seems as if the Romans were excessively scrupulous. Instead of punishing the consuls themselves for exceeding their powers, they gave up every one, who had sworn to the convention, to the Samnites. Yet Livy feels as if they had not done enough: the Samnites refused to admit that the Romans could clear themselves at the expense of individuals, and so they set all the victims who were offered to them at liberty. Livy's last word is, 'Perhaps they had saved the public faith by their surrender; at any rate, they saved their own.'

Just the same mixture of patriotic pride and moral scruple meets us in the story of M. Scaptius.¹ Ardea and Aricia disputed, it seems, the ownership of a patch of land, and referred the question to Rome; and Scaptius informed the assembly that he had served in the campaign in which the Romans had conquered the debatable land from the Volscians at the time of the capture of Corioli. Hereupon the assembly voted that the land was the property of the Roman people, to the horrible scandal of the 'fathers' and the historian, who yet insists that the right of the Roman people was so clear that a disinterested judge could not fail to recognise it. The sequel of the case is more curious: Ardea sends an embassy to complain at Rome; the senate say that they will watch for an opportunity to make amends. Soon after there is a sedition at Ardea, arising out of a faction fight over a marriage, in which the popular party call in the Volscians. The Romans come to the rescue, and, as Ardea is depopulated, a colony is sent there; it is arranged that the land which the assembly voted to be Roman territory shall be assigned to the colonists, and that natives shall have a preference over Romans in the assignment. When it is too late,

¹ *Liv.* iii. lxxi., lxxii., iv. ix.-xi.

the commons detect the plot, and the tribunes prosecute the commissioners who assign the lands. The 'fathers' themselves or their leaders are inclined to abandon the commissioners, who take refuge from the storm by settling in their colony. It is plain that the story is made a great deal more edifying in Livy than it can have been in reality; it suggests that the aristocracy of Rome were in league with the aristocracy of Ardea to manage the open land to their joint profit, and that the aristocracy of Ardea got the best of it. The further question that arises is, how Livy comes to have such minute information of the internal affairs of Ardea long before the Gallic war; for we seem to be in the presence of a real, though a perverted, tradition. There can hardly have been a record at Rome of a kind to survive the capture of the city, and therefore Livy or his authorities must have got their information at Ardea. The quarrel at Ardea has too many parallels from mediæval Italian history to be regarded as fictitious.

Livy always succeeds in giving a great look of probability to his narratives of internal dissensions: he has the keen-sightedness of hatred in describing them: he has a far keener sense of the misery and criminality of sedition than of civic right. He blames the 'fathers' whenever they provoked sedition, but he blames them little if at all for their exclusiveness or for their monopoly of the public lands, or for their harshness to their debtors. He disapproves of the tribunes by instinct, and sees only the anarchical side of their office; in this he is like most ancient writers, who also dwell exclusively on the capricious side of the institution of ostracism. It was a real political progress, to appoint officers to do in the name of the commons without resistance, everything that the commons could accomplish by the force of their numbers. It is a consequence of this that Livy does not explain why the multiplication of the tribunes was always a popular measure. They had two functions: one was to propose laws, which Livy treats as the most important; the other was to protect individuals against the acts of the authorities. Any increase in the numbers of the tribunes made it possible for the 'fathers' to get one out of many to impeach legislation which they disliked, but one or two tribunes could

be influenced to allow a levy or a strict application of the law of debt, but it was difficult to effect this with ten tribunes, or even five.

There is the same want of perception of the growth of institutions in the anecdotal explanation of the appointment of curule ædiles:¹ he never thinks of comparing them with the public prosecutors, who were as old as the monarchy, any more than he thinks of comparing the prætor with the præfectus urbi, who often appears² as one of the regular magistrates of the period just before the Licinian laws. Nor does he explain why, when it was decided that the censors should not hold office for the full term of five years, the term of eighteen months was fixed.

These questions do not seem to have perplexed Livy; he is more puzzled by the recurring Æquian and Volscian campaigns. He has not yet arrived at serious scepticism as to the numbers which he finds in his authorities, and so he makes the reflection that both nations must have been exterminated many times over.³ He gives the solution himself in an earlier chapter:⁴ the Æquians had a talent for brigandage, and the Romans were not able, for many reasons, to occupy the country from which the Æquians descended. Now and then there was something like a pitched battle, and then the Romans were almost always victorious, as the English were in their battles with the Scots. If further explanation is required, it is to be found in the fact, which Livy mentions, that a regular levy of the whole force of the Æquian nation was a very exceptional thing, only to be accomplished by the employment of special religious rites: while year by year the Romans were accustomed to swear to their commanders such a binding oath that they found it easier to kill the commander to whom they had sworn than to desert their colours while he was alive.

Their disappearance after the capture of the city by the Gauls was so obvious that Livy hardly notices it. For many years, if the Campagna was plundered, it was plundered by Gauls; and when the Gauls were driven back, the same mea-

¹ *Liv.* vi. xlii. 9.

² *Ib.* vi. xii. 2-3.

³ *Eg.* iv. xxxi. 2, vi. vi. 9.

⁴ *Ib.* iii. ii. 14.

asures as kept them out would serve to keep out the degenerate Æquians. It has been noticed that when the Valerii are in office we generally find not only an Æquian but a Sabine war; and hence it has been inferred that Livy follows Valerius Antias in a rather uncritical combination. The Valerii were in the habit of thinking of the same predatory bands under the name of Sabines that the Fabii thought of under the name of Æquians, and consequently their special traditions always recorded a Sabine campaign; while the general tradition, which was the only guide when the Valerii were not in office, only records an Æquian one. Probably the combination was already accomplished in the 'Annales Maximi'; for Livy is careful in noting the discrepancies in the annalists whom he follows, not exactly without discrimination: when they differ, he asks himself which is the oldest, and which tells the most probable story. But he never attempts to go behind the annalists. Augustus had seen a linen breastplate, dedicated by A. Cornelius Cossus, at the temple of Jupiter, which stated that he was consul, and had slain Lars Tolumnius, and had dedicated his spoils. The other authorities all agreed that when he was consul there was no important war with Etruria or elsewhere, and that when he won the spoils he had no higher rank than tribune.¹ It never occurs to Livy to enter the shrine and inspect the inscription himself: it is doubtful if he could have done so without special permission. But he attaches paramount value to a contemporary document, especially a contemporary document attested by Augustus: he declines to explain how the mistake in the Fasti arose, and takes it for granted there must be one, so that he does not hazard the easy conjecture that Cossus was not able to put up a permanent record of the dedication of his spoils until he was consul. It is just the same with the 'Linen Books,' which contained lists of magistrates, and were kept in the temple of Moneta. Livy carefully notes when Licinius Macer appeals to their authority against other authors,² but he never dreams of consulting them himself, not even when the authors who appeal to them, as Macer and Tubero, differ as to what they say.

¹ *Liv.* iv. xx. 4-5.

² *Eg.* iv. vii. 13.

One notices that Augustus hardly seems to have entered the temple of Jupiter Feretrius as a matter of course, although he was Pontifex Maximus: the temple, like many others, was out of repair, and he entered as part of his official inspection. There were only fifteen men in Rome who had the right of reading what the Sibyl was supposed to have written; and though the number of officials who had access to other public records during their term of service was greater, there is no reason to think that they were open, of course, to every historian.

And if Livy's opportunities had been better, he is too much in bondage to edifying anecdotes to make the most of his materials. For instance, all the treatment of the second Samnite war, up to and including the convention of Caudium, is coloured by Livy's view of the purely ethical merits of the case. It is an axiom with him that every state which renews a war with Rome after a treaty is perfidious, and disloyal too: there is a sort of reflected lustre of the world-wide empire of Rome thrown back upon the early days, as if every state which signed a treaty with Rome ought to have known from the first that it was signing an indenture of vassalage. The word '*rebellare*' has from the first a good deal of the associations of 'rebel.' It is the guilt of rebellion which makes the Samnites unsuccessful at the outset of the war; it is a consciousness of guilt that makes them resolve to surrender Brutulus Papius, the leader of the anti-Roman party; and when the Romans refuse to renew the treaty after his dead body has been given up, Gaius Pontius has a reasonable expectation that the gods will change sides: and the final victory of the Romans is due to the arrogance of the Samnites in sending the Roman army under the yoke. In the same way the battle of Sentinum is decided by the religious effect of the devotion of the younger Decius, quite as much as by the superior tactics of Q. Fabius: and the final triumph before Aquilonia is explained by the displeasure of the gods at the human sacrifices with which Ovidius Paccius had consecrated the last army.

As a work of art,¹ the picture of the pompous musters of

¹ *Liv.* ix. xl., x. xxxviii. 2.

the two armies which, at the end of each war, were overthrown by a Papirius is decidedly impressive, even after the suspicion has occurred to us that the family legends of the Papirii may have something to do with the coincidence. And the Samnites are the only adversary of Rome whom Livy can bring himself to respect, with the exception of the Latins. The Latin war fills him with horror—partly at the audacity of the Latins in demanding incorporation on equal terms into the Roman state, and actually claiming to have one consul permanently allotted to them, partly at the fratricidal character of the war; (this gives him an opportunity of describing the tactics of the Romans and the Latins at the time of the decisive conflict,) and partly also at the great risk the Romans ran. But the Latin war was short and sharp: the Samnite wars lasted as long as the Punic, almost as long as the tedious and desultory conflict with the Æqui and Volsci: and Livy is weary of the long war and ashamed of his weariness.¹ The Samnites were not weary of being conquered, the Romans were not weary of conquering, and Livy has no right to be weary of writing, or we to be weary of reading. Perhaps he idealises a little when he says that the Samnites never tired of an unblest battle for liberty, and chose rather to be conquered than not to fight. They were fighting, not merely for liberty, but for access to the sea; the treaties which closed the first and second Samnite wars both left the independence of Samnium untouched, but the first cut the Samnites off from Campania, and the second cut them off from Apulia and Lucania: and the wars were, besides, less of an unbroken chronicle of Samnite disaster than Livy represents them. Not only does he often disguise Roman defeats and embellish drawn battles into brilliant victories, but he does not take account of anything but pitched battles and the defence or attack of fortified towns. The likelihood is, that almost to the last the Samnites had the best of the booty, as the Romans had the best of the battles: there are incidental notices of plunder, which we only hear of when it was recovered from the Samnites; while it is always matter for a triumph by itself when a Roman army roams about the open country without meeting an enemy,

¹ *Liv.* x. xxxi. 6, 7.

especially if there had been a bloody battle which could be claimed as a victory. The political situation is treated like the military: the fact that there were Samnite and Roman parties in Apulia and Lucania is not affirmed or denied, and instead we have a declamation on the perfidy or levity of Apulia and Lucania, whenever there was a change of sides in those nations to the disadvantage of Rome.

Still more perplexing is the account of the relations of Rome to Etruria from the days of Porsena and the Cremera onwards. The family legend of the Fabii doubtless obscured the fact that their house had practically been banished from Rome because it was always involving Rome in wars for the debatable territory between Rome and Veii; but it is strange that Livy should not have understood that the truces concluded with the great cities beyond the Ciminian wood were for so many years of ten months. Consequently he complains of the perfidy of the Etrurians in so constantly resuming hostilities before the time, while he never invents a speech to express the indignation which the Romans must have felt at the time, if the case had been as he puts it. The decisive struggle with Etruria coincided with the decisive struggles with Samnium, and there can be no doubt that on this period the traditions of the Fabii, embodied in the oldest annalist, Fabius Pictor, would certainly have been valuable if critically used. As it is, Livy has taken little from Fabius but the lively picture of the dismay of the common people at Rome when Q. Fabius Maximus marched through the Ciminian wood. It was only two hours' march, and it must constantly have been traversed by traders; and yet to the average idler of the forum and the average soldier in the field it seemed the boundary of another world, the haunt of all kinds of ghostly monsters. It must be remembered that narrow mule-tracks were quite sufficient for all the wants of commerce, and that the pioneers who entered them for the first time would feel none of the security against the terrors of the forest which a wide military road naturally gives; and that the Romans were always very sensitive to change in their surroundings, and prone to imagine themselves in another world upon all sorts of pretexts, because they were on the shores of the ocean instead

of the shores of the Mediterranean, because they saw fresh constellations, or lost sight of familiar ones, or found the shadows fall in a new way.

The same source, no doubt, accounts for a good deal of dramatic and doubtful detail about the campaign of Sentinum, where Fabius and Decius defeated the Gauls and Samnites. According to Livy,¹ Fabius first asked for Decius as his colleague, and then quarrelled with him because both wanted to go to Etruria and neither wanted to go to Samnium. In quite a different connection,² Livy tells us that the service in Samnium was generally unpopular, and a change to Etruria a welcome relief, because the cold in the Abruzzi was so severe. Historians who were not of an anecdotal turn simply said that Fabius and Decius fought in Etruria; but Livy has a long tale, which he only half believes, of the debate between Fabius and Decius (he is careful to call attention to the curt archaic character of the speeches of men who were better in the field than in the forum), and of the advance of Fabius into Etruria at the head of a small army to refute the false alarms of Appius Claudius (who was naturally opposed to Fabius, since it was in the censorship of Fabius and Decius that his demagogic constitution had been overthrown by the restriction of freedmen, who were mostly domiciled at Rome, to the four city tribes). Then Claudius raises the alarm at Rome, and at last Fabius and Decius combine their forces against the Samnites and Gauls. There were annals that went further, and gave two contentions of Fabius and Decius, and a heated debate between Claudius and Fabius at Rome.

This is too long a story for Livy, who is strongest in isolated episodes. For instance, he does not attempt to trace the growth of the demands of the commons, or explain why the question of debt seems to have become urgent about the time of the Gallic wars, or how the author of the Licinian laws had become a senator of old standing. But the description of how any given riot passed into a revolution is always masterly: perhaps the most splendid instances are the account of the laws of Publilius, with the surprise at his decision to legislate for the public good instead of prosecuting for

¹ *Liv.* x. xxii. sqq.

² *Ib.* x. xlv. 9.

his private wrongs,¹ and the restoration of the old constitution after the decemvirate.² It is true that Livy has not taken as much pains as he might to ascertain all the special features of the case. He knows less than Dionysius of what the Icilian laws were, but his description of the reaction in favour of the senate, and of the enthusiasm which greeted the restoration of the consuls and tribunes, is infinitely more dramatic. He succeeds again in the scene of the rescue of Fabius from the wrath of the dictator,³ who wished to execute him for having fought a successful engagement without orders; and the success is the more noteworthy, as he has encumbered himself with the assumption that before Fabius could be spared the authority of the dictator must have been vindicated, and that the tribunes and senate and people must have acknowledged that they could do nothing but entreat humbly for the free pardon of one lawfully condemned. It is a suitable close to the episode that long after, when Fabius is consul, and has won his great victory beyond the Ciminian wood, the senate's anxiety about his colleague compelled him to name his old enemy dictator at midnight in deep silence.⁴ Another episode, which is decidedly well treated, is the institution of a paid army in connection with the siege of Veii;⁵ first we have the useless opposition of the tribunes to the principle of pay, on the ground that the commons would have to find the money to keep the military chest full: and then, when it is resolved to keep the troops before Veii all the winter, we have an admirable speech of a consular tribune on the stage which the Romans had reached in their progress to the conquest of the world. It had become possible for the first time to give a practical shape to the principle that the Romans would never end a war without a victory: hitherto, though wars had been commenced with abundance of ceremony, they commonly languished after one or two campaigns, if the enemy abandoned the offensive.

In general, the speeches of Livy are admirable; they always comment instructively on some of the most important elements of the situation, through conventional assumptions of what the

¹ *Liv.* ii. lv.-lvii.

² *Ib.* iii. xlv.-lv.

³ *Ib.* viii. xxxi.-xxxv.

⁴ *Ib.* ix. xxxviii. 7, 8.

⁵ *Ib.* iv. lix. lx. v. ii.-vii.

situation must have been. For instance, in this speech the tribune gravely contrasts the constancy of the Veientines, who bear the siege and even the burden of a newly re-established monarchy, with the impatience of the Romans. It is hardly a demerit that Livy, who writes as an advocate of authority, masks the question whether the pay was not given because otherwise the troops would have refused to lose their harvesting; and whether, when it was given, they found that they lost their chance of getting the next year's crops as well, as they were not home in time to plough and sow.

But in spite of unreality and reserve, Livy's speeches have not the empty scholastic air of those of Sallust, and he has every reason to boast that he never seeks digressions from his main subject, though he makes the boast¹ as an introduction to his curious discussion as to whether Alexander the Great could have conquered Italy: no doubt it was an old school discussion when Livy wrote, and he could hardly have passed it over. One smiles at the list of the great Roman generals any one of whom would have been a match for Alexander; but it is quite true that the worst of them was very much better than any general whom Alexander met in his Persian campaigns. Alexander was a very great tactician; but it would have required a very great tactician indeed to bring a million of men into effective action against a force which never numbered fifty thousand. Livy is quite right in insisting that the Roman system of tactics was far superior to the later Macedonian, and that it would have been much harder to conquer a Roman consular army than any number of Asiatics. It is also relevant that Alexander could not have invaded Italy in his prime, that neither he nor any army that he could have raised were the same men as they were when they invaded Asia. The rhetorical indignation at the measures which Alexander took to commend himself to his oriental subjects may seem excessive to admirers of Alexander's genius, but it is true that the adoption of Persian pomp would have proved a very bad preparation for an invasion of Italy. The invasion of Pyrrhus really gives a tolerable measure of the success which Alexander might have expected: besides, as Livy

¹ *Liv.* ix. xvii.-xix.

points out, Italy at that time had nothing to reward an invader in comparison with Carthage and even Sicily, which Alexander would certainly have conquered first. The suggestion that Carthage might have supported Rome if Italy had been attacked first is not exactly preposterous; and perhaps some weight is due to the reflection with which Livy characteristically begins, that the 'fortune' of the Roman city was more enduring than that of any individual, and that Alexander died too young for it to be seen whether a reverse of fortune such as overtook Cyrus and Pompeius was not in store for him. There are some grotesque exaggerations, like the statement that the terror of the name of Alexander could not have daunted the Roman people, because they had never heard of him. Considering that the senate had long before the death of Alexander been engaged in diplomatic correspondence with Tarentum, and that the rite of burying Gauls and Greeks in the forum proves the familiarity of Roman superstition with Greeks, it is unlikely that Alexander's name was unknown, even to the country folk whose children called elephants Lucanian oxen when they saw them for the first time in Pyrrhus' army.

The second decade contained the conclusion of the Samnite wars (which shows that the division into decades was not Livy's own, or he would have finished the subject in the first decade), and their renewal on the invasion of Pyrrhus. It is clear from the epitome that all the romantic stories were told at length, and there were a great many observations of what happened for the first time. It was left, for instance, to Curius Dentatus to invent a moderate method of coercion for men who declined to enrol themselves when summoned. Instead of involving his lictors in the risk of a wrangle with the tribunes, he simply put up the defaulter's goods for sale. The first show of gladiators came considerably later, and was perhaps of more importance.

The history of the first Punic war was prefaced by an account of the origin of the Carthaginians and the early days of their city; and the author had been careful beforehand to provide for the bad impression which the story of the Mamertines made. The Mamertines had been called in to garrison Messina, just as a Campanian legion had been called in to garrison Rhegium: in

both cases the garrison appropriated the town to themselves: and the Romans, with a severe sense of justice, compelled Rhegium to surrender, and put the Campanian legion to the sword. When the Mamertines in the same circumstances applied to Rome for help against Carthage and Syracuse, there was a strong effort made to uphold the strict view; but in the assembly regard for morality and the law of nations was finally overborne, partly by the hunger of the commons for the rich corn-lands of Sicily, and partly by a fellow-feeling for Italians who were fighting for their lives against Greeks and barbarians. Livy is too scrupulous to approve either motive, but in his eyes the war was justified, because Carthage, which doubtless had a treaty both with Tarentum and Rome, had sent a fleet to the aid of Tarentum when the two were at war; and the Romans, who took treaties much more strictly than the Greeks, no doubt assumed that their own treaty was violated: although the Athenians and Spartans would have thought the conduct of the Carthaginians, in defending one ally when invaded by another, quite excusable, if slightly irregular.

The incidents of the long, confused, and indecisive war seem to have been left in their native obscurity, and in some ways the difficulties of an historian were greater than in the earlier period. He had sources independent of the Roman annals, but none of them were so decisively superior to the Roman as Polybius was for the second Punic war. The principal Greek authority was Philinus of Agrigentum, whose resentment of the sack of his native city led him invariably to colour his narrative in the interests of Carthage to an extent which scandalised Polybius. Polybius himself had no special sources for the first Punic war, such as his friendship with Scipio supplied him with for the second. Consequently Livy, who even when Polybius is at his best follows him capriciously, seems to have treated him as one of many authorities to choose from as he happened to think their stories probable. The most interesting part of the war was Hamilcar's occupation of Ercte and Eryx; and this Polybius found too intricate for detailed narration; and, to judge by the Epitome, Livy was of the same mind. On the other hand, the legend of Regulus and his martyrdom, which was

treated as uncertain by many writers, and finally denied by Dio Cassius, was told at length. The Romans, as we see from Cicero, had long settled that Regulus was a hero for protesting against a treaty of peace and an exchange of prisoners, and still more for returning to Carthage afterwards. There seems to have been some ground for believing that Regulus thought himself that the Carthaginians meant to murder him, and had actually given him slow poison, and his family had no doubt of his murder after his death. As the Romans had a legend of how he had gone back to torture with his eyes open, so the Carthaginians had a legend of the cruelty of Regulus's family to Hasdrubal and Bostar, who were certainly handed over to them according to Roman authorities, either as hostages or for purposes of retaliation. Probably Livy had no explanation to give of the fact that, a few years after he dated the heroic and fruitless embassy of Regulus, an exchange of prisoners was carried out as a matter of course. All the Roman anecdotes of the war found a place: how the army of Regulus were frightened by a monstrous snake a hundred and twenty feet long on the banks of the Bagradas, and had to destroy it with stones from *balistæ*; how C. Duilius won the first sea-fight, and was rewarded with the privilege of having pipers and link-boys to march before him when he came back from supper;¹ how the handsome Claudius lost a fleet by his contempt of the prophetic poultry, and his sister incurred a fine by regretting, when she was hustled by a crowd, that he was not alive to command another fleet.

The eventful twenty years between the first and second Punic wars were hurried over in a single book, though they included the decisive struggle with the Gauls, who had come over the Alps at the invitation of their kindred in Italy, in which C. Flaminius, who fell at Trasimene, acquired his reputation as a doughty champion of the commons, by not only defeating the Gauls but dividing the conquered land among the poor of Rome. The event which the epitomist thought most interest-

¹ This proves how strict the police of the Roman streets was, for in most ancient towns a man who could keep pipers was at liberty to have them play in the streets.

ing was, that M. Claudius Marcellus won the last *spolia opima* by slaying the king of the Insubrians. The censors had to repeat the feat of Fabius and Decius in confining the freedmen to the city tribes (which Livy, when he first mentioned it, treated as a final settlement), and this proves how the Punic and Gallic wars had exhausted Italy; for many farms must have been in the hands of bailiffs, whom the widows had been compelled to emancipate.

It is true that the eventful history of the conquest of Spain was to be told as an introduction to the second Punic war; but this is one of the weakest parts of Livy's work: he does not enable us to see the situation at all, or explain why the Carthaginians got on so much better with the Spaniards than the Romans. It is a minor grievance that he involves the actual *casus belli* in hopeless confusion. There seems to have been some kind of understanding that Carthaginian influence was not to extend to the north of the Ebro, and Livy mixes up this understanding with the Roman claims to support the Saguntines, who claimed alliance with them, whose city, though Livy did not always remember it, lay well to the south of the Ebro. The siege of Saguntum is told at oppressive length; although Spanish sieges have always been remarkable for displays of passive heroism, as there have always been those found who could force the impatient to suffer in silence. Of course the final scene is exaggerated: the Roman party committed suicide, and burnt themselves with their families and goods, and they are treated on this occasion as if they were the whole town: while afterwards Saguntines are mentioned as if the town had surrendered in ordinary course. The changes of fortune in the Spanish war, which began soon after Hannibal's invasion of Italy, are not more inexplicable in Livy than in the other authors who have treated of them. Perhaps the nearest explanation is to be found in the campaigns of Lord Peterborough. The capture of New Carthage by the younger Scipio is a feat exactly in the manner of Lord Peterborough: and it is not unlikely that the admirable marching powers of Spanish irregulars threw the offensive now on one side now on another, in a way very perplexing to the reader. It is also to be remembered that Scipio

was a mystical and untrustworthy person, and that he represented himself as having driven the Carthaginians, including Hasdrubal, out of Spain; although it is certain that Hasdrubal must long have been anxious to leave Spain as soon as he safely could, in order to join his brother in Italy.

Modern readers object, perhaps too much, to the complacency with which Livy assumes that Hanno the Great and his party, who opposed and thwarted the war in every way, who would have been delighted to surrender Hannibal to the Romans if they could, in order to avert the war, who depreciated his successes and refused him the means of following them up, were the true patriots, the best and wisest of the Carthaginians. It is clear from Livy's own showing (and Polybius completely bears him out) that the ruling class at Carthage was very corrupt; but this does not prove that its interests were at variance with those of the bulk of the citizens. Carthage was a commercial city, whose rich men had extensive estates, cultivated by serfs, whose condition would be improved in no way if their masters were heavily taxed to recruit a mercenary army in Italy. If the taxes reached a point at which they trenched on capital, the trade of the city and the mass of poor who depended upon it would have suffered. There was much to be said for the view that Carthage, having once been defeated by Rome, had better renounce ambition, and avoid giving provocation for the future. The commercial aristocracy of Rhodes actually took the course which the commercial aristocracy of Carthage wished to take, and Livy is consistent in approving both. Then, too, Livy had an instinctive sympathy with the sense of civic independence, which was shocked at the hereditary predominance of a single family. First, Hamilcar had ruled the south of Spain on his own account, then his son-in-law had taken up the reins, then the son-in-law sent for Hannibal to be trained to take up the succession in his turn. Barnevelde and the De Witts were very good patriots, though they were strong opponents of the House of Orange, and the Grand Pensionary De Witt did not maintain his ground without abundant bribery. Of course, too, Livy applied to Carthage the standing assumption that the aristocratic party, which was also the Roman

impressive about it, though it is one of the points upon which he has been most severely criticised. It is quite true that as Hannibal's army maintained itself for many years in Italy after the battle of Metaurus, the deterioration of which the ancients speak cannot have gone very far. But it is quite true that immediately after the army of Hannibal moved out of Capua it had lost its superiority. The armies of the Romans were worse than they had ever been; for Trasimene and Cannæ, coming one after the other, had gone far to annihilate the able-bodied men of a certain age: and yet we repeatedly find Hannibal outmarched and outmanœuvred, and worsted in partial encounters, which were not always insignificant, although Livy exaggerates them as much as Polybius underrated them—for he formally laid down, no doubt on Scipio's authority, that Hannibal when engaged in person had never been worsted till he was overthrown by Scipio at Zama.

The same moralising tendency makes Livy more than just to the caution, which was partly incompetence, of commanders like Q. Fabius Maximus Cunctator. They undoubtedly had more self-control than men like Varro, who thought it a plain duty to fight Hannibal and beat him, and they recognised his greatness as a general sooner. They were right in thinking that the commander of a mercenary army, without a military train or a military chest, could do nothing in the long run in a country full of fortified cities, and that even if a few towns joined him he would not be able to defend them long or effectually. But Livy's admiration of their self-control carries him far when he assumes that it was the only right and virtuous course to let Hannibal burn and plunder as he liked, and only follow him up and down Italy from one fortified camp to another. According to Appian, the battle of Cannæ was fought, not only to please the hot-headed Varro, but a large body of senators in his camp: and perhaps it was a proof of consistency as well as magnanimity that Varro was officially thanked for coming back to Rome after the most crushing defeat that a Roman general had ever survived. If he had stayed to be killed like his colleague, who did not want to fight, of whom Livy, like posterity, makes a spotless hero, it would have been clear that he

despaired of the Republic. It was really a pusillanimous resolution never to fight a pitched battle because the Romans had no light cavalry and were disconcerted by a general who systematically made his main attack, not on the enemy's front, but on his flanks. Livy gravely assures us that, when C. Claudius Nero had marched with a picked corps to reinforce his colleague, who was opposed to Hasdrubal, the colleague seriously proposed to delay the action, and give Hasdrubal time to discover how weak the reinforcement was, as then the Romans would not run the risk of engaging unprepared with an unfamiliar enemy. One cannot say that such imprudent prudence was quite impossible, for Livy is not alone in asserting that Fabius and his admirers threw every difficulty in the way of Scipio's invasion of Africa, because Hannibal was still encamped in Italy, and might have resumed the offensive if another Roman army had been cut to pieces in Africa like that of Regulus. Livy gives a perfectly impartial account of the dispute, for both Fabius and Scipio were accepted heroes of Roman respectability: and Livy's simple piety, which his critics handle so severely, makes him very penetrating about the mystical pretensions of a Scipio. He thinks it quite proper that solemn supplications should be made to Vesta when the priestess on duty had let out her sacred fire, though he knows that the whole blame of the accident lay with the priestess, and that it betokened neither the guilt of the city nor the wrath of the gods; but that a private individual should presume to hold converse with Jupiter on the Capitol, and meditate all his resolutions in his presence, and countenance rumours that he was of superhuman birth, was evidently not quite compatible with good faith or perfect reverence. Livy's tone is never more nearly rationalistic than when he is dealing with a pretentious mystic. He does not presume to criticise the mystical temper that took hold of the public generally; all the prodigies which accompanied the war of Hannibal are related quite simply and seriously, though he is aware that he is writing for an incredulous generation. In the same spirit, and with less anxiety, he recounts the importation in the most literal sense of foreign deities—the Great Mother from Phrygia, Æsculapius from Epidaurus—and the touching care with

which old games were performed, and new games instituted, at the height of public distress.

The most impressive part of the third decade is certainly the recurring spectacle of Roman constancy: there are few scenes in history like the census when the censors were afraid, because the treasury was empty, to contract for ordinary repairs, and the contractors begged them to let the contracts as usual, and promised to wait for their pay till better times. Of course the transaction had a commercial side to it, and Livy does not conceal that the heroism of the nation had to be braced by the government. He is quite as proud of the severity of the censors to young men of rank who neglected to serve, as of the generosity of the women who gave up their ornaments to the treasury when they were forbidden to wear them, and dwells with satisfaction on the police measures for limiting the period of mourning and prohibiting crowding in the gates after Cannæ. In the same way, when Ti. Sempronius (the grandfather of the Gracchi) raised an army of slaves under the promise of freedom, Livy not only gloats over their achievements in cutting up a Carthaginian army under the principal lieutenant of Hannibal, but dilates with relish upon the strict and slow degrees by which Sempronius doled out the fulfilment of his promise. This contrasts curiously with the indifference to the death of Sempronius, who fell in an ambuscade, whereupon his army dispersed, though doubtless available for future conscriptions. Nor does Livy ever care to trace the results of military events, except in the case of the occupation of Capua and of the battle of Metaurus: he mentions, or intends to mention, everything as it occurs, but holds that if he explains the succession of events the connection may be left to take care of itself.

This uncritical temper has some advantages: we learn the more of what was believed at the time of such episodes as the passage of the Alps and the escape from Casilinum. We are not told where Hannibal crossed the Alps; and, considering that the Gauls had often crossed them with women and children, it seems as if Livy a little exaggerated the difficulty Hannibal had in passing them with elephants and baggage, just as he exaggerated the passage of the Ciminian wood. But the exaggerated

rumours of the camp, which turned every steep slope into a precipice, and seriously persuaded itself that a road had been cut in a day through rocks first heated by fires and then split by vinegar, belong in their way to history in the same sense as the venerable stratagem of oxen with torches tied to their horns; which would have made it impossible to drive them in any one direction, and otherwise they could not have produced the effect of an army.

The transition from the war with Carthage to the wars with the successors of Alexander is managed with a good deal of dignity, and the reluctance of the people to make the efforts which the senate felt to be necessary is a familiar subject that suits Livy well; but the dilatory and indecisive campaigns, with the large crop of rumours which floated about the idle camps, are very tedious, and Livy is obviously overweighted by his materials. He breaks down into short sentences, and tries to copy the baldness of older annalists. He takes no ethical interest in the politics of the period between the war of Hannibal and the visit of Prusias to Rome, after the fall of Perseus. The only opponents of Rome whom he can censure with the old spirit are the Ætolians, who overrated their services to Rome, while the Romans were always ready to sacrifice them either to Philip or to the Achæans.

The majority of the wars of that period were undertaken without an intelligible *casus belli*, and Livy himself apologises for the campaign against the Gauls who had settled in Asia Minor, and were always at variance with the state of Pergamus, which had early attached itself to the fortunes of Rome, being in danger both from the power of Macedonia and from that of Syria. It is characteristic of Livy that he dwells upon the 'luxury' which followed the battle of Magnesia and the triumph of Lucius Scipio, and never explains how Pergamus and Alexandria came to be committed to a standing opposition to Antioch and Philippi, or how the Romans came to be so undecided in their dealings with Antiochus, and so vindictive in their dealings with Carthage (it is clear from the *Epitome* that the final demand upon the Carthaginians to remove ten miles from the sea scandalised him). Again, why had the wars with

Macedonia such a peculiar character? always beginning with a long series of marches and countermarches in difficult country, which continually brought the Roman army into a position of great embarrassment, until at last it extricated itself by a decisive battle, where the superiority of the legion to the phalanx was sure to assert itself. Livy understands the superiority of Roman tactics very well, but the degeneracy of Macedonian tactics and the uncertainty of Roman strategy are left unexplained.

Naturally, nothing is done to remove the confusion of events in a period when the Romans were indiscriminately at war with enemies who were or were not formidable, and who did or did not repay the cost of conquest. The annalistic method is not unsatisfactory, when the Romans had only to fight in Italy, or even when they were fighting the Carthaginians at once in Sicily, in Spain, and in Italy. But after the Gauls of Italy had been conquered (which it was necessary to do immediately after the conclusion of peace with Hannibal), the wars with the barbarians of Piedmont, the Valley of the Rhone, and the mountains to the north-east of Italy, and the more serious combats with the tribes of western and north-western Spain, had no connection with the wars against the civilised powers of the Levant,¹ although they were practically contemporary with them. To make any one set of these transactions intelligible it would have been necessary to treat it continuously, but this Livy never attempts; when he has to mention a state or a nation for the first time, he takes pains to describe it to the reader, unless the press of greater events left no room, as was the case with the first conflicts between Rome and Philip during the war of Hannibal.

There is little of interest in the internal history. Livy is ashamed of the way in which the State compounded with its creditors on the outbreak of the Macedonian war, and hurries the matter over. It is part of the supercilious dignity of Latin history to be brief, too brief to be quite intelligible, in describing financial arrangements; but the grievance of the

¹ The affairs of Illyria and Macedonia were inextricably entangled, though Illyria was barbarous and Macedonia was not.

creditors must have led to many scenes of the kind that Livy is fond of dilating upon in the early part of the history. Again, the repeal of the Oppian law would have been one of the most brilliant episodes of the First Decade, if it had happened early enough. As it is, there is simply the stereotyped formula that there was a great deal of excitement about what looked a very small matter, followed by a tame though prolix assertion that the women descended in a body into the streets to support the repeal of the law, and blockaded the houses of the tribunes who supported Cato in his desire to maintain the law. There is a speech on each side, and Cato's is very racy and peremptory: it turns upon the mischief which would follow the emancipation of women and legislation in obedience to street demonstrations. The law is scarcely defended at all upon its merits apart from the general principles of frugality, and, as Livy did not dwell upon the reasons for the enactment of the law at the time it was passed, it is easy for Cato to make his defence of the law quite independent of the distress which was over.

The elder Cato is one of the few characters that stand out sharply after the Punic wars in Livy, and it is only one side of Cato of which this can be said. Livy does not show at all the side of Cato on which Cicero dwells with predilection. We should not learn from him how clever and inventive Cato was; and that, not content with upholding the old-fashioned Roman ways against the licence and contempt of the Hellenising party in the nobility, he was also anxious to compete with the Greeks in such of their accomplishments as he recognised; just as he studied the methods of Carthaginian husbandry and introduced them to his countrymen, while he wound up every speech in the Senate with 'Delenda est Carthago.' Of course Livy does not give a hint that his animosity to Carthage had its root in commercial rivalry. Carthage had long ceased to be formidable to the supremacy of Rome in any part of Europe; but, so long as any part of the old domain of the city was protected from Masinissa and his horsemen, Carthage competed formidably in Italian and neutral markets.

Nor does Livy notice the curious contrast between Cato's interested implacability to Carthage and his disinterested

patronage of Lusitanians and Rhodians, and his general desire to limit the foreign dominion of the Roman state, which in his opinion only tended to foster a denationalised class of aristocrats, with pretensions greatly at variance with abstract justice and with the convenience of the hard-working majority.

When Livy has to deal with the typical specimen of this class, the younger brother of Publius Scipio Africanus, he takes refuge in vague phrases about 'luxury' and 'arrogance,' and finds the climax of the trial of Asiaticus in a dramatic scene of popular ingratitude; though, for one reason or another, he omits the famous legend of the tearing up the accounts which would have secured the acquittal of Asiaticus if only they had been read in Court. The final secession of Scipio to Cumæ is left unexplained, though Livy does not fall into the mistake of Seneca and Pliny, who make Scipio in his retirement a model of antique simplicity, because they compare the rudimentary luxury of the Republic with the developed luxury of the empire. No fragment has been preserved which bears upon the story of the Gracchi, though it is clear from the Epitome that he took the severest view of their enterprise. The most important agitation which he has to chronicle is a long quarrel between one Postumius and the Senate, who refused to allow him to triumph for his performances in Ætolia; whereupon Postumius fell into a constant state of accusation, and would allow no one else to triumph if he could persuade the people to prevent it.

It is remarkable how very little Livy was quoted: the only considerable fragments which have reached us are on the assassination of Sertorius, where the MS. is very imperfect, and the narrative of the death of Cicero, preserved by the elder Seneca. The latter is curiously meagre: the last thing Livy can find to say of Cicero is that he was *Vir magnus, acer, memorabilis*. Even here one word is characteristic; to say that Cicero was *acer*, 'sharp set' both in judgment and action, is to say something that most modern critics miss. They see nothing in Cicero but his sensitiveness and vanity, his good intentions and his perplexity—all which Livy sees too, except the last; and it is something to be reminded that, of all the

politicians of the day, he was the strictest and keenest except Cato, and perhaps Bibulus.

The language of Livy in general rises and falls very closely with the thought. He is rather copious than verbose: he does not spend many words on what he mentions, but he mentions almost everything he knows and believes. When his knowledge is meagre, he is constantly on the strain, as in the first decade, to impose some unity on the fragments by compression, and to fuse conjecture and assertion into a single sentence. When his materials are more abundant, he is content simply to set them side by side. Instead of the historical infinitive and *oratio obliqua*, we have sentences with no predicate but a passive participle without a copula, and a decided diminution in the number of speeches; while such as are recorded are almost all in *oratio recta*. There is another change as the narrative advances: Livy is not only more matter-of-fact, but more critical: he suspects Valerius Maximus and Claudius Quadrigarius when he can compare them with Polybius, and finds that they record battles with enormous slaughter which are not mentioned by Polybius: he still retains the battle and the victory, but he insists that the numbers must have been enormously exaggerated.

Livy did not stand alone in the magnificent scheme of his history. The Greeks were inexhaustible when the Romans were at leisure to listen to them. Dionysius of Halicarnassus wrote a Roman history which was even more copious than Livy's, much more laborious, and not much more trustworthy, for his antiquarian curiosity made him the dupe of a certain Cn. Gellius, who had accumulated much lumber. Diodorus of Sicily wrote without pretension to style and without much attention to accuracy. Pompeius Trogus,¹ who was not improbably of Greek extraction, though connected with Gaul, wrote in Latin, and was supposed to have written with eloquence and dignity the history of the world in the comparatively moderate compass of

¹ His third name, Trogus, is Greek, and is of the nature of a nickname. It implies that he or some ancestor had a trick of nibbling dainties. Such nicknames were not uncommon among native Romans of the highest rank, at a somewhat earlier period; but a Pompeius with a Greek cognomen is likely in the reign of Augustus to have owed his citizenship to Pompeius.

four books, from the foundation of Nineveh to the overthrow of Varus. We only know the work from the Epitome and the copious extracts of Justin, a writer of the second century, who made it his business to run all the showy episodes over, so as to make a brilliant reading book. The result is the narrative is disproportioned and disjointed: but perhaps it is the fault of his abbreviator: perhaps it is not uncharacteristic that he is by the accidents of history one of our chief sources for the Sacred War, which ended in bringing Philip to the frontiers of Boeotia. His notion of what is impressive seems to depend rather upon quantity than quality. He dwells upon calamities, great armies, great revolutions, rather than great personalities, whom he does not understand. His descriptions are trite, and he is at bottom a pessimist, regarding history as a gloomy though splendid spectacle.

CHAPTER VII.

TECHNICAL LITERATURE.

TECHNICAL literature was not neglected. Hyginus, a Greek grammarian of Spanish extraction, wrote as voluminously as Varro, though time has spared nothing but two fragments. One is an abridgment of his work on genealogies, which Bursian conjectures was made in the Antonine age; it has the title of 'Fabulæ.' Probably this includes most of the stories which had been used in literature, while the antiquarian learning and compliments to distinguished families which one looks for in genealogical treatises, ancient or modern, were omitted as of no use to a schoolmaster. The other is on astronomy, and extends, even as abridged, to four books, which are largely concerned with the constellations and their history. Fenestella, a native of high position, undertook a great deal of encyclopædic writing in the spirit of Varro, but apparently without his originality and humour. M. Verrius Flaccus was, in the opinion of Augustus, the first grammarian of his age; he was appointed tutor to the emperor's grandchildren about 10 B.C., and was allowed to move with his old school into the palace on pledging himself to take no fresh pupils. His reputation seems to have been rather burdensome to posterity, for a good deal of the little we know of him comes to us in the form of quotations from other grammarians who wrote against him, and some hundred and fifty years after his death the meek Aulus Gellius picks a quarrel with him and is wrong. He endowed his native town of Præneste with a learned marble calendar, of which the first four months have been recovered by excavations, and the town repaid the compliment by erecting a marble statue in his honour.

His work on the meaning of words must have been enor-

mously extensive, for Gellius quotes the article on *ater dies* as from the fourth book, so that at least four books must have been devoted to the letter A. Again, *Parasitus* came in the fifth book of the letter P. It is plausibly maintained that each letter had a first and second part, and that the order of the first part was fairly alphabetical, while in the second there was an arbitrary grouping by subjects which might account for *Parasitus* coming so late. He began with Augustus, partly in compliment to his patron, and partly for the sake of auspiciousness, just as he put Jupiter Lucetius at the beginning of . . . He is no better than other Romans in his etymologies: for instance, he derives *adolescere* from the Greek ἀλδήσκειν, and *amœnus* from *â privativum* and *mœnus*, because a place was *amœnum* when it owed its owner no profitable task; and *Augustus* is derived *ab avium gestu*. More than once he contradicts himself, putting down one author's explanation in one place and another's in another, when his plan brings him back to the same word. And he accumulates the views of different authors on the same word to an extent which puzzled Sex Pompeius Festus, a grammarian who quotes Martial, and otherwise has left no clue to his date. He objected, too, to the altitude of words which Flaccus inserted without explanation of their meaning or authority for their use, simply to complete the list of all the old words he had met in his reading of old books, ritual, formularies, and other grammarians. All that Festus cares for is explanation of obscure words and etymologies, and such antiquarian information as was easily intelligible. He liked to give himself an air of independence in correcting or supplementing his authority. For instance, after quoting Verrius for the fact that *Opuscus* was the old form of *Oscus*, he proves, from the use of *obscœnus* in Vergil, that Verrius was wrong in deriving *obscœnus* from *opuscus*. He, too, after quoting Verrius' bad etymology of *prodigium* from *prædicere*,¹ supported by *monstrum* from *moneo*, *portentum* from *portendo*, he supplies from his own invention *tentum* from *ostendo*. It is also believed that he made use

¹ Elsewhere Verrius connects *prodigium* with *prodigo*.

of other works of Verrius, especially those on augury and the obscurities of Cato, to supplement the work on the meaning of words, which he only quotes twice because he wishes to seem an independent writer. He reduced Verrius to twenty books, of which an extremely fragmentary MS. existed in Illyricum in the latter half of the fifteenth century, which was brought to Italy, and some leaves fell into the hands of Lætus, and have now passed out of sight, while the other larger portion passed from the hands of Manilius Rullus through several others to a safe resting-place in the Farnese Library. In the ninth century Festus in his turn seemed too cumbersome to be used, and one Paulus Diaconus, who is thought to have been a bishop, since he calls himself 'pontiff,' reduced the work to a simple vocabulary, leaving out everything he did not care for, and rewriting what he did not understand, and dedicating the result to Charles the Great under the name of David, which he bore in the school of the palace. Both the Illyrian MS. and the oldest MSS. of Paulus Diaconus represent the same corrupt text. And those of a date considerably before the Renaissance are already emended by scribes able to notice one or two gross blunders, but not learned enough to give their conjectures real value.

If we doubt whether a grammarian like Verrius belongs to literature merely because he stood at the head of his profession and had continued to keep his own Latinity uncorrupted by the many anomalies which he had met with in the course of his reading, what shall we say of a would-be architect like Vitruvius? He had been employed on one or two small works, and apparently his physical defects had kept him back from larger work, and so he paraded his accomplishments on paper for the edification of Augustus, with a sort of hope of getting recognised as the highest speculative authority upon the subject. He is stiff and pretentious in his prefaces, the only part of the book which has any attempt at style, and the technical rules are often so brief as to be obscure. He does not confine himself strictly to his subject, but digresses from the rules of architecture (which are still to be traced pretty strictly to Greek originals) into all manner of sciences, the existence

of which is presupposed by architecture, whether an architect need personally know of them or not. He even goes so far as to connect water organs with the chapter on aqueducts, and in this way he throws a good deal more light than more interesting authors on the material side of ancient civilisation. The date of Vitruvius' work cannot be fixed more precisely than by the facts that the Portico of Octavia had been built, and that there was only one stone theatre in Rome.

The date of Pompeius Mela, who composed a gazetteer, can be fixed a little more precisely, but he has now less claim upon attention than Vitruvius, for we possess Strabo and Eratosthenes, writers far superior to him both in scientific spirit and in range and accuracy of knowledge.

It would be interesting to know more than we do of the speculative movement of the Sextii, which seems to have struck both the elder and the younger Seneca very strongly. The elder speaks of it as a Roman school of thought, started very vigorously, and presently dropped in connection with the general intellectual decline which he seemed to himself to have witnessed. The younger contrasts their Roman spirit with their Greek language. The father, Q. Sextius, out of a spirit of independence, refused to be made a senator by Julius Cæsar: the son seems to have had no practical experience. Their doctrine had little originality: it was an edifying and somewhat enigmatical amalgam of Pythagoreanism and Stoicism, taking up the Pythagorean discipline of self-examination and abstinence without the fiction of transmigration, and the Stoic ideal of the godlike and blessed life without the depressing pedantry of Chrysippus' dialectic. The contrast between the wise man with all possible and impossible perfections who was nowhere, and the fools who were everywhere and all alike, can never have been inspiring.¹ Seneca says Sextius described the blessed life so that every one might feel its greatness, and no one need despair of it, as we might praise a Christian preacher who praised the blessedness of the ideal saint, leaving every sincere believer to appropriate it in his measure. He claims Sextius as a true

¹ Sen. Ep. ad Lucit. lxiv.

Stoic, contrary to the common opinion, apparently because he insisted on the all-sufficiency of virtue ; the only extract which he gives that is at all striking is a saying that the sage should go through life like an army marching in a hollow square ready to fight on any front.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DECLAIMERS.

THE real intellectual activity of the latter part of the reign of Augustus took a different direction; the educated class ceased to spend themselves upon either poetry or learning; they spent themselves upon declamation. Asinius Pollio, who was still an orator, liked to exercise himself upon imaginary themes, and was so pleased with his own efforts that he invited the public to witness them; but he was soon surpassed. During the latter half of the reign of Augustus there was a whole crowd of famous speakers, few of whom attempted to speak on practical subjects, and fewer still were fit. On the other hand, there was a large public with itching ears, who were willing to be entertained, or even to be disappointed, by a speaker clever enough to raise expectations he was not serious enough to satisfy.

We know this world of activity from a fragmentary book of the elder Seneca's, a Spanish professor of rhetoric, who in his old age amused himself and his children with recollections of what he had heard in his youth. The book itself is fragmentary, and the state in which it has reached us more fragmentary still. The author tells us repeatedly that his wonderful memory had failed him in great measure, that he is compelled to put things down as they come, to quote, not the best that there was to quote from a particular speaker, but what he remembered best, and the like. Out of his ten books half¹ have reached us, not un mutilated; we have excerpts from the whole ten. The

¹ The first and second, and the seventh, eighth, and tenth books. The excerpts from the third and fourth books have the introduction. The introduction to the eighth is grievously incomplete.

collection was once known as the 'Ten Lesser Orators' (which almost suggests that the 'Lives of the Ten Orators' which have reached us as an appendix to Plutarch are older than his day). The scheme of the book, so far as it has a scheme, is that Seneca describes some noted declaimer to his children in the preface, and then begins by describing some controversy in which his hero distinguished himself; after which he passes to others. Before he has come to the end of his task, he is much ashamed of it. He was attracted at starting by the prospect of being carried back to the days of his prime, but he found out before he left off that the whole subject was too silly to occupy the time and thoughts of an old man. From the first he is careful to classify those declaimers, especially Greeks, who were too egregiously absurd, and to explain the difference between relative sobriety and good sense, and the licentious pursuit of effect at any cost.

The soberest of all was M. Porcius Latro, who seems also to have been among the earliest; he is the subject of the biographical part of the introduction to the first book. He almost belonged to the age of Cicero. He died in the 194th Olympiad, *i.e.* before 19 A.D., more than sixty years after Cicero; but the life of Seneca had been long enough to have given him a chance to hear both, if the war of Munda had not kept him at home when Cicero was giving private lessons in oratory to lads hardly older than Seneca. The art of declamation, as Seneca described it, did not yet exist at Rome in Cicero's time; he tells us himself that when he was young it was thought safer to speak for practice in Greek. It was when the forum became dull, because all speakers were compelled to respect the government and abstain from appeals to political passions, that the schoolman drew the public who had been used to get as much excitement as they wanted by frequenting orators. There had long been professors of rhetoric, who gave their pupils not only rules of how to speak, and subjects, if they wished it, to speak upon, but examples of their own skill (which was still a novelty in the time of the 'Author to Herennius,' whoever he was); but the reputation of such professors depended rather upon their judgment than their eloquence. Even when we make

full allowance for the defects of Seneca's memory, it seems that the declaimers whose feats he records owed their reputation chiefly, though not exclusively, to the brilliant things they said.

A course of declamation was a school of impassioned casuistry; its interest lay in the discussion in the most *outré* form of all the questions suggested by family and political life. The standing subjects always brought up the relation of father to son, stepson to stepmother, and the like; the commonest type of question is, Was a father in a given case justified in repudiating and disinheriting his son? Nor are public affairs exactly excluded, but they are always combined in some way with a family squabble. For instance, a son is commander-in-chief, being elected when his father had stood for the office; afterwards he is taken, his father fails to ransom him, he is crucified, and on the cross tells the ambassadors, sent from home to try and save him, to beware of the traitor. The father is tried for treason. Of course the story is absurd, as absurd as the story of Massinger's 'Old Law,' but it is full of exciting points, and any speeches that were made upon it would be lit up by the inarticulate excitement of the audience, and so seem finer than they were. For all sensational literature depends for its effect upon an excitement so intense that its occasion is not distinctly conceived. Take another case: it is assumed that a law exists enacting that a son who strikes his father shall lose his hands. A tyrant commands two sons to beat their father: one commits suicide, the other, after beating his father, succeeds in killing the tyrant. Here was an endless field for exciting epigrams. Two of the best are, of the father pleading for the son, 'Would that I could plead for two,' and of the son defending himself, 'Nothing in the whole tyrannicide was harder to do.' Besides, underlying the controversy there was the whole question whether purity or utility ought to be paramount; and there was the literary interest of finding a form of suggesting, without bombast or bathos, that, even at the time, the father would sooner have had a son beat him than commit suicide. Of course this led to plenty of grotesque expedients; one orator actually made the father say that both sons wanted to commit

suicide, but that he succeeded in saving one who, the bystanders wrongly thought, had struck him in the scuffle.

Another favourite subject, which brought up a social rather than a political question, was the slave who married his master's daughter, to the disgust of his master's son. A tyrant was supposed to have decreed that the slaves should take the free women to wife, the men being either slain or driven into exile. One slave continued to treat his master's daughter with respect, and when the republic was restored her father gave her to him in marriage: the son (in order that the cause may come before some imaginary court) accuses the father of madness. It was of course quite possible that a tyrant should have issued such a decree, but in the days of the Greek tyrants the pride of caste had not reached the pitch that it had under the empire. All the ability of the leading speakers was spent on the side of the son: they did not trouble themselves to prove that the father was out of his mind; they dilated with emulous ingenuity upon the position that the girl was badly used. They hardly condescend to recognise that the slave had any merit at all in the matter: he was afraid of being crucified on the restoration of the republic as the rest had been; at the utmost he hoped that when his mistress was married he might be emancipated. If he had any merit, he lost it, thanks to the folly of the father. He was sufficiently rewarded by looking on in safety, when less cautious slaves were punished. It is noticeable that none of the defences of the father are hearty: they never go to the length of asserting that the generous slave was an equal of free men. Albutius raised the question, What is a slave, or what is a freeman? trying to prove that the distinction was merely conventional, not that it was a real distinction which might be transcended by adequate merit. Latro, who was always thorough and practical, dwelt a good deal on the difference between misjudgment and insanity; others invented disparaging excuses for the father; he wanted to keep his daughter at home, and to give her a convenient, obsequious husband, and there was no money to provide a proper dowry, or, after all, in a family like his it was no use looking high, and if his daughter was to marry a freedman, she had better marry a freedman of her own.

and, after all, a son-in-law who could despise a tyrant was not to be so much despised. Even this was not putting the matter on low enough ground: one ingenious person thought that the father was influenced by prudence in descending to the common level; it would have been too invidious, if the only maiden left in the community had married in her own rank. This does not seem to strike Seneca as absurd, although he is shocked when the son, after wishing the daughter might be childless, went on to explain that the wish was only reasonable, since tyrants, he heard, were bred from such matches.

A slave is a little better treated in another discussion, of which we have only the summary, though the subject is too monstrous for any country but Rome. A man dying of an incurable disease asked one of his slaves for poison. The slave refused, and the master provided in his will that his heirs should crucify him: the slave appealed to the tribunes. The argument in favour of the will admitted that the slave would probably have been crucified if he had done as his master bade him, and only insisted that the slave must have deserved the cross already, or no master would have given him such an order: and another peroration was made up of the sacredness of wills and epigrams, of which this is a specimen: 'Why, you gallows-bird, do you mean your master is to die when you please, and you not to die when he pleases?' But even in the summary it is clear that the slave's cause was considered the best. Still it was thought that the master had a case, and this is intelligible when we see the state of feeling shown in the declamations about foundlings. A man did not, it seems, lose his rights over his children by exposing them: if, when they had grown up, the person who had saved their lives wished to keep one to adopt himself, it was quite intelligible that the father should go to law with him and bewail with the sincerest tenderness his misery in being forced to choose between his children. So, too, if the foundlings were crippled in order that they might bring a profit to their owner by begging, it seemed a serious aggravation of the crime that if the unnatural parent was ever inclined to recognise them he would not be able to know them.

The relation between husband and wife, on the contrary, is

should have done. If Callias had really done Cimon a service, still Cimon was not bound to waive his rights as a man and a husband out of gratitude; and so on, and so on. The same audacious orator, who thought Callias ought to thank Cimon for killing his daughter for him, opined that Cimon had put his wife in the way of adultery in order to get rid of the burden of gratitude to Callias.

Another instructive theme was the story of Flaminius, who obliged his mistress by the sight of an execution after dinner, and was afterwards tried himself for conduct unworthy the majesty of Rome. The best thing on the subject that Seneca quotes is due to Senecio, whom he did not admire. Senecio said he felt easy about a prisoner who stopped at criminals when he wanted to be cruel, and at a courtesan when he wanted to take his pleasure. A more serious speaker, Votienus Montanus, who was still more noted for his ingenuity than his judgment, brought up the whole imperial practice of prosecutions for treason, enumerating everything that might be punished under other laws, or reasonably enough left unpunished to public opinion; after which he went on to an enumeration of all the distinguished commanders who had taxed the forbearance of the Roman people quite as severely as Flaminius. Another favourite subject from Roman history was the death of Cicero. Something has been said already of the motives which led the declaimers to expand the doubtful tradition that the party which hunted Cicero down was led by a Popillius whom Cicero had once defended in a private suit. The debates were overloaded by conceits like these. It was certain now that Popillius had murdered his father as he had murdered his patron; or, it might fairly be hoped that he would be convicted now that he had no Cicero to defend him. Some ingenuity was displayed in working in quotations from Cicero himself. Cestius Pius quoted the passage on parricide from the speech for Roscius of Ameria; Marcellus Æserinus introduced a quotation from the fourth speech against Catiline, making Antonius reflect that Cicero was indifferent to death, which could never come untimely to a consular or grievously to a philosopher; but that possibly he might not be indifferent to being killed by

his own client. The fact that Popillius, when he once had received his orders, had no choice and ran no risk was naturally indifferent to the declaimers. Some of them debated whether, supposing that necessity excused some crimes, it could excuse the crime of killing Cicero: some remembered that they would have run some risk themselves if they had accused Popillius under Antonius or even Octavian. Some reflected that the order might have been given to Popillius because his commander disliked him, and tried to get some pathos out of the imaginary hesitation of an imaginary coward. Only one had the boldness to lay down that Cicero deserved his fate, and to say something for Antonius as well as for Popillius. Cicero had carried a decree that Antonius and all his adherents were enemies of the State. What was this but to proscribe Antonius and Popillius? This was thought a harsh method of pleading. It suited public feeling better to make Popillius say that his only way not to kill Cicero was to kill himself; and to kill himself had been too hard a task for Cicero. It was assumed of course that Cicero was in hiding, and that no one but Popillius would have been admitted to his retreat; although the fact that he died as he was being carried along the open country in a litter was perfectly well known.

Greek history was upon the whole less fruitful. There were the questions what Alexander was to do when he came to the Sutlej, and what Leonidas and his Spartans were to do when they were left alone at Thermopylæ; but these belonged to the lower department of the declaimer's art, they were *suasoriæ* not *controversiæ*. The only *controversia* beside the ingratitude of Cimon was the legend of Parrhasius, who bought an Olynthian captive in order to make him serve as a model for Prometheus on Caucasus; the slave died under the torture, and the picture of Prometheus was dedicated to Minerva. Curious enough, the only ground on which it seems Parrhasius could be prosecuted was that he had injured the Athenian statue—either by the sacrilege of dedicating such a picture, or by the disgrace which must fall on a city where such cruelty was possible, or by his contempt for the decree which gave Olynthians equal rights at Athens.

The Greeks all made a point of honour of declaiming against Parrhasius, and introducing some dreadful conceit about Prometheus, as if to outrage a model of a picture was to outrage the subject of the picture. Seneca was shocked at the suggestion that to torture the Olynthian with hot irons served Prometheus right for stealing fire for men: it was all right to complain that man and fire should be turned against Prometheus. A point of law which the Romans were fond of, was how the Republic was injured by a man using or even abusing his power as a master over a slave; and the same thoroughgoing speaker, who said Cicero had no right to complain of Antonius, went fully into the question whether the decree which conferred the rights of Athenian citizenship upon all Olynthians who got safe to Athens acted retrospectively in the case of an old man who had been sold and tortured before the decree was passed, or at any rate before Parrhasius knew of it. Most who defended Parrhasius were content to observe that the Olynthian was an old man, who would soon have died any way. Seneca thought it objectionable to add that he was a wicked old man: if anything of that kind were to be said, it was so easy to add that he was a traitor to Olynthus. Of course the point that Parrhasius treated his slave worse than Philip treated his captives was pressed every way. When the Olynthian was bound down he said, 'Philip left my limbs free.' The Olynthians begged life of Philip, but of Parrhasius they had to beg for death.

A Greek theme, which proved very fertile and attractive, was the privilege assigned to special acts of bravery, which could always be complicated with the question of parental authority. A 'brave man' might have lost his hands, and then order his son to kill his wife and her paramour; or 'a brave man' might be forbidden to go to war by his father who had lost other sons;¹ or both the father and son might be brave, and dispute which was to choose his reward first. This last led to a very pretty complication: the son was to insist on choosing first, and choose that the people should erect a statue

¹ There is a play of Beaumont and Fletcher's on this.

guilt in four degrees: he tortured a man, an Olynthian, he imitated the torments of the gods; he brought his picture into the temple of Minerva. But if Parrhasius was to reply, it was impossible for him to justify under these four heads—to say that there was no harm in torturing an Olynthian, and the like, whereas it admitted of being asserted or denied that cruelty to an Olynthian was an injury to the state of Athens.

There was a constant rivalry between the orators who actually pleaded in court and the declaimers; and Seneca was all for making the distinction as sharp as possible. A declaimer who gave himself the airs of an orator was, to his mind, the absurdest thing in the world. Not that Seneca thought the declaimer was necessarily inferior to the orator, for the orator was a declaimer for practice. The truth was, the declaimer was much freer than the orator. He had not to observe the conventional optimism which an orator who wished to rise could not escape, and the orator was seldom more than a second-rate declaimer. One fundamental difference was, that the orator spoke out of doors, and the declaimer adapted his voice to a room. M. Porcius Latro, the manliest of declaimers, once tried to plead in open court, but found himself completely at a loss; and his friend the Proprætor of Hither Spain actually adjourned the case into a room where he could make himself heard. This made declaimers ridiculous to their contemporaries, but we, who can hardly imagine the possibility of finished speaking out of doors, need not wonder that the declaimer wished for the natural conditions. In fact, though Juvenal still laughs at the poor rhetorician forced to come down from his 'rhetorical shade' to fight in the open forum, the declaimers only led where the orators were soon to follow: the covered basilica, with its large apse for the tribunal, tended in ever-increasing measure to supersede the forum. The declaimers, if of sufficient rank, simply admitted the public to hear them exercise their voices and invention in their own large halls: the others commonly took advantage, like poets, of the spacious baths which were opened in different parts of Rome. This had its disadvantages, for it destroyed the teacher's authority over his class. Seneca once was listening to Murrhedius, who had a very high opinion

of himself, and a very poor opinion of Cicero; so as he was complacently explaining that whatever line he had entered, he would have been the greatest man in his line, Seneca interrupted the climax by saying that if he had been a pumpkin he would have been the greatest pumpkin in the world. Poor Murrhedius insisted that Seneca should apologise or leave before he would go on. Seneca coolly said he had nothing to apologise for, and had no intention of leaving a public bath till he had quite done bathing. Murrhedius and his class were helpless, and had no choice but to go away in a rage.

It was a distinction of Latro that he never would hear his pupils declaim: they might listen to him and learn, and they might profit, if they could, by his ironical comments upon his rivals, whom he often parodied, till at last his hearers were afraid to applaud him. Seneca gives an amusing instance of his irony: he solemnly said, at the end of a burst of eloquence, *Sepulcra inter monumenta sunt*. The phrase was between a bull and a platitude, but it had the right ring about it, and the audience applauded to the echo, till they were scolded into silence. Seneca, who, like him, had come from Spain to Italy, gives us a lively picture of his habits and his immense mental activity: he was invariably occupied in speaking or preparing to speak. He was so eager that he made himself hoarse by waking up in the night to study, only taking a short nap after dinner, which of course impaired his digestion. These exertions were rather fitful: he allowed himself no repose when at work, and naturally he worked himself to a standstill: and then he would be completely idle until he had recruited himself by a holiday in Tuscany, where he would farm and hunt as eagerly as he had declaimed, without touching a book or a pen. When he came back, he was at the height of his power, and astonished every one by his fertility and energy, and by his complete command over his subject and his audience. Though he did not trouble himself to imitate the speeches of real orators, he avoided the fantastical display of ingenuity which tempted most speakers on unreal themes: he always tried to find some broad simple issue which would give sufficient field for eloquence, instead of trying to raise as many questions as

ssible. In the same way when it was clear, as it generally is, that one side was altogether in the wrong, he never went far afield for a 'colour' to put on the case; although this left plenty of room to invention, since in an imaginary case 'exenuating circumstances' might be multiplied or complicated to pleasure.

It is unfortunate that the fragmentary state of Seneca's compilation has left us in ignorance of his portrait of Gallio, who was in his judgment the second rhetorician of the day; in the judgment of many, the first. Seneca says that whenever they were matched against one another, the glory would have been with Latro and the palm with Gallio; as if Gallio had been the more exquisite and brilliant, Latro the more fresh, vigorous, and telling speaker. The extracts which are given from Gallio are not very characteristic, and do not throw much light on the traditional criticism of Augustus preserved by Tacitus.¹ The phrases of Gallio quoted by Seneca do not seem to be more 'jingly' than those of other speakers; and Seneca himself seems to think that it was not Gallio but Albucius Silo who was most disposed to rely upon sound; though brilliant chorisms with great display of voice are not exactly the same as the jingles which Augustus detected in Gallio.

The reputation of Albucius stood the higher that he did not presume upon it. There were only five or six days in the year that he ventured to invite the public to listen to him; very few had the privilege of hearing him in private, and they found the privilege worthless. He took no pains for an audience too small to be inspiring; he began to speak before he rose, and he wandered in idle speculation; he did more than lay out the question, and yet he did not speak on it. He was only copious when there was a crowd to listen, and then he would often speak for three hours at a time, for he wished to say everything that possibly could be said. The argument was overloaded, for every proof was proved to be cogent, and every division of the subject was treated as if it were the whole; every part was separately established and dilated upon, and digressed from, and put the speaker into a separate fit of virtuous indignation.

¹ *Tinnitus Gallionis*, Tac. *Dial.* c. 26.

He was not willing to trust himself to speak extempore; and, to hide the fact that his highly ornamented declamation had been carefully prepared beforehand, he was apt to make excessive use of low words like 'vinegar' and 'lantern' and the like. He wished to disguise the fact that he was a mere rhetorician, and spoiled himself at last by his attention to Fabianus and Apollodorus, the standard writers upon rhetoric, who insisted much upon the importance of varying the style. The result was that in his later speeches there were long stretches of simple dulness, which were meant to be terse and vigorous. His reluctance to be a mere rhetorician led to a very mortifying failure in open court: he was pleading a cause of inheritance, and challenged the other party to swear by the memory of his father and his unburied ashes. It was of course a mere figure of speech, but Arruntius had influence enough with the court to insist that the phrase should be treated as a serious proposition: though poor Albucius said that at that rate figures of speech would perish from among men, Arruntius retorted the world would survive the loss. Happily figures of speech were quite safe in the school, and Albucius, who could not give them up at any price, might console himself with the reflection that no one had such large audiences in the forum as he had at home. But even at home he was exposed to a good deal of ridicule. When the dutiful son had to put a brother suspected of parricide to death, and instead put him on board a leaky boat (with a view to his being picked up and saved by pirates and subsequent complications), it occurred to Albucius that, as parricides were as a rule sown up in sacks, it would be an effective allusion to call the leaky boat a wooden sack, as we call dangerous ships coffins. But Cestius made the conceit absurd by transferring it to the statement of the controversy: 'one brother put another aboard a wooden sack to sail to Kennaquhair.' The same speaker, whose success as a critic was as marked as his failure in original work, took another opportunity of vexing Albucius, who had gravely inquired why a cup breaks when it falls, and a sponge falls without breaking, by telling his own class to go and hear Albucius declaim on the question why cucumbers did not fly like cuckoos. The poor

man died in character: he suffered from an incurable complaint, and went home to Novara to die; whereupon he invited all the commons of the town to hear him deliver an oration on his reasons for abstaining from food. His career was always a disappointment: he never satisfied an audience, and always interested them.

A reputation of very much the same kind was left by Mamercus Scaurus, who exhausted the forgiveness which the Romans were long willing to give to his name and unmistakable talent. He was too indolent to prepare his speeches, and none were good throughout but by accident: all contained something to prove what a great orator was lost in him. He affected the gravity and dignity of antiquity: he was choice and aristocratic in diction, and had a ready and a pretty wit, whenever he could drag his opponents into an altercation. He committed suicide three years before the death of Tiberius, because he was accused of a treasonable tragedy by Macro, the prætorian prefect. Tacitus seems to imply that his eloquence was as remarkable as his life was scandalous.

The same combination of talent and censoriousness and dissoluteness meets us in T. Labienus and Cassius Severus. They were not only declaimers, but orators and historians, whose works cannot have been valuable, for they were neglected as soon as Caligula removed the prohibition against having and reading them. Labienus was the earliest: when the decree for burning his books was published, Cassius said he ought to be burnt too, inasmuch as he had learnt them by heart.

Cassius Severus was a man of more serious talent: as an orator he made an epoch, and as a declaimer he was, if not in the first rank, a respectable champion and a formidable critic. He was the most effective of all speakers upon the favourite theme of the man who mutilated children who were exposed, in order that when they grew up he might trade upon their profitable infirmities. Most speakers were content to dwell upon the obvious point, that at any rate he had treated the children better than the parents who turned them out to die; but Cassius developed the subject into an attack upon all the injustices of contemporary civilisation. It was useless to con-

tend that the heartlessness of an individual was an injury to a state all whose members were as heartless in other ways. This bitter censoriousness was the secret of his power: no one trusted him as an advocate, but he had abundant practice in speaking for the defence, as he was prosecuted himself so often. But he preferred when he could to prosecute, and even then he never convicted. It was one of Augustus' jokes, 'I wish Cassius would prosecute my forum,' which hung on hand, 'because then it would be sure to be absolved,' which in Latin meant either 'acquitted' or 'finished'! He was so libellous in his attacks upon the honour of men and women of position, that Augustus felt compelled to extend the law of 'majesty' to punish such offences; the theory being, that offensive publications which disparaged persons of rank impaired the 'majesty' of the state, and of course this applied *à fortiori* to any disrespect to the person of the emperor. Cassius was banished under this law to Crete, and, as he was equally active in mischief-making there, he was finally banished to Seriphos, in the tenth year of Tiberius; where he died of old age, being really too insignificant for further punishment.

But there is a complete consensus of authority as to his very remarkable eloquence. Throughout the dialogue on the orators, he is recognised on both sides as the real founder of the new school of oratory; and the elder Seneca and Quintilian bear witness to the completeness of his victory over all the obstacles in his path—his low birth, his bad life, his unpopular politics. He was practically the only speaker after the age of Cicero whom Quintilian thought profitable to students of his own day. Tacitus gives him credit as the one orator of the new school who had retained the liberal training of the republican period, who knew philosophy and history and law. The orators of the reign of Vespasian read nothing and knew nothing but the forum; and even the declaimers had abandoned erudition, and accepted a complete dependence on text-books and compilations. Latro knew every event in the life of every general sufficiently to get the rhetorical points out of it, but even in the days of Latro such independence was rare. Few took their vocation seriously enough to work for it. Montanus,

who was as genial as he was grotesque, said that he did not write his declamations, for fear that the foolish things that he said should fix themselves in his memory and form vicious habits of speaking.

With all his praise, Seneca quite agrees with Quintilian and Tacitus in his description of the limitation of Cassius' powers as a speaker; he was after all too constantly heated, and his speeches had no development or repose. As the ancients said, he had more energy than blood:¹ he lacked the fulness and pervading glow of a Demosthenes or a Cicero, though it might be said of him, as it could not be said of Cicero, that there was nothing otiose in his conduct of a case, nothing that the hearer could miss without loss, nothing which did not tell and was not furnished with a proof of its own. Then his voice and person were full of charm and dignity. Like so many Roman speakers, he is praised in the same breath for being suave and for being cutting, for the audience were never supposed to sympathise in any measure with two parties at once, and a speaker had no need to observe any measure in wounding his opponent.

Seneca explains that no quotations could do justice to the oratory of that period.² Cicero and one or two of his contemporaries were as good to read as to hear, but it is a general rule with Seneca that speeches were more effective when heard than when read, and it was, moreover, very uncertain whether any particular speaker would do such justice as was possible to any particular speech in writing it out. Every speech was like a fine acting play, with the further advantage that it was acted by the author; many speeches were like acting plays which owe

¹ 'Plus vis quam sanguinis.'—Tac. *Dial.* 26. 4.

² This may account for his total failure to convey to his readers any sense of the eminence of Q. Arellius Fuscus the elder, whom he ranks as the fourth of the great declaimers: his extracts are wearisome and remarkable, if for anything, for arid acuteness. Seneca says he was a very capricious speaker, the framework of his declamation was dry to a degree, but the cadences were always soft, flowing, and effeminate, and he never lost any opportunity of luxuriating in flowery description; there was nothing rough, or keen, or earnest in his speaking. This meagre and paradoxical criticism is given incidentally when Seneca is characterising Fabianus, an amiable philosopher, who took great pains in his youth to learn the manner of Fuscus, and afterwards to unlearn it, as not quite worthy of a philosopher.

their success to the improvisations of the actor, inspired by contact with his audience. A speaker who failed in preparation might be roused at the moment of speaking, but he would not be able to recall the effect at will. Another might overload himself with superfluous ingenuity, and this was a defect apt to be exaggerated in publication, because his first thoughts were best, and, if he inflicted his second thoughts upon an audience, he was apt to inflict his third thoughts upon his readers. Votienus Montanus, the Ovid of the declaimers, made his reputation by a speech before the centumviri, who decided little but cases of inheritance, and consequently had plenty of leisure to listen to young speakers. His client was a lady accused of poisoning her father, who consequently left her only one twelfth of his property. Montanus said, what in Seneca's judgment ought, if he had left it alone, to have endured to all ages: 'Uncia nec filiæ debetur nec veneficæ,'¹ but he spoilt the effect by more variations than Seneca could remember or care to go through. 'In a father's will a daughter should have her own place or none.' 'A daughter ought not to have such a narrow footing in her father's will.' As Seneca says, each variation is good, but none equal to the original, and when he came to publish he was not content with what he had spoken.

¹ 'A twelfth is the due neither of a daughter nor of a poisoner.'

CHAPTER IX.

HISTORICAL COMPILATIONS.

THE rhetorical activity of the time made reading for its own sake superfluous and burdensome, and there was more demand for compilation than for independent works. A person who cared to hear declamations required a certain knowledge of history to understand the allusions; a person who intended to cultivate declamation wanted a reading-book to supply him with illustrations. Besides, a person without intellectual interests did not like to be entirely ignorant either of the outline of events or of the most edifying and exciting anecdotes. It is our good fortune to possess a specimen of each kind of compilation, and it is instructive also to learn that it was the reading-book for rhetoricians which had the largest measure of success.

There is scarcely any ancient book which is so little quoted in ancient or mediæval times as the two books of M. Velleius Paterculus, who composed a summary of Roman history for Vinicius, consul 30 A.D. Priscian names him once at length, and two scholiasts mention him under the name of Paterculus. He has given a tolerably complete account of himself, or at least his military services, from the first to the fourteenth year of our era, when he and his brother were appointed prætors, being the last to receive that honour from Augustus, and the first to receive it from Tiberius. As he says nothing of further promotion, it is probable that he did not receive any, although he might have held a provincial government without feeling called to mention it if it did not bring him into personal contact with Tiberius. It might not be uncharitable to suspect that he took advantage of the consulate of a personal friend to see if he could recall himself to notice by an enthusiastically loyal history: he speaks of the pleasure with which he reflects on his visits to

the East in the first days of his service, as if the experience had not been repeated.

No book, on the other hand, was more popular than the collection of memorable words and deeds by Valerius Maximus, whose patron, Sextus Pompeius, was consul 14 A.D., and pro-consul of Asia in 27; the latest date he mentions is the fall of Sejanus, 32 A.D., while in the preface to the sixth book he addresses a chamberlain of Julia, the mother of Tiberius: she died in 29 A.D. There were two abridgments of his work, executed at the beginning of the fifth century by Julius Paris, who still wished the book to serve its old purpose as a manual for young declaimers, and at a somewhat later period by Januarius Nepotianus, for the benefit of a young student, Victor by name, who showed his singular proficiency by desiring that ancient writers should be abridged for his benefit. Probably there were few who read anything beyond the necessary textbooks, while a student (probably an ecclesiastic) who wished to know as much of ancient literature as possible found that his time for reading was limited by other duties; and beside, the wordiness of Valerius Maximus was as disagreeable to a reader, more familiar with the psalter than any other book, as the simplicity of the Old Testament had been to a student of Cicero like St. Jerome.

Velleius is, as he tells us repeatedly, a very cursory writer: he divides his book into two halves at the capture of Carthage, and of these the first has only reached us in a very fragmentary condition. The writer had not confined himself strictly to Roman history, which was his ostensible subject: in the early history he seems to have told in outline what he knew both of the beginnings of Greece and of the further East, but this has to be made out from later allusions, as considerably the larger part of the first book has been lost, including the whole regal period. What there is of it is not very characteristic: the author has better opportunity to display his ingenuity in the later part of his work, where he can draw the outlines of familiar characters. He makes a system of optimism: when he has to relate Sulla's reconquest of Athens he is careful to assert that Athens was always faithful to the Roman alliance, and only

needed to be delivered from her tyrant ; and when he comes to Sulla's reconquest of Italy he insists on his endeavours to arrange the war on just terms and equal conditions. He admires Cicero without reserve, and calls him *vir novitatis nobilissimæ*, a 'new man of the highest nobility': he makes no excuses for the conspiracy of Catilina, and applauds the energy with which Cato forced the senate to decree the execution of the conspirators by taunting the advocates of mercy with complicity. So, too, he tells with great unction the story of the homage paid to Q. Catulus when he opposed the Gabinian law: he does not know which to admire most, the generosity of the people who could see the greatness of an opponent, or the modesty of the statesman whose opposition was at once disarmed by the generosity of his countrymen.

This general optimism should be taken into account in judging of his language about Augustus and Tiberius, which is extremely enthusiastic, especially about the latter. We naturally compare Velleius with Livy and Tacitus (as if the tone they take was what any Roman who respected himself would take), instead of with those who lived under Elizabeth in England or under Louis XIV. in France; so that, though the loyalty of Velleius does not exceed what we might find then, it produces all the effect of servility, the rather that his loyalty has a strong religious colour. He talks of having been a witness and a minister of the most heavenly occupations of Tiberius before he had succeeded Augustus, although Tiberius would never allow his work to be called 'heavenly' or divine even when he was emperor. It is true that he served under Tiberius when Tiberius was at his best in the German and Pannonian campaigns, after his return from Rhodes, and that when Tiberius showed his real care for his men by placing his own litter at the disposal of the wounded Velleius profited personally by the kindness. Still, one feels that devotion is a little forced when the retreat to Rhodes is represented as the heroic action of a hero, even of a misunderstood hero, a hero whom, as Velleius hints, it was not always easy to understand. He succeeds better with the few moving words that tell the silent fire which burnt in the old man's heart for three years (from

A.D. 27 to A.D. 29),¹ thanks to the disloyalty of his daughter-in-law, Agrippina, and her son. And the description of the blessings of his orderly rule is not overcharged: it is true that the provinces and the capital, up to the time at which Velleius wrote, enjoyed completer repose than they had known under Augustus. About Augustus the writer is less enthusiastic: he feels that the proscription requires a great deal of apology, and is only half satisfied to throw the blame upon the other triumvirs, especially Antonius, who is denounced in good set terms for the death of Cicero. Even Antonius is not altogether sacrificed—at least he fares better than Plancus, who deserted him; and between Cæsar and Pompeius the author is almost impartial: all honest men wished both to put down their armies. There is some shrewdness in the remark that Pompeius raised forces for his war against Mithridates and most of his other wars at his own discretion, and dismissed them at the discretion of others.² Sextus Pompeius, one of the most curious figures in history, is rather slurred over: the writer forgets to mention some of the most important things that happen in their place.³ The book is, as he says, very hurried: no attempt is made to explain or describe a battle or a campaign except in the contrast between the conditions of the opposing fleets at Actium;⁴ even then we learn nothing of the battle, except that Antonius' men went on fighting for some time after he had run away after Cleopatra, a theme for some leisurely antithesis.⁵ Sometimes the antithesis is helped by the hurry. We are told nothing of Cæsar's campaign in Africa, except that he fought first with doubtful fortune, then with his own.⁶

In spite of his brevity, Velleius always finds room for digression, on such subjects as the constellation of genius which is to be found at certain limited epochs, or the behaviour of freedmen, slaves, wives, or children during a period of proscription. As a rule he prefers, when he has made sure of a striking general fact, to leave it for subsequent explanation. It is a

¹ 'Quamdiu abstruso, quod miserrimum est, pectus ejus flagravat incendio! quod ex nurn, quod ex nepote dolere, indignari, erubescere coactus est.'—Vell. Pat. II. cxxx. 3.

² II. xxxiii. 3.

³ *E.g.* II. lxxiii. 2.

⁴ II. lxxxiv. 2.

⁵ II. lxxxiv. 3-6.

⁶ II. lv. 1.

shrewd observation that freedmen behaved better than wives, and slaves better than sons, and it is to Velleius' credit that he nowhere shows any enthusiasm for the *Patria potestas*, that singular survival of which so many Roman writers were proud.

Valerius Maximus is less discriminating: he waxes enthusiastic over the obedience of a certain tribune of the commons who, though resolved to carry his agrarian law in defiance of the senate, who were prepared for armed resistance, came away at once, to the full content of the commons, when his father led him away from the rostra.¹ He omits to inform us that, in spite of his deference to his father, Flaminius carried his law. On the other hand, he exults in all the stories of wills that were set aside because made at the expense of family ties. He is just as pleased² when a son whose father passed him over because he had been adopted into another family (in which of course he was to be provided for) ousts the clients of Pompeius, as when the father of eight sons³ recovered the estate of the eighth, who also had been adopted into another family and thought he had a right to leave his money away from his own. Whenever a father puts a discreditable child to death, or drives him or her to suicide, Valerius is ready with applause. He applauds Hortensius the orator for making a will in favour of his unsatisfactory son, because he had traded upon his sentiments as a father when defending his son in court. He applauds a nameless father who, hearing that his son meditated parricide, first entreated his wife to say whether he was in very truth his own son or no, and, being satisfied that he was, immediately took him to a lonely place and offered him a sword to cut his throat to spare him the trouble of employing a brigand or buying poison: the son, we learn, was converted. The story looks very like a rhetorician's theme, dating perhaps from a time when themes were not sharply divided into *controversiæ* and *suasoriæ*.

One of the points in which the influence of rhetoricians shows itself most plainly is the writer's sensitiveness to 'colour' in the technical sense: it is quite a typical case when he tells us⁴ that Horatius was acquitted for killing his sister because

¹ Val. Max. v. 4. 5.

² vii. 7. 2.

³ vii. 7. 5.

⁴ viii. 8. 1.

the people thought that 'the childish love of the maiden had been visited rather severely than unkindly.' (It is a curious notion that it was too soon for her to be in love with her betrothed: she should have waited till they were married.) Very much in the same spirit he treats the refusal of Cæsetius to oblige Cæsar by casting off his son, who as tribune had done what he could to annoy Cæsar. In Valerius's opinion Cæsar was so divine and generous a person that he ought to have been obeyed, of course all the more because Cæsetius had two other promising sons left, to whom Cæsar was good enough to promise promotion, and so Cæsetius figures among a list of fathers who were more or less culpably indulgent; while Hortensius, whose son was absolutely worthless, is classed with the fathers who showed commendable moderation.

Valerius' tone about the empire, if not as fervent as Velleius', is quite as exaggerated. Sejanus' designs against his father-in-law are an unique specimen of the crime of parricide. When Cæsar (as *ædile*?) took the opportunity of arresting a man who had abused the licence of Sulla's time,¹ we are told that 'Cæsar's equity drew back the rudder of Roman Empire from Sulla's violence, since a more righteous ruler swayed the state.' In spite of this there is an unreserved admiration for all the heroes of the old republic. The fiction that the empire was the republic under superhuman citizens is treated quite naïvely as a fact. And this explains why Valerius sometimes seems to protest covertly against the new *régime*. For instance, Tiberius had invented the system of making over the slaves of suspected persons to an agent of the treasury, in order that their evidence might be given against one who was no longer their master; and yet Valerius tells us three times over, as if it was always a special proof of justice, of eminent Romans who had refused the decisive evidence of a slave against his master in some important trial. But very likely he is blind to the contrast, just as he is blind to the point of three stories he tells of men who owed their success in life to Lucullus, to Augustus, and a less illustrious patron. All promised to leave

¹ He had seized the property of a man whom he chose to call his father, ousting the real son.

their fortunes to those who had helped to make it, and all broke their word after keeping up the farce to the very last, one presenting his patron on his death-bed with the rings that he had to hand over to the heirs. Valerius tells the stories under the heading of 'Wills which were not upset,' though they might have been, and is much more impressed by the meanness of the testators than by the state of subservience in which they had lived. That Atticus took the money which was left to him after being promised to Lucullus does not shock Valerius, who perhaps did not notice the circumstance. He is not particular as to details at any time. For instance, he makes Spurius Cassius, the first victim of the charge of seeking to restore the monarchy, a tribune of the commons, because he was in some sense a demagogue; and there are several cases where people of the same name are confounded.

The work has neither chronological nor logical arrangement. It begins with religion, and instead of an invocation of Jupiter, which Velleius piously puts at the end of his history, we have a prayer to the Deity of Tiberius. The book ends with a chapter on Wonders, beginning with the apparition of the Twin Brethren at Lake Regillus, and ending with the serpent that was bombarded by the army of Regulus. Then comes a second book, which seems intended to illustrate human institutions, beginning with marriage, and passing through such external things as the public spectacles and the right of triumph to such specimens of 'majesty' as C. Marius frightening off the Cimbrian who was sent to kill him at Minturnæ, and Cato followed to prison by the whole senate when Cæsar committed him for obstructing business, or Harmodius and Aristogeiton, whose statues were treated like the images of the gods at Rhodes, when Seleucus sent them back from Asia to Athens. Such traces of a scheme as have been visible disappear with the next book, which begins with instances of precocious virtue and rambles through all kinds of personal traits—fortitude, patience, self-indulgence, degeneracy, constancy, and the like, gratitude and ingratitude, love to kith and kin and fatherland, clever sayings, resolute sayings, justice, severity, perfidy, study and industry, which in a methodical writer would have been

brought into a close connection with a chapter on precocity, just as a chapter on chastity would have been brought into connection with the chapter on marriage. There are several chapters where the author is careful to insist on the danger of vindictiveness: a man who propitiates Nemesis is always safe; a man who forgets her is always sure to be disappointed. Every chapter is divided between Roman and foreign examples of whatever trait the author wishes to illustrate, and he does not succeed in being impartial; for instance, the battle of Cannæ is in his eyes an instance of barbarian cunning bordering upon treachery.

His principal sources, so far as they can be traced, are Livy, Herodotus, Sallust, Cicero, Cornelius Nepos, and Pompeius Trogus. He does not name any often: Pomponius Rufus, a nearly contemporary author, whose commonplace book is quoted under the title 'Collectorum,' is only mentioned once. His style has little distinction; fortunately, for the most part he reproduces his authorities without much change, but the addition of a tame epigram of this calibre: 'So the poor man felt more unhappy in the author of his murder than in the murder itself.'¹ The story is of a man whose son betrayed him during the proscription of the triumvirs, and is probably taken from Livy, for it is found in Orosius. When he is original, his style is a clumsy copy of the declaimers. He lacks their energy of movement and their point and fire; he is fond of flat apostrophes, and lacks neatness of phrasing; he is given to devices like beginning a new paragraph with *ergo*. His last chapter is on people who have thrust themselves on families to which they were strangers, and perhaps may be the occasion upon which the tract upon proper names, of which fragments have reached us, was annexed to his treatise as a tenth book. It may be inferred that the work in its present state dates from the fourth century, as it does not appear that grammarians had hit upon the device of calling the second *cognomen* (e.g. Africanus, Numidicus) *agnomen* until that date.

¹ IV. ii. 5.

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